

La Belle Assemblée

vol. — 29

1824

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Engraved by W. Read, from an original Drawing expressly for La Belle Assemblée.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1824.

vol- 29

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

- A Portrait of **SIGNOR GIACCHINO ROSSINI**, from an original Drawing by an eminent Artist, taken expressly for this Magazine.
- A beautifully finished whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Walking Dress, appropriately coloured.
- A beautifully finished whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Morning Dress, ditto.
-

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West-Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months. Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave Maria Lane, London: Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; or to Messrs. A. and W. Galignani, 18 Rue Vivienne, à Paris.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are very sorry that the movements of "My First Ball" are not sufficiently light and graceful for the saloon of *La Belle Assemblée*.

"*The Young Maniac*" is a painful subject, somewhat painfully treated.

Allegories, of all sorts and sizes, we exceedingly dislike; yet we must allow that we have been considerably amused with "*The Amours of Winter.*" Another perusal will enable us to determine its fate.

The commencement of "*The Violet Gatherers*" is far too puerile, and its termination too wildly improbable, for it to awaken the requisite interest in our pages. We know the writer is capable of much better things.

"*The Oak Chest*" is under consideration.

"*The Guef and the Ghibelline, a Romance of the Middle Ages*;" "*The Miller's Daughters*;" two Calmuc Tales, from the Russian—"The Cataract and the Rock," and "*The Left Eye*," are, with several other favours, reserved for future insertion.

In Poetry, we have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt and acceptance of a Song, commencing—" *A Lake and a Fairy Boat*;" an "*Impromptu, on reading a beautiful little volume of Poems, by Alaric A. Watts*;"—" *The Warning*;"—" *The Willow Tree*;"—" *The Farewell*," &c.

" *Unguarded Love, a Fable*," though we admit the justness of the *moral*, we are under the necessity of declining.

The Supplement to the Twenty-eighth Volume of LA BILLE ASSEMBLEE will be published on the 1st of February.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For JANUARY, 1824.

• A New and Improved Series.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

SIGNOR GIACCHINO ROSSINI.

GIACCHINO ROSSINI, the most celebrated musical composer in Europe, was born at Perara, a small town in the Papal States, on the 29th February, 1792. His parents belonged to the theatrical profession: his father was a third-rate performer on the French horn, and his mother an indifferent *seconda donna*. They were in the habit of procuring a poor subsistence by frequenting the different fairs which are annually held in the Papal States. It was not until he had reached his twelfth year, that Rossini began to study music, under the instructions of one Angelo Tesei, at Bologna. He continued to sing about in churches for a few *paoli* until 1807, when he entered the Lyceum at Bologna. He had already been distinguished for the vivacity of his manners, the beauty of his person, his skill in music, and the excellence of his *soprano*. In the Lyceum he received lessons from Father Stanislao Mattei, and within the first year he was able to produce his earliest musical compositions, a symphony, and a cantata called *Il Piano d'Armonia*. Immediately afterwards, he was elected a Director of the *Concordi*, a musical society of the

His talents soon displayed themselves in several minor compositions, but it was not until the year 1812, that he produced at Venice his first grand opera *L'Inganno Felice*. It was at Venice likewise, that he brought out, in 1813, during the Carnival, *Tancredi*, perhaps the best of all his pieces. Its success was beyond all parallel, and his reputation instantly spread over Europe, and procured for him the praise of being one of the most spirited, gay, and graceful of all living composers.

In the same year Rossini proceeded to Milan, and at the age of twenty-one composed, for the theatre *La Scala*, *La Pietra del Paragona*, which his biographer (M. de Stendhal) pronounces his *chef-d'œuvre*, in the *buffa* style. Such was the distinction his genius had obtained, that he was exempted from the severity of the *conscription laws* by the express interference of the Viceroy of Italy.

From this period Rossini continued to compose five or six operas annually; and visited in succession the principal theatres in Italy. His remuneration was generally about 800 or 1000 francs for each opera. As this biography will conclude with a

notice of all his operas, according to the date of their composition, we shall avoid mentioning them here in the order of their production.

The great fame of Rossini at length excited a wish amongst the musical amateurs of Naples, that he should visit that celebrated haunt of Apollo. He was engaged by the manager of San Carlo for a certain number of years, at 12,000 francs per annum, to compose two operas in each year, and arrange the music of the two great theatres of that capital. *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra* was his first production, and it succeeded in the most brilliant manner. The style of Rossini now underwent a considerable change. He had hitherto been remarkable for the simplicity and beauty of his melodies, but he now turned to a more complicated system of composition, and resorted to all kinds of instrumental aid by falling into the German style of harmony. This arose from the necessity he was under of consulting the feeble and failing voice of Madlle Colbrand.

During his Neapolitan engagement, Rossini composed several operas for the theatres of Rome and Milan. Amongst these were *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Cenerentola*, and *La Gazza Ladra*. At Naples he brought out *Otello*, *Moisé* (played in London as *Peter the Hermit*) *La Donna del Lago*, &c. &c.

It was in the year 1822, that Rossini married Mademoiselle Colbrand, the *prima donna*, at Naples; the lady to whose voice he had accommodated all his music for some years previous, and whose influence had effected so great and injurious a change in his style. Rossini was always remarkable for the beauty of his person, and has ever been a favorite with the fair sex. His disposition is kind, and good-humoured and gay; amidst all his in-

fluence and nonchalance, he has never shewn a want of friendship and liberality.

The style of his music is rapid, brilliant, and sweet. Its great fault is the want of sentiment. It is in this respect that Mozart is so much his superior. More recently Rossini has fallen into a careless manner, and is constantly repeating himself. His genius seems to be impoverished through the want of exertion.

The following is a correct list of his various operas. We must omit his minor compositions:—1. *Demetrio e Polibio*, 1809, at Rome. 2. *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, 1810, Venice. 4. *L'Equivoque Stravagante*, 1811, Bologna. 4. *L'Inganno Felice*, 1812, Venice. 5. *Ciro in Babilonia* (oratorio) 1812, Ferrara. 6. *La Scala di Sette*, 1812, Venice. 7. *La Pietra del Paragone*, 1812, Milan. 8. *L'occasione fa il ladro*, 1812, Venice. 9. *Il Figlio per Azzardo*, 1813, Venice. 10. *Tancredi*, 1813, Venice. 11. *L'Italiana in Algeri*, 1813, Venice. 12. *Aureliano in Palmira*, 1814, Milan. 13. *Il Turco in Italia*, 1814, Milan. 14. *Sigismondo*, 1814, Venice. 15. *Elisabetta*, 1815, Naples. 16. *Torvaldo e Dorlisca*, 1816, Rome. 17. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 1816, Rome. 18. *La Gazetta*, 1816, Naples. 19. *L'Otello*, 1816, Naples. 20. *La Cenerentola*, 1817, Rome. 21. *La Gazza Ladra*, 1817, Milan. 22. *Armida*, 1817, Naples. 23. *Adelaide di Borgogna*, 1818, Rome. 24. *Adina o Sia il Califfo di Bagdad*, 1818, Lisbon. 25. *Mosè in Egitto*, 1818, Naples. 26. *Rinardo e Zoraide*, 1818, Naples. 27. *Ermione*, 1819, Naples. 28. *Edvardo e Cristina*, 1819, Venice. 29. *La Donna del Lago*, 1819, Naples. 30. *Bianca e l'aliere*, 1820, Milan. 31. *Maometto Secondo*, 1820, Naples. 32. *Matilda di Shabran*, 1821, Rome. 33. *Zelmira*, 1822, Naples. 34. *Semiramide*, 1823, Venice.

Original Communications.

SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALES.—No. I.

It is a charge which has been frequently made against Shakespeare, that he has taken but little pains with his female characters; and, instead of meeting and examining, and, if possible, refuting it, his commentators and admirers have contented themselves with referring the cause of this supposed indifference to the women of his plays, to the fact, that they were represented by boys or young men; and, therefore, being divested of their interest on the stage, he gave himself but little trouble as to working up their characters to the same pitch of excellence, which marks those sublime creations of his pen, Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, &c. It may well be conceived, by those who have seen a Siddons, an O'Neil, or a Kelly, how much of the indescribable charm that hangs about a woman must be lost, by the personation of those characters, in which they have earned a deathless fame, by some rude unlicked cub—some raw lad—or even by an accomplished cavalier—as was the case at the time when Shakespeare wrote, and for many years after that period. That our poet must have been fully sensible of the inconsistency of committing such characters as Juliet, Ophelia, Imogen, Viola, Cordelia, and many others we could enumerate, into the hands of a man, appears highly probable; but that this circumstance made him neglect or slur them over, or prevented him from paying as much attention to them, as to those of his heroes, is flatly denied. And who will say that the characters we have enumerated will not stand the test of comparison with those of his most eminent and distinguished conceptions of the other sex? Who will say, that the modern stage has produced any thing like the beautiful Juliet; the affectionate Viola; the faithful Imogen; the attached Desdemona; or, to leave the abstract of all that is fair and beauteous in creation, to look upon deformity—where shall we find such a portraiture of guilt and horror as in Lady Macbeth? Do any of

these betray the marks of haste or of neglect? Do they not, on the contrary, evince that the author has bestowed upon them the utmost attention? Do they not display his most delicate touches? Do they not embody some of his finest thoughts—some of his most beautiful descriptions?

It is rather singular, that the opinions I have mentioned should have been, for so long a period, tacitly assented to by the critics: it is “passing strange,” that none of those gentlemen have come forward to defend the fame of Shakespeare from the imputation thus thrown upon it. In the absence of more able illustrations, I purpose lending my feeble aid to dispel this mist of prejudice; and to render that justice to the “sweet swan of Avon,” which, on this point, has been most unaccountably denied him. To do this, I shall examine his “female characters” singly; and commence with Juliet.

What romantic youth, who has spent his days and nights in conjuring up some fair and bewitching form, to take his senses captive, and bind his heart in chains of adamant, ever conceived a more perfect image of all that is fascinating in woman, than the poet has here created—than he has endowed with “a local habitation and a name,” which will endure for ever? She was beautiful—

“Her beauty hung upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.”
She was young—yet had all the firm affection of the ripest years: a very girl, when the play opens, she is, by the power of love, at once advanced into the maturity of divinest womanhood; and whether we look upon her in the hey-day of happiness, when her newly-budded hope is fast blooming into ecstasy; or contemplate her in a darker scene, when she is the victim of anguish and despair—she is a being who demands our tenderest sympathies—our warmest admiration. No actress has yet succeeded in

completely embodying the conception of the Poet. His Juliet seems to be above the powers of woman—various and grasping as they are—to personate; though, in real life, I doubt not there are many whose affection is as pure, whose love is as heroic as Juliet's—

“ Oh ! say not woman's heart is cold,

Or lost to every feeling ;

Mark but that look,—that glance behold

Whilst every care revealing ;

And sure 'twill prove that each fond thought

With kind compassion's glowing,

When Love and Pity melt the soul,

And burning tears are flowing.”

All this, and more, is true of woman : but most of the ladies whom I have seen in the character have not been young and girlish enough to give the idea of Shakespeare's Juliet ; and they have (even Miss O'Neil, herself) made her assume rather the airs and manner of a coquette—in one or two of the scenes, where her conversation with Romeo is of an impassioned kind—than of the pure and angelic being, who thought of none else but Romeo ; and whose

“ Bounty was as boundless as the sea,
Her love as deep.”

It is not, however, upon the merits or demerits of actresses, that I meant to dilate, but on the excellencies of Shakespeare's Juliet ; and, to show with what care the Poet must have touched and retouched this brilliant character, I shall quote some of the language he has placed in her mouth. In the garden scene, when Romeo has overheard the avowal of her love, what can be more illustrative of her interesting ingenuousness than the following :

“ Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Pain would I dwell on form, fain, fain depy
What I have spoke ; but farewell compliments !
Dost love me ? I know thou wilt say—Ay ;
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo : but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;

And, therefore, thou may'st think my 'haviour
light :

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night has so discovered.”

In the scene with the Nurse, her impatience at the length of time the old woman is absent on her mission to Romeo—and her eagerness to hear the news, whether it is “ good or bad,” on her return—are strikingly true to nature and to feeling ; and in the scene at Friar Lawrence's cell, though she says but little, that little is pregnant with matter. Here we take leave of Juliet, happy ! In the next scene, her first calamity breaks upon her head in the news of Tybalt's death. The whole of this scene is beautifully imagined ; her terror and anxiety, her rash upbraiding of Romeo, and her quick repentance, when she asks—

“ Shall I speak ill of him who is my husband ?”

are all exquisite touches. In the interview with Romeo ; in that with her mother and father, when they urge her marriage with the County Paris ; and in her subsequent interview with Friar Lawrence, the character is in admirable keeping throughout. In the latter scene the language is highly poetical ; it is full of fire and energy, marked with desperate passion, and strongly expressive of her frantic resolution, inspired by the dread of being forced into a marriage she abhorred. What ideas are the following, to come from the delicate Juliet—the “ gay-eyed girl,” who had not numbered fourteen summers when the play opened ; and yet how natural are they at the time they are uttered, when she is a wife—almost heart-broken ; doting on her husband, that husband banished, and she threatened with an odious union with another !—

“ O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring
bears ;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'ercover'd quite with dead men's bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;

Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble,

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love!"

To those who accuse Shakespeare of having given his female characters less verisimilitude, and of having bestowed upon them less pains than he has done on those of the other sex—Juliet, as we have yet seen her, might be pointed to as a triumphant refutation of the charge. The Poet's skill, however, is not yet exhausted: in the scene where Juliet drinks the mixture given her by the Friar, he has, by his magic numbers, invested her with fresh beauties, and deepened the intense interest of her character. The long speech beginning—

"Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again!"

may be classed with any in the whole range of the drama, and will not suffer in the comparison. The passions of fear, doubt, and horror, are vividly portrayed: in the closet, it cannot be read without deep emotion; and on the stage, I have seen an electrical effect produced by the impassioned acting of a lady, who was beautiful as the poet's Juliet, but who now, alas! has found

"That bourne from whence no traveller returns."

We now approach the last stage of the "eventful history." Juliet, supposed dead, is immured in a "vile charnel-house,"

"Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all her buried ancestors were pack'd."

Romeo, informed of her supposed death, but missing the messenger who carried the joyful tidings of her still living for love and

him:—has drunk poison, and dies gazing on her beauteous but inanimate form, whilst she is awakened by her faithful friend, the Friar, only to a deeper sense of misery and woe. Faithful to the last, she refuses to survive her lord: fearful of discovery, the Friar eagerly urges her to leave the fatal spot:—

"Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet, I dare stay no longer.

Juliet. Go, get thee hence, for I will not stay—

What's here? A cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, has been his timeless end:—
O, churl, drink all; and leave no friendly drop

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm! (*Noise within*)

Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief—O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath, [*Stabs herself*] there rust, and let me die."

[*Falls on Romeo's body and dies.*

Such is Juliet: and when any one can point out to me a character in any modern drama, of equal interest, equally true to nature and to feeling, and whose thoughts are clothed in language so truly beautiful and poetic—I will give up my idolatry of Shakespeare—but not till then.

W.C.S.

York, Nov. 1823.

THE HOSPITAL;

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Man's love is of Man's life a thing apart,
'Tis Woman's whole existence.

BYRON.

THERE is no spot calculated to open in the mind a train of more melancholy, yet useful reflexions, than the interior of an hospital; that spacious chamber where death holds his court, the anti-room to the

grave. The poor-house, with all its galling dependence, servile subjection, and wearisome toil—with all its bitter associations of shattered hopes, vacillating fortunes, and humiliated pride—breathes not into the ear

of the spectator so striking a lesson of patience and of fortitude. The church-yard alone takes a higher grade in the cause of instruction. In that grand volume of morality, where every page speaks of the nothingness of time, the vastness of eternity, the mind may be edified and the soul comforted. Oh! who has not longed, while treading its peaceful earth, to lay down the burden of existence—all life's worthless enjoyments, idle disputations, and fatiguing cares—beneath its verdant turf, and to enter at once into that blissful state, where pain and sorrow are not known? Yet, though to some it is redolent with hope and consolation, there are others to whom it is fraught with terror and despair; who enter its hallowed precincts encompassed in that net, which guilt inevitably weaves for its victims; that net—the dark bondage of remorse—whose meshes they can never break! Who among them can walk in a church-yard, and not remember friends they have betrayed, vows they have broken, hearts they have pierced, insults they have offered, or injuries they have designed to those who sleep beneath? The whispers of conscience may be stifled in the busy city, or the crowded street; aye, even in the silence of midnight solitude they may be hushed; but, in the church-yard, the stern reprover summons forth all his might, and will be heard. The dead speak again, and the tomb hath its voice; and who is it that dares refuse to listen to the spirit of eternity?

A few years since, I was led, in the absence of a friend, to officiate in my professional capacity as chaplain at St. —'s Hospital. It was the first time that I had ever had occasion to enter one, and to this circumstance, perhaps, is owing the vivid and indelible impression which every thing connected with the visit made upon my mind. It was somewhat late in the evening of a merry Christmas-day when I entered. How forcibly did the contrast strike me, of the happy smiling faces I had just left, with the pale haggard features which here every where met my view! of the blithe sounds of music and mirth without, and the groans of anguish within! I thought of the sumptuous boards of plenty, where appetite was eagerly indulged to satiety, and saw the scanty untempting nutriment of sickness,

offered to parched lips, which scarcely could open to receive it—and deeply I felt how necessary to the miserable sufferers patience was—and yet how hard, how very hard it was to practise it. Every pallet was to me a homily. Those whom I saw before me had sung, and danced, and played, on many a Christmas night,—and where were they now?—fettered, listless, and strengthless; yet many of them seemed cheerful, and I blessed the religion which alone could make them so.

Some of the beds were unoccupied. They had been tenanted yesterday, but those tenants would never press them again—they were dead. One of these humble resting places was preparing, as I learned, for the reception of a patient, who through high influence was to be admitted that evening, although it was not what is termed an open day.

Having fulfilled my clerical duties, I was about to retire, when my attention was suddenly arrested: the door of the ward opened, and a decent looking middle-aged woman entered, supporting the almost lifeless form of a young female. Humanity naturally led me forward to proffer my assistance.

The invalid, unable to endure the fatigue of undressing, was merely divested of her bonnet and shawl, and laid upon the bed. I had now an opportunity of contemplating the being before me; and though, perhaps, in the splendid drawing-rooms of the great, I might have looked on faces of more dazzling beauty, never had I beheld a countenance of such touching and singular loveliness. The rosy hue of freshness bloomed not on her cheek: it was pale, and cold, and wan; save one vermilion streak, the last impress of receding health, which, lingering, shed its sweet but treacherous tint. The contour of her face was evidently foreign. There was the lofty forehead, the pencilled brow, the gently aquiline nose, the bewitching mouth, which we so often see and admire in the natives of the south. Had any doubt of her country existed, it was at once dispelled by the exquisitely melodious voice and slight Italian accent in which she pronounced the words—"Who is near me?"—"I, your friend, Ellen Gordon! how do you feel, my child?" soothingly replied the woman who had accompanied her.

"Just as I would wish,—dying.—And am I, indeed, indeed, in an hospital?" continued she, as she opened her eyes and threw a quick glance around, but hastily shut them again, as though the scene was all too strange and painful to her view. After a short pause, during which the quivering of her lip, and the variations of her eloquent countenance, showed that gloomy thoughts were coursing each other through her mind, like dark clouds over the face of heaven, she burst into an hysterical sob, exclaiming—"Oh! my mother! my mother! could you behold me now; me, your pride, your boast, your darling, with none but strangers to listen to my last sigh, inquire my last wishes, and receive my last blessing! But 'tis well, 'tis meet, that I should suffer—all who love must suffer—and I have loved, Oh, God! this breaking heart tells how deeply."

Apprehending that I might unintentionally have overheard confessions intended only for the licensed ear of friendship, I expressed to Mrs. Gordon my sincere wishes for the recovery of her interesting charge, and moved towards the door. She thanked me gratefully for the interest I had manifested, adding, "Ah! Sir, did you know that beautiful young creature's history, you would scarcely wish for her recovery: her feelings are too quick and too warm for her happiness. Mayhap, Sir, you will come and pray by her, and comfort her, for she has so often wished to have the consolations that a minister could afford."

* I observed, that she was then too much exhausted to employ her mind in devotion; but I willingly engaged my future services in her behalf. Accordingly, under the most powerful emotions of curiosity, not unmixed, I trust, with a worthier motive—the desire of smoothing the pillow of a dying fellow-creature—I repaired to the hospital early on the following morning.

In answer to my inquiries of the nurse how her new patient had passed the night, she replied—"Why, very restlessly, Sir. Poor thing, she seems but badly; the bed will soon be empty again, I guess. The doctor has just left her, and he says he thinks a few days will see the end of her. But you will go and see yourself, Sir; she has asked for you a great many times."

I approached the bed. When she learned who I was, a faint smile hovered on her

lip, and gave a temporary brilliancy to her dark languishing eye, whose lustre struggled through the dimness of disease, like the expiring sun through the shadows of evening.

I conversed with her for a considerable time, and had the satisfaction of observing the agitation of her mind succeeded by tranquillity. Although upbraidings of her own weakness and folly constantly escaped her, yet she started with horror from the imputation of guilt. "No, Sir, I am not guilty; I would not live so. Yet it was very sinful in me to love as I did; but all Florence was in love with him, and how should I help it?"

Conceiving that she evinced an anxiety to make me acquainted with her history, I requested that she would relate it to me; which she did in two subsequent interviews; and I committed it to paper for the benefit of my own family. To my daughters it appeared to offer an excellent illustration of the fatal consequences which may accrue from the indulgence of that morbid enthusiasm, which many a young female thoughtlessly revels in; and with my sons it might operate as a warning against that mean unmanly trifling with the value of a woman's heart, which uses every art to win her love, only to slight it when it shall be won.

I give the narrative in nearly the words in which it was delivered, fictitious names being substituted for the true ones. Should any one imagine that it has too much of the warm tinge of romance for reality, let him remember that it was uttered by a sanguine Italian girl,

With a fire in her heart, and a fire in her brain.

"My name is Francesca Vitelli; alas! there yet lurks in this bosom too much of earthly pride, for I feel a repugnance to pronounce in an hospital that name, which only two short years since was a passport to the noblest saloons in Italy. Well, let it pass! but, oh! reveal it not again; I would not that every vulgar tongue should syllable its sound. I was born at Florence, where my father held a lucrative situation connected with the Government. I was an only child, the treasured idol of parents who loved me to a blameable excess. Every gratification within the limits of their power to obtain for me was mine. They boasted of my beauty—oh! could they look upon me now; but I thank heaven the misery is

spared them of seeing their beloved child, a debtor to a strange country for a bed to die upon. My dear mother—how sanguine is maternal affection—fondly anticipated that my personal attractions would procure for me a settlement of high rank, and with that view I was educated in the most fashionable and expensive manner. My accomplishments, with the natural vivacity of my disposition, afforded me incessant invitations from wealth and fashion; and the singing, and dancing, and beauty,—beauty of Francesca Vitelli!—were heard of in every circle in Florence. Perhaps it is sinful, sir, to say, that all this gaiety and homage made me happy: yet I must be candid, and confess that I was very, very happy. Vanity has its pleasures, and mine was abundantly fed, for I heard no voice save that of praise. Oh! how bright the world appeared then! Sorrow and suffering seemed to me as a fable: the sun above me, the waters before me, the flowers beneath me, were all bright and smiling; and why should human life alone be dark and gloomy? It was not natural—it was impossible. You smile, Sir, at my folly; but recollect that I was at that time only seventeen,—warm, confiding, enthusiastic, and visionary.

“At that period a new ambassador from the English court arrived at Florence. How little did I imagine, when my father recapitulated the titles of the most distinguished individuals in his suite, that my own destiny should be so closely linked with one of them! Instinctive nature, methinks, should have made him pause at the name of the murderer of his child—for, oh! he is the murderer; yet, it is sweeter to die for him, than to live for all the world besides. One morning—well do I recollect it—’twas the 13th of June—a gentleman called at our house, with an official communication from the ambassador to my father. On learning that he was absent, he requested permission to await his return, and employed the interval by strolling in the grounds. There, in an arbour to which I had retired from the burning rays of the sun, we first met. Even now, Sir, I could recall every word that was spoken at that blissful interview. Mutually pleased with each other, I assented to his earnest intreaty to see me on the following day, when he should repeat his

visit to my father. He came, and came again, and again; and again, availing himself of the facilities which business ostensibly afforded him to come to the house daily. My parents deemed themselves flattered by his intimacy; and my proud heart, knowing whence it originated, became prouder still. Not even the ambassador himself was an object of such universal attraction and interest, as his handsome and fascinating cousin. He was allied to one of the oldest families in the English peerage, and the heir to one of its noblest titles and estates. But these alone were not the distinctions of Frederick—No! I had nearly suffered that magic name to escape my lips; but no, I cannot tell it you; do not require me to repeat it; yet you have doubtless often heard it; for surely his splendid endowments, his persuasive oratory, have been well known to his fellow countrymen. At Florence he was the idol of all ranks; he possessed the rarest conversational powers; and to be admitted to his society was coveted as an honour by every one. Think, then, how flattered I felt, to be selected from all Florence, the companion of his daily walks, hearkening to his voice so silver sweet—oh, ’twas too sweet for truth—as it poured the irresistible language of love into my ear, and, as I fondly believed, into no other ear than mine! When I remind you that he was young, and strikingly handsome, you will not imagine that those qualities tended to weaken the impression which his captivating manners had made upon me. I loved him with all the fervour and enthusiasm of my nature, and credulously thought that because he lavished on me idle compliments, and the most devoted attention, that I was beloved in return. Frank and confiding, I concealed not my passion; abandoning myself to the delicious delusion, that the more I loved, he was the more my debtor; that it lessened the disparity of rank between us, and would be the medium of equalizing our state. I tendered to him the unalloyed treasure of my heart’s mintage, and received in return only the glittering counterfeit coinage of the lip! For awhile the dream lasted; I thought, nay, all expected, save himself, that I was to be his bride. Many a scheme of happiness and grandeur floated on my mind, when Frederick was hastily summoned to England by

the death of a near relation. How did I long to accompany him to that land of liberty! Already I felt half naturalized. Frederick had initiated me in the language, and of the manners and institutions of the country I had a very distinct idea.

"It was on a bright summer's evening that we parted. I shuddered as I looked on the setting sun, and knew that on the following night I should watch its decline alone. But little deemed I that my happiness had then expired! Why did he not tell me we were to part for ever? Why mock me with idle promises of a speedy return, and eternal fidelity, and love, and bliss, and marriage? Oh! Sir, there are men who would recoil with horror, if desired to point a pistol at the breast of the woman who has trusted in them, who yet will calmly and deliberately, with the weapons of perfidy and falsehood, pierce her bosom through and through, and let out existence, drop by drop; and is that less murder, which occupies years in its completion, than which is the deed of a moment? I am a young moralist, Sir; but sorrow is a powerful instructor. The unmeaning attentions which men offer to us cost them nothing, but us every thing. Woman has comparatively but few resources of pleasure—it is cruel of man, to turn one of the sweetest, the purest that is open to her, to a fount of poison. Forgive me, I was obliged to digress. It makes me soul-sick to retrace what I then endured. Where was I? Had I told you that he sailed without me, done that which he had so often sworn he could never do? For some months the receipt of kind letters from him consoled me for his absence; yet, after awhile, these became less frequent and less fond, until at length they ceased altogether. I did not suppose I could have survived it, and yet I did; the heart is often long, too long, in breaking.

"About twelve months after his departure, I was separated from my beloved parents for ever in this world. An epidemic fever deprived me of them both in one short week. Yet, though I never quitted their bed-side, I could not imbibe the contagion. How earnestly did I wish that I might, so that one grave should hold us all! At their deaths I found myself compelled to look around to procure my own subsistence, for my father's income

died with him; and, having always lived up to its full extent, I found myself, after discharging his debts, the mistress of but a trivial sum. True, indeed, I had relations who offered me an asylum; but my pride revolted from the servile dependence which is exacted from a poor relative. With spirits broken, and health impaired, what was I fitted for? Gladly did I accept the offer to become nursery governess in the family of an English Countess. It is now exactly a year since I arrived with her in this country. As the Countess was in a bad state of health, we resided entirely in the country; and thus the slight chance which an abode in London would have afforded me of meeting with Frederick was frustrated. In reading the newspapers, I ignorantly wondered that his talent did not form the daily subject of their praise. But I never even met with his name. The caprice and tyranny of Lady Arlington would have been, to many young persons, insupportable; but I was attached to her little girl, and bore with it. At length she grew tired of my perpetual apathy, as she termed my forbearance, under her insolence. Well knowing, however, that I had a spirit which, when once thoroughly roused, slumbered not easily, she reproached me with endeavouring to wean the affections of her husband—a poor fool, whom in my heart I scorned and despised—from herself. Vainly I asserted my innocence. She was determined to disbelieve me, and eventually made this absurd pretence a reason for my dismissal. I applied for several situations similar to that which I had quitted, but invariably failed, through the extensive and malicious influence of Lady Arlington.

"I was advised to come to London, and almost felt grateful for any chance that made me an inhabitant of the same city with Frederick. It was something to inhale the same air with him, to tread the same streets. Once—only once—I thought of addressing one more letter to him; but thank heaven my native pride triumphed over my weakness, and spared me the mortification of proving, that I still remembered, where I was forgotten. Finding my little stock of money rapidly diminishing, and no prospect of a situation presenting itself, I acceded to the suggestions of Mrs. Gordon, the kind-hearted woman in whose

house I lodged, to offer myself as an assistant at a celebrated French artificial florist's. My application was successful, and in the course of a few days I became an inmate at the house. Ah! how little did I anticipate, when decorating with garlands the ball-room of my father's house, that what I had taught myself as an amusement, should one day avail me as the means of subsistence. I continued in this employment with as much content as could be expected, broken-hearted as I was, without home, friends, or country. My mistress (long was it ere I could teach my lips to pronounce that word) was extremely kind, and strove by every method in her power, to counteract the fatal effects of the vicissitudes I had undergone. Happily for me, her efforts proved abortive. Each day I felt my strength fail more and more, and saw with satisfaction the grave, the long wished for grave, opening before me. I might perhaps have lingered on through many tedious months, but heaven mercifully accelerated my fate by a circumstance which I am now about to mention.

"About six weeks since, while engaged in waiting on some ladies in the show-room, of which, from the superiority of my manners, I was constituted superintendent, my ear caught the name of Frederick, as it was frequently pronounced in another part of the room. I never could listen to that name without endeavouring to discover if the individual who owned it was worthy to bear the same designation that he bore. I instinctively turned and beheld—oh! it will kill me if I go over that scene again—you may guess it was, it was my soul's idol. Yes, it was he, accompanied by a lady, whom he regarded with looks of the fondest affection. I did not shriek, for the sick and suffocating emotion I felt almost stifled me. Wishing, yet fearing, to prove whether he would recognize me, I contrived to separate myself from the party I was attending, to offer my services to the lady who was his companion. 'What a beautiful girl!' exclaimed she, as I approached. What think you was his answer? Oh, God! it thrills through my frame now. 'Yes, has been—but looks so sickly.' Sickly! and who made me so? If his own brow was bright with the glow of health, why so had mine been, ere he

chased away its bloom for ever. What, then, he would spurn a wan cheek and attenuated form, even though his own perfidy had caused them. I struggled, and forced myself, by an effort of desperation, to offer to him a bouquet of flowers, such as I knew he admired. 'These were imported from Florence, Sir,' said I, laying strong emphasis on the name of the city. 'Ha!' cried he, and I fancied I saw a slight variation in his countenance; when his fair companion made some remark, and turning to reply, he carelessly threw the flowers out of his hand, even as he had flung away my love. I made no farther trial of his memory. How did I wish I had no memory myself—but over the ruins of health it still flung its fated light. No tears filled my eyes, but my heart wept. Were you, Sir, one of my own sex, I should not be ashamed to tell you what burning envy fired my bosom, as I heard my lover bestowing on another the same epithets of affection which he had been accustomed to lavish upon me. I could not bear it, and I withdrew to an inner room to hate him—it was all the satisfaction there was left me—and I could not hate him in his presence. In a few days afterwards I saw his marriage announced in the newspapers! From that hour I grew gradually worse. I remained in Albemarle Street as long as these thin fingers had power to wreath the flowers together; but when even that light employment became fatiguing and painful to me, I insisted on resigning my situation and quitting the house, knowing that your blessed country provides, alike for the stranger and the native, a home for the sick and poor. It was very reluctantly that Madam Rozea allowed me to depart; but finding me firm in my intention, she herself obtained from one of the Governors of this establishment an order for my instant admission. Here, then, I shall die in peace; and my latest blessing will rest on you, Sir, for the precious consolation you have afforded me in this trying hour."

The third day after Francesca had terminated her narrative, on paying her my accustomed visit, I was shocked to observe the fatal alteration that had taken place in her appearance. It was too certain that the hour was near, which to her would have no successor in this world. She exhi-

bited every symptom of rapidly approaching dissolution. She had, to a singular degree, that distressing restlessness which is so frequently the forerunner of death, when the spirit seems, as it were, to be impatient to emancipate itself from the thralldom of the flesh, and wing its way to its eternal home. Yet she retained perception and speech, and conversed with me cheerfully and rationally on religious subjects. Her mind was perfectly tranquil and resigned; and when she found conversation fatiguing to her, I read to her out of that sacred volume, which, during her illness, had been her constant hope, companion, and friend. While thus engaged, she suddenly uttered a piercing shriek, and, making a violent effort to raise herself in bed, exclaimed, "No! no! I cannot be deceived! 'tis he! 'tis he! Let him come and see where he has laid me! Yet, no! I would forgive all now, even thee—oh! Frederick!" She pronounced the last word in a tone so vehement and peculiar, that a gentleman who was standing near, but whom I had not before noticed, with one of the medical attendants, turned hastily round, and I recognized him to be one of the Governors of the Hospital with whom I was well acquainted. On perceiving me, he came up to the bed of Francesca, saying, "did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Vickers? I thought I heard you mention my name."

"No, my lord," I replied; "I did not see you till this moment—it was not I who called you; this poor girl—Why, Francesca, my dear child, what means this dreadful agitation?"

I gazed on the dying girl in astonishment, and never can I forget the extraordinary expression of her countenance. If I may be allowed the phrase, I would say that life seemed to hover only in her eyes, the rest of her features being rigid and fixed, while her large dark eyes, stretched widely open, glared with a frightful brilliancy on the person before her. I feared, from the wildness of her look, that reason had fled for ever; but, as though she had read my thoughts, she

"I am not mad; he has done all he could to make me, but I am not, though! Would to heaven my senses had left me,

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long, long ago! Don't you see he is too proud to remember me in as

"Who remember you, my dear?"

"He—he, who stands before you there—Frederick Mortimer."

This was the first time that she had mentioned her lover's surname. It was also the Governor's title! An indistinct recollection floated on my mind, that Lord Mortimer had invariably evaded the subject of his tour to Italy, whenever I had by chance recurred to it. I fixed my stern gaze on him, and perceived that he was strongly agitated, while I said:—

"My Lord! is this young female known to you?"

He answered not; but, after scrutinizing her face with intense anxiety, exclaimed, "Gracious heaven! it cannot be! Yet that voice, those eyes! You are not, you dare not be Francesca Vitelli!"

He caught her cold, bloodless hands, which she released from his grasp, and drew from her bosom a little miniature that she had preserved close to her heart. "Frederick," she murmured, "when you gave me—yes, me, Francesca, this—you are not deceived—you bade me keep it till my dying hour; that hour is now come,—take it, I have no further need of it. Yet one more kiss—it has been a sweet solace to me; it never altered, when you deserted me; and when you coldly averted your face, this still smiled on me, fondly as ever. Oh! promise me—yet the request is selfish—never to give it to another."

"Never! never! on my soul!"

"Enough! Now speak no more, Frederick. I fain would love you in my dying moments, and when I hear that fatal voice, all your broken vows rush on my recollection. I do not believe that you designed to kill me—yet you well knew that I never could survive neglect. But I thank you for my fate; death hath peace—and what hath life in it so good as that? You have a wife—does she love you? She never can so much as I have done. Ah! where are you gone? I cannot see you—my sight grows dim. Oh! do not leave me, I implore you, Frederick."

He groaned aloud in anguish, as he pressed her icy, bloodless hands to his bosom, saying—"Leave you, my beloved! would that I had never left you! but Fran-

cesca, you have not forgiven me. But I deserve your curse."—"I never cursed you," she cried; "May heaven pardon you as freely as I do. He (pointing to me) he will relate to you all that has happened to me. He has been the best friend I have met with since I lost my parents. Oh! I shall soon meet them now. I have suffered much since we parted, Frederick; sickness, and poverty, and scorn,—you were wont to say your poor Francesca was only born to be happy."

"For mercy's sake, forbear!" exclaimed Lord Mortimer; "drive me not to madness; 'tis I have done all this; I have re-

velled in luxury, while you—oh! 'tis too much—had I but kept the oaths I swore to you, you might have been——"

"Not happier than I am now, Frederick. Think of me, sometimes; on your death-bed remember me. Oh! all is dark around me—and my heart is cold, quite cold—Am I in your arms still, Frederick? I cannot feel you—farewell—Oh! mercy, mercy, heaven—"

Her head fell back on Mortimer's bosom; one short groan, one convulsive sob, and the struggle was over. The soul was free, and Francesca Vitelli at peace for ever!

EASTERN AND WESTERN WIT.

Smiles and Laughter—Apophthegms and Apologues—Lucian—Sadi—Magammiti—The King and the Peasant.

WIT, says an Oriental critic, is either serious or comic; and the Eastern nations deal most in the first, while the Western have the opposite taste: the English, for example, prefer the ribaldry of a Swift, or Sterne, or the ale-house scenes of a Smollett and a Fielding. The Eastern nations set a high value on an apophthegm, or a proverb, while those of the West require jest and drollery: the former admire wisdom more than mirth; the latter, mirth more than wisdom: and a wise saying, which they would greedily commit to writing, might pass unheeded by us, while some silly buffoonery would rouse our attention, and excite our applause. In the apologues of Sadi, and of Hosain Waaz, we often meet with examples of that serious humour, which, like the orange-tree of their native Persia, bears fruits at the same time, and equally gratifies us with nourishment and with fragrance at every season.

The balance, perhaps, is here unfairly stated. The gravity of the Eastern nations is proverbial; and the Western nations are certainly guilty of loving laughter; but it by no means follows that we love wisdom the less, because we relish it in a mirthful form. The serious humour, which our author so much commends in the Persian Sadi and Hosain Waaz, is no other than the dry humour which is certainly not dis-
tinct in England; and the union of mirth and wisdom may often entitle our own cul-

lies, not less than the witticisms of the East, to a favourable comparison with the double burden of the orange tree. One of our bookmakers lays his pretensions thus:

"A twofold good in this my volume lies—
It makes you merry, and it makes you wise."

For the rest, the English are confessed to love laughter; and possibly our northern climate, by bracing the fibres of our muscles, disposes us to an indulgence, which all know to be fatiguing, and which to the languor of a southern frame may be wholly insupportable. To the latter, such a combination of ideas as excites only a smile of pleasure, or other slight emotion, may better recommend itself; and the Eastern nations, so called, which are also Southern nations as compared with ourselves, are, as just observed, proverbially grave; while the English deserve to be regarded as proverbially merry. The passion for mirth among us pervades all ranks. With a crowd in the street, or a crowd in a theatre, every where there is wit of the kind that provokes laughter; every opportunity for a jest is seized, and every possible word or circumstance is made use of for jest; the passion follows us into every situation; it continually betrays itself in our courts of justice and in our senate; no proceeding is too grave, nor no counsel too important, to suppress it; and an author has gone as far as to insist, that things are

never right with Englishmen where there is no laughter. The Parliament, he observes, which beheaded Charles the First, was not a laughing Parliament! Nothing, in short, is more likely to be true, than that the same degree of gravity, which, in a southern constitution, bespeaks no more than a healthful state of mind, is, in a northern one, a mark of the absence of that cheerfulness which belongs to a sound intellect, and to innocent pursuits. Cheerfulness, both in the south and in the north, may be the same; but in the latter it may produce gaiety, while in the former it may stop at placidity. This at least appears to be certain, that the *serious humour* of the eastern nations is very like the *dry humour* of our own countrymen, as might be made to appear from many examples.

A Persian youth, we are told, complained that his sword was too short: "lengthen it," rejoined his fencing-master, "by going a step nearer to your antagonist."

Lucman, the *Æsop* of the East, was asked of whom he learned wisdom: "Of the blind," answered the sage; "for they feel before they tread."

Some robbers had plundered a caravan with which Lucman was travelling. His companions besought him to use his influence for the recovery of the property. "It would be a pity," said they, "that such goods should be wasted upon ruffians."—"It would be a pity," retorted he, "to waste good advice."

"Take not," said one, "a woman's advice in what you do."—"Yes," answered Lucman, ungallantly; "I will; and, by acting contrary to it, do right."

Lucman is one of the oldest of wits upon record. He is said to have been contemporary with David. He was unacquainted with letters, and therefore left his sayings to be repeated by the mouths of his hearers; but in what language he spoke is not certainly known. As now extant, they are found in plain but classical Arabic, and allusions to them are seen in the Koran of Mohammed. He has generally been considered as, like *Æsop*, a slave; but an apologue of Sadi seems to prove this to be a mistake, and to explain it. Sadi tells us, that being of a dark complexion, and indeed, as some say, and most probably, a Hahali, or Abyssinian, Lucman

was seized as a runaway slave, in the place of one that was missing, and sent to labour, as a brickmaker, in irons. After a time the real runaway was found, and the master made his apologies to Lucman for the injury. The latter answered, "At home, I also have a slave, upon whom I sometimes impose hard tasks; but whenever I call to mind my late labour at brickmaking, I shall not be likely to deal severely with my slave."

Sadi having been redeemed by a rich merchant from captivity among the Franks, his benefactor further bestowed upon him his daughter in marriage, with a portion of a hundred dinars. The lady, proving a termagant, soon after said to him, "Art thou the fellow whom my father released for ten dinars?"—"Yes," answered Sadi, "only to throw me into captivity with thee for a hundred."

An unjust king said to Sadi, "How can I employ myself better than in prayer?"—"By lying quietly in bed till noon," replied Sadi; "that your people may for so long be relieved from your tyranny."

Visiting Tabriez, or Tauris, Sadi, at the public bath, met with Human, a contemporary poet, and rich native of the city. "Where dost thou come from?" said Human?"—"From Shiraz," answered Sadi. "It is singular," continued Human, "that in my city the Shirazians are no more than dogs and cats."—"In mine," replied Sadi, "it is worse; for there the Tabrizians are less."

Sadi was bald, and this was the case with many of his townsmen. Human, turning upside down the brazen ewer, which, according to eastern custom, he was using in his ablutions, said to Sadi, "How comes it that the head of a Shirazian resembles this ewer?" Sadi, presenting his own ewer, with the empty inside upward, answered, "And why does the head of a Tabrizian resemble this?"

A merchant, says Sadi, told his son to let nobody know that he had lost a thousand dinars by a late speculation in trade. "Why?" said the boy.—"Because," replied the father, "I shall then suffer a twofold evil; the loss of money, and the contempt of my neighbours."

A learned man took much pains in teaching a nobleman's son; but the latter being

went to market, but could make nothing of him. He took him back, therefore, to his father, saying, "I cannot make your boy wiser; and, if I were to go on with him much longer, he might make me a fool."

A fellow applied to a farrier to cure him of an inflammation in his eyes. The latter prescribed the same medicines that he would give to a beast, and his patient, becoming blind, went to complain to the magistrate: "If thou hadst not been an ass," said the magistrate, "thou wouldst not have gone to a doctor of asses."

"Noah," says Sadi, at the age of twelve hundred years, was asked, "How he, who was the oldest of the prophets, had found this world?" He replied: "Like a house with two doors, at one of which I lately entered, and at the other shall soon leave it."

The cabinet council of Nushieowan was debating some important question, while Bazarjamahr, the prime minister, sat silent. One of them said to him, "Why do not you also give us your opinion?" He answered, "So long as I see you right, for me to interfere were wrong."

On another occasion, some of the courtiers said to Bazarjamahr, "What secret was that which the King just now whispered to you; for he never communicates any to us?"

"True," replied Bazarjamahr, "he only communicates his secrets to me, because he knows I shall not betray him: Why, then, do you ask me?"

Sadi passed his whole life, of more than a hundred years, as a dervise, or travelling devotee, and most of his stories are relations of personal adventures. "I never complained," says he, "but once, of my forlorn condition; and then my feet were naked, and I had not wherewithal to buy shoes. But soon afterward I met a man without feet; upon which I thanked God for his goodness to myself, and submitted ever afterward with resignation to the want of shoes."

Sadi is the author of most of those genuine eastern apologies that have become familiarized to the modern literature of Europe. Addison, in No. 239 of the *Spectator*, has introduced a story of Sadi's, of which the following is another version: One day, Ibrahim Idham, the King of

Balkh, was sitting at the gate of his palace, with his ministers and court about him, when a poor dervise, with a patched cloak, a scrip, and a staff, approached, and was about to enter. The attendants called to him, saying, 'Reverend Sir, whither art you going?' He replied, 'I am going into this inn.' They said, 'This is the house of the king of Balkh.' The king, taking notice of what passed, commanded the attendants to permit the dervise to approach, and said to him, 'O dervise, this is my house, and no inn!' But the dervise replied, 'O, Ibrahim! whose house was it before?' The King answered, 'My grandfather's.'—'And when your grandfather departed, whose house was it then?' The King answered, 'My father's.'—'And when your father died,' said the dervise, 'whose house did it become?' The King answered, 'My own.'—'And when you also shall have left it, whose will it be then?' The King answered, 'the prince, my son's.' Then the dervise said, 'O, Ibrahim, a house which, in this fashion, one man after another enters and quits, what is it but an inn?' "

From the same source we have the following, which has been often before the reader: "A rich man's son said to the son of a dervise, 'my noble father's tomb is built of granite, lined with turquoise, and inscribed with an epitaph in letters of gold; but that of your father is no more than a few bricks, joined together with mud!' The son of the dervise replied, 'Peace! I pray you; for, at the resurrection, before your father shall have lifted up that load of stone, mine will have ascended into heaven.'"

Another brief extract from Sadi, teaching a lesson which may be applied in many circumstances of life, shall conclude the present paper.

"A poor man, whose ass having stuck fast in a slough, had kept him a whole night in the wet and cold, gave way to anger, and poured his curses upon friend and foe, and even upon the name of the king: which latter, going early to the chase, happened to pass that morning at day-break, and overheard his words. The royal attendants were eager that such an offender should, at the least, have his tongue torn out of his throat; but the

magnificent prince ordered that a horse, a warm garment, and a guinea of money, should be given to him! A courtier congratulated the poor man on his fortunate escape; but he answered, "I, from the baseness of my temper, used unjust re-

proaches; but the king, from his generous nature, has forgiven me. To such a man it is matter of course to repay evil with evil; but the generosity of my sovereign has recompensed evil with good."

BENEDETTA AND AURELIANO.

" ————— " 'Tis well, he cries,
 • And from the altar takes a golden ring,
 And, gently bidding the young vestal rise,
 • 'Tis fixed upon her finger.— Then they fling
 • The snow-white veil aside; but ere they bring
 The last black ensign of the awful rite,
 In shroudless beauty stands that lovely thing—
 A delicate star soft beaming on the sight,
 As Hesper, when it breaks from curtaining clouds of night "

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE church of Justina, at Padua, has been celebrated for its architecture, constructed from a design of Palladio, and adorned with a rich mosaic pavement. But the Franciscan church dedicated to St. Antonio, the great patron of the city, will be for ever endeared to the mind of sensibility, as there may be seen a memorial of Benedetta Elavazione and Aureliano Liettezza. With the soft blossoms of youth, their souls blended and cemented in the most pure and ardent love; but Aureliano was the son, the younger son, of an impoverished, though noble family; and the Marchese Guascappa, loaded with years and wealth, sought the hand of Benedetta. Her mother enjoins, her father commands her to accept the grisly-headed suitor—she is adorned for a sacrifice more horrible than death. The most gorgeous silks from the Tuscan loom, the most superb jewels, are prepared for her bridal attire. In a state between distraction and wild stupor, she is dragged to the chapel. She is placed beside Guascappa at the altar. Pale as a drooping flower blighted by frost from the Appenines, she sinks to the ground. Before she recovers, many faces in Padua are blanched with fear. The roaring thunders of artillery rend the air; the screams of women, the shrieks of children, and the shouts of men increase in every street—the French have poured upon the city—every palace or dwelling-house, every chapel or

church, the warehouses, the shops, and arsenals are plundered. A French commander has entered the Franciscan church. Benedetta, recalled to sensation, has just opened her dove-like eyes—she is seized—forced into a *bettura*—the officer seats himself by her, and orders the driver to use whip and spur in hastening to Mantua. But Aureliano has caught a glimpse of his beloved; with a faithful armed band he crosses the way of the carriage; Aureliano prevails. The Frenchman and his attendants are slain. Benedetta is rescued. Aureliano cannot believe her in safety till she is lodged in a sequestered *sapanna* of the Lower Alps. The agony of her enforced appearance at the altar, followed immediately by the most dire alarm, produces a violent fever. Aureliano watches over her, as though his life hung only on her existence. She recovers, and with modest, yet unreluctant consent, attends him to the altar. The ceremony of marriage is performed—Aureliano imprints on her lips a nuptial kiss—when the Marchese Guascappa, with the father and brothers of Benedetta, burst into the Alpine church, and tear her from the arms of her spouse. With infuriated prowess he thrusts his dagger into the heart of his rival; and the father of Benedetta slays the youth who, at the hazard of life, had saved her from dishonour. Again Benedetta is laid upon the bed of sickness. She recovers to attend

herself to Heaven. Twice by mortal bridegrooms presented at a nuptial altar—she shall expire a virgin bride of the holy church.

The precincts of St. Antonio were crowded to excess to behold the lovely Benedetta renounce the world for ever. The world to her was buried with the mangled corse of Aureliano, gashed by the swords of her father and brothers. The family livery of Liettesza was yellow; and in a robe of yellow velvet, richly embroidered with silver and pearls, Benedetta made her last display before a multifarious congregation in the church of St. Antonio. Her long black glossy hair, curled and braided in the extreme of fashion, gives a tasteful relief to the blaze of diamonds on her head. Her bare white arms are encircled with costly bracelets; her slender fingers half covered

with rings. Mass is said. She is conducted within the cloister; but the door remains open. She turns round, and bows repeatedly to friends who stand without. She divests herself of all the sparkling ornaments; retires to a recess concealed by a black curtain, to assume the hair shirt and coarse garment of her order; she reappears in the cloister with a long black veil covering her head, and descending to her feet. A coffin, surrounded with huge wax tapers, is brought forward. The professed sisters, each holding a taper in her hand, take a station close to Benedetta; they extinguish the lights, and stretch Benedetta in the last receptacle of mortality. The door of the cloister is shut. It has closed on Benedetta for ever. A few years, and her dust is mingled with the dust of Aureliano. B. G.

VICTORINE OF ORMOND;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

THE President of Ormond had an only daughter, whose qualities were such, that it was difficult to decide which was most entitled to admiration, her figure, her genius, or her goodness. Deprived in her early years of the best of mothers, her youthful heart had nevertheless retained the lessons of wisdom, which the wisely directed tenderness of her mother had ever mingled with her most trifling amusements. A promise, dictated by the mouth of her beloved and expiring mother, in which Victorine vowed to supply, in every respect possible, her mother's place towards her inconsolable father, was for ever present to her memory. Ever faithful to this promise, and ever happy to fulfil it, Victorine was the pride and the delight of the President of Ormond.

Educated under his eyes, at a distance from the capital, she attained her fifteenth year without having imbibed a single thought which extended beyond the precincts of her paternal domains. Her books, her drawing, her music, and her birds, filled up every moment which was not devoted to her father.

The President, satisfied with the quiet life which he enjoyed in this solitude, seemed himself as well as his daughter, to have forgotten the world beyond, till one day he received a letter which gave him cause for deep reflection. The Baron of Sezanne, his most ancient and best friend, required his assistance. The second of his sons had just finished his education at the military school at Paris; had been nominated an officer of a regiment in the American service; but was not to join it for some few months. The father, fearing for the inexperience of his son, in a capital so environed with dangers of every kind, conjured the President to give him an asylum till such time as it should be necessary for him to depart for Brest.

"The Baron of Sezanne has a right to expect every thing from me," said the President, as he walked slowly down one of the alleys in the park. "I feel for his children the same affection which I feel for the father: but to receive into this retreat a youth of seventeen! and that after the portrait that his father has given of him...! But what says the letter?"—"Yes,

my friend, all that they write to me concerning my Chevalier, is too satisfactory and too flattering for me to resist the pleasure of giving you a slight description of him, before you have an opportunity of judging for yourself. It appears that he is already one of the most handsome Chevaliers of his age; he obtained all the prizes in literature and science; no one can manage a horse or go through the sword exercise with greater grace; in short, my worthy friend, I feel persuaded that he will ingratiate himself into your favour."—"Of this I am likewise persuaded," replied the President; "but am I the only person into whose favour he may here ingratiate himself? If my Victorine, dazzled by such a prepossessing appearance, and led away by so many splendid qualities, should renounce—but, no: why should I alarm myself? Victorine is but a child, and besides, having her full confidence, shall I not always be able to forwarn her in time?"

After this soliloquy all the fears of the President vanished, and he resolved that the Chevalier de Sezanne should be received at the castle of Ormond as his own son.

He arrived. The President received him with the greatest cordiality; observing, at the same time, that he should have embraced him with much more pleasure had he been less attractive than his portrait. Victorine blushed; then made a low curtsy. She wished to look at the Chevalier, but her eyes still remained immoveably fixed on the ground; she wished to speak to him—her voice died away on her lips. But she felt, nevertheless, that in order to perform the honours of the house to the young friend of her father's, it was necessary to meet his looks. She therefore addressed him—and this act of courage restored her to herself; he quickly answered all her questions with a politeness, but with a diffidence, that pleased her much less than her father. By degrees the conversation became more animated; at length Victorine retired, thinking within herself that the Chevalier was more amiable and witty than all the young ladies whom she was accustomed to see, at the great *fêtes* given in the neighbouring village. Nor did the Chevalier, in musing on his

journey before he retired to sleep, call to mind with a little surprise, that a person brought up almost entirely in the midst of fields and woods possessed at the same time so many charms, both of conversation and manners.

The reserve of the Chevalier de Sezanne did not operate a little in her favour. Victorine, far from retaining any traces of her first embarrassment, soon felt herself as perfectly at ease with him as if she had known him since her childhood. The President, entirely satisfied, applauded her compliance, and did not seek to conceal that the son of his old friend enlivened the monotony of his retired life, for which he sometimes reproached himself for having condemned Victorine. He took a part in their conversation, their readings, and their walks. He proposed one day to visit an ancient abbey situated at a short distance from the castle of Ormond. In passing the wood which surrounded the monastery, they were informed by the bells that some solemnity was being celebrated. On their arrival at the principal entrance, they were informed by a lay-sister that they were about to perform the last offices for a young nun who had died the day before. The President, wishing to spare his daughter such a spectacle, proposed to take her to see a new farm which he was laying out in the neighbourhood; but Victorine insisted on entering the Abbey, and begged the Chevalier to unite his request to her's. The President opposed their desires no longer, and they entered the church.

The plaintive tones of the organ accompanied the mournful chant of the sisters. Victorine felt her heart oppressed; and she held more closely the arm of the Chevalier. The splendour of a number of lights drew their eyes towards the grate of the choir; they approached it and saw the coffin, in which, according to custom, was laid out, with her face uncovered, the young nun the object of that sorrowful ceremony. The reflection of the lights threw a colour over the pallid hue of her cheeks; her eyes were closed, and her hands crossed on her bosom. Victorine gazed on her with the utmost attention. "Look!" said she to the Chevalier, "might not one think that she was either praying or sleeping? To die, so young and so lovely! I could not

have thought it. "Methinks," added she, lowering her voice, "were I in the same situation, I should, were any one whom I tenderly loved to call me, awake instantly." The Chevalier looked at her, thought he saw in her eyes a supernatural exaltation, and answered her in a tone that betrayed the emotions of his heart. "What a horrid idea, Victorine! You in the grave! Ah!—he—those who join to your life the destiny of theirs, could then have no other desire than that of being buried with you." The President taking them both by the hand, led them out to a seat in the wood, where they maintained for some time a deep silence, immersed in their own thoughts, which are devoid of pleasure only to those whose hearts are cold or whose minds are guilty.

From this day Victorine felt her confidence for the young friend of her father redoubled; she conversed with him without reserve on every subject which either reading or reflection awoke in her mind, and even endeavoured to inspire in his heart every emotion which she felt in her own; but, by some indefinite feeling, she found it was above her endeavour to be as free on one subject as upon all others. A single word from the Chevalier would have been sufficient to have made her reveal a secret, of which she was no longer the mistress; but this word he did not venture; his reserve seemed to increase with his love.

Nevertheless, an event for which he ought to have been prepared, though he seemed to have lost sight of it, came to hasten the moment in which he could no longer maintain this silence without exposing himself to the danger of losing the object which had awakened in his bosom such hitherto unknown sensations. The President received a letter from the Baron, in which, after thanking him for the kindness which he had shown to his son, begged him without delay to send him to Brest, whither he was hindered from conducting himself by a severe indisposition, and where the fleet were ordered to be ready to set sail at the first signal, so that there was not a moment to be lost.

The Chevalier, lost in confusion, had scarcely power to give an insignificant reply to the President; he feigned to retire to his room, but flew towards a pavilion in the

garden, wherein Victorine was sitting before her piano. She did not hear him approach; he entered; she raised her eyes—"Chevalier, what has happened? what means this paleness, these wild looks? Heavens! speak; I tremble all over!"—"Ah! Victorine...a letter...your father...what will become of me?"—"A letter! where is it?"—"Read it."—"Is it true? Will you go? Ah! unhappy...cruel duty! must it separate us? must the ocean lift up its waves between us? No, no; my father is too good, he will never consent."—"I go in an hour!"—"In an hour, and I...I...oh, heaven!"—"Victorine! I live only for thee; Victorine! my best beloved." She heard no more, but fell into his arms without power and without motion: the President appeared.

"Sir," said the Chevalier, "the state of despair in which you at present find us both, sufficiently explains to you what my love for Victorine, and my confidence in you, required that I should have unfolded to you before I quitted this mansion. Believe me, this is the first time that I ventured to give way to those feelings which had not obtained your sanction. Do not doubt me, when I say, that I have prevailed on myself by force for a long time to preserve silence; but you see the horrors of my situation! Your Victorine is all to me, and I am forced to fly far away."—"Young man," replied the President, "I could not attach any guilt to your feelings without accusing myself of my want of foresight. You love Victorine: it is requisite that you deserve her. Duty calls you far away; if time and distance have no influence on your sentiments, if your conduct does not cease to be worthy of your excellent father, and of the esteem with which you have inspired me, you will only have to fulfil your vows at your return.

The Chevalier bathed with tears one of the hands of the President, while Victorine, restored to her senses, covered the other with kisses, which expressed at once the part she took in the declaration of the Chevalier, and her gratitude for the reply of her father. The President then made a sign; it was too well understood. The Chevalier feigned a pretext for returning to the mansion; he cast a last glance towards

Victorine, escaped out of the pavilion, and soon was hurried far away from all that he held dear. A prey to the most violent agitation, with her eyes incessantly turned towards the castle, Victorine paid but little attention to the image of future happiness to which her father endeavoured to draw her attention. The President saw that she did not hear him : " He is gone," said he.—" Ah !" cried she, " he will never return."

When she learnt the fatal certainty that her lover had departed without bidding her farewell, she fell into a deep swoon; and on her recovery endeavoured to overcome her grief only to remove that which she saw her father suffer on her account. A letter written by the Chevalier, at the moment of his embarkation, renewed his promises of using every endeavour to deserve Victorine; three months after a second letter announced that he had arrived at Boston. This was the last : the President read in the public papers of a very sanguine action which had taken place on the frontiers of Pennsylvania; the regiment of the Chevalier de Sezanne, being that which had contributed the most to the victory, had suffered the most severely, and the name of this unfortunate young man terminated the list of the officers killed in the battle.

The President of Ormond bewailed his fate sincerely on his own account, but still more bitterly on account of his unfortunate daughter: he knew her excessive sensibility, and foresaw that this misfortune would for ever cast a shadow over the future of her life. He strove gradually to prepare her for receiving it, by frequently turning the subject of conversation to the numerous dangers which a soldier is hourly exposed to in a distant expedition. The heart of a young girl, when she first feels the force of love, more easily resigns itself to the influence of fear than of hope; and thus Victorine became soon the prey of the most afflicting anxiety. Not was the reality long concealed from her view: her father having left a paper on the table of the pavilion, in which she delighted to give herself up to her melancholy musings, she recognized the handwriting of the Baron of Sezanne. She devoured its contents, and was left no longer to the influence of either doubt or hope!

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The fatal letter escaped from her hand: she uttered a wild cry, and fell senseless to the earth. When she recovered her reason she found herself in the arms of her father. " Victorine, wilt thou not live for thy poor old father's sake?"

The President, conceiving that an immediate change of residence, and an entirely different method of life, was the only means of withdrawing her mind from the object which seemed so deeply to affect her, on the next day quitted the retreat wherein he had expected to end his days, and took a mansion at Paris. Sacrificing his own inclinations to the new plan which his paternal tenderness dictated, he courted a numerous acquaintance; he provided the most distinguished masters; he took her to see the most celebrated galleries of art, and attended her to the most magnificent spectacles and *fêtes*. Useless endeavours! Victorine, governed by one only sentiment, gently followed her father, without appearing either to see or hear any thing that was presented to awaken her curiosity. The President wept when he saw that he could effect no change in a situation which was more harassing to him than to her, for whom he would willingly have sacrificed his life, could he thereby have restored her peace of mind. One only expedient remained untried, and this he resolved to employ.

Among the gentlemen who composed his usual society, there was not one whom he considered able to withdraw Victorine from her pensive imaginings; but there was one whom he regarded with greater interest than the others, because he was the son of one of his most ancient friends. St. Alban was his name; and though he had only just passed his three-and-twentieth year, he was already one of the chief ministers in parliament. His figure and his manners spoke as highly in his favour, as the abilities and reason that were apparent in his conversation. The President sought an opportunity of meeting with him, and obligingly reproached him for not having yet given him the pleasure of seeing him at his mansion, where he was so justly entitled to the kindest reception. He now became a constant visitor; and though the President had used every endeavour to prepossess Victorine in his favour, it was evident that he pro-

duced no deeper impression than any other of the numerous crowd of admirers whom her beauty and her immense fortune had already enlisted in her service. At length the President, in order to calm the profound apathy in which she was hourly withering away, proposed to her a union which he so ardently desired to see accomplished, for so many reasons. "Alas! my father, it was not to St. Alban that I vowed to be united." This was her only answer. The President continuing his entreaties and caresses, assured her that this marriage would restore peace to her heart. Victorine, insensible to every thing but that of tenderness to her father, followed him to the altar; and there gave her hand to St. Alban.

When Madame St. Alban, Victorine, having been accustomed from her childhood to fulfil every duty with the utmost scrupulousness, endeavoured by every means in her power to attach herself to her husband. She became a mother, and she could not gaze on her children without affectionately recalling to her mind the author of their existence. By degrees the darkness of her melancholy decreased, and she at length seemed to take delight in administering to the happiness of a man, who was so deserving in himself, and who was so highly beloved by her father. Thus, in spite of the continual presence of an indelible remembrance, she enjoyed some delight in her situation; it was not happiness, but something that resembled it. Her husband was not her lover, but he was her friend—her brother.....

Thus six years peaceably glided away, when she was visited by a misfortune of all others the most dreadful for the heart of Victorine: an attack of apoplexy gave the President of Ormond scarcely time to take a last farewell of his daughter. Inconsolable, she could not be forced from the cold corpse. "Let me perish here!" was her reply, when St. Alban gently endeavoured to remove her from that sad spectacle. To the bitter grief that she already endured, her sensible mind called up a still more cruel presentiment; the death of her lover, and her father torn from her so unexpectedly, were to her a certain pre-
 sage of another misfortune not less terrible—she saw the death of her children already decreed.

Struck by this ominous idea, though she buried her grief in her own bosom, in order not to affect her husband, she day by day visibly declined. The most able physicians were called in by St. Alban; all their endeavours were in vain—she seemed at the point of expiring. St. Alban brought his two little daughters; but entrance was refused him by the medical attendants. "I shall never more see her," he exclaimed; "my children, you no longer have a mother; but I swear to live only for you; and never to replace her whose loss we must mutually bewail. I swear never to end my sorrow till the day when I shall go to join her."

The combat in which, according to the public journals, the Chevalier Sezanne had lost his life, was an endeavour to surprise the outpost of the French army. The Chevalier, having received a ball in his shoulder, was seen to fall, and considered as having been killed; but having been taken by the English, he was sent under the escort of some savages into the interior, and by them cured of his wound. He there vainly used every endeavour to send a letter to his company, which was stationed in Carolina, a distance of more than two hundred leagues from the part wherein he was detained as a prisoner. Not being able to effect this object, he was naturally considered as among the number of the slain.

Having for some months meditated incessantly on the means of joining the French army, he at length profited by a grand hunting match, and plunged into the vast forests which extend along the borders of the Ohio. Guided by a young savage whom he had made his friend, he at length arrived at the American encampment, and found himself in the midst of his countrymen. Having arrived on his native shore, he immediately set out for the castle of Sezanne. Musing on the pleasure that his arrival would give his beloved parents, whom he had not seen for so many years, he arrived at the door of a tenant of his father, an old farmer who had often caressed him in his infancy. His appearance struck the old man with astonishment, and from him he learnt that the report of his death had spread through the whole canton; that his father was dead, and that his mother had gone to reside at Paris. He hazarded a question concerning Victorine of Ormond: the old man related to him without disguise, that Victorine,

thinking that he had perished in America, had married one Mr. St. Alban, and was already the mother of two children.

"What do I hear?" cried the Chevalier. Ah! your words are death! Some horses, in the name of heaven some horses!" In a few minutes he was on the road to Paris.

A thousand confused projects agitated his mind; but one only sentiment soon predominated—it was a tender respect for Victorine, whose apparent infidelity was justified by an unfortunate mistake, and he therefore vowed to abstain from every thing which might tend to compromise the tranquillity of her, whom he still loved more dearly than life.

On approaching the gates of Paris, he felt himself the prey of the most insupportable anxieties. His looks, always curious and timorous, examined every carriage that passed by his; he hoped, and yet feared to see the object of a passion once so tender, but now so horrid, because she could no longer partake thereof. A great crowd drew his attention from these sombre reflexions: his postilion stopped. A line of carriages, clothed in black, obstructed the road. The Chevalier put his head out of the window, and asked whose funeral it was. "Of a lady," was the answer. He renewed his questions; an old man with white locks rushed from the crowd, "Ah, Sir, would you know whom we are following to the tomb? Who knows not the benefactress of the whole neighbourhood? it is the young Madam St. Alban, wife of Mr. St. Alban, the counsellor in parliament. Struck as if by a thunderbolt, the Chevalier fell back into his carriage; he had not power to speak, but the postilion, as he had been before directed, took the road that led to the mansion of the Baroness of Sezanne. Only the sight of a mother could have reanimated the unfortunate young man. The transports of joy to which she resigned herself—the pleasure of feeling her once more in his arms—suspended for an instant the remembrance of his grief. She sought to turn aside his thoughts from the sad spectacle which he had just witnessed; she pressed him to relate the circumstances of his captivity and of his delivery. But there was only one subject which was able to rivet his attention; he sought with avidity the most heart-rending details; he

seemed to delight in re-assembling around his heart all he had suffered from the day he first knew Victorine to the moment that tore her from him for ever. His first sorrows were poured out into the bosom of his mother; he had satisfied her curiosity, and appeared in some degree calmed thereby. The Baroness seized this moment to endeavour to make him take some repose.

"Of repose! is repose for a soul torn by so many misfortunes as mine?" An interior voice seemed to cry out without ceasing, "Thou shalt never see her more! never! never!" This horrid idea of an eternal separation filled his soul with despair; but on a sudden some inward suggestion seemed to smile on his deadly sorrow.

In a moment he appeared to have acquired a profound tranquillity; he descended, and left the mansion without being perceived. He took the road which he had passed in the morning; he knew the fatal spot where he had met the funeral; he saw the place where he had spoken to the old man, and the church which had been pointed out to him. A man was coming from the burial-ground with a spade and a pick-axe:—it was he whom he sought. "Have you the care of the graves in this burial-ground?"—"Yes."—"Did you prepare the grave of Madam St. Alban?"—"Yes."—"Where does it lie?"—"How can that concern you?"—"Let us speak low: you see this purse of gold, it is yours, if you will serve me."—"What should I do?"—"Madam St. Alban was all to me in this world; she has died without my having been able to bid her one last farewell: I wish to gaze upon her yet once more."—"Do you know what you propose to me?"—"The danger is doubtful, the recompense sure! Have you not a wife and children?"—"Yes, too many for my poverty."—"Well, to this purse I will likewise add this: now follow me."

Having arrived at the corner of the burial-ground, the sexton stopped.—"Hold," said he, "it is here that we buried her this morning; take this spade,—help me, but do not speak."—"The Chevalier seized the instrument: at each spade-full of earth that he raised he considered himself still nearer to Victorine; he redoubled his ardour, and the coffin soon resounded beneath the stroke of the spade. He shuddered: he stopped: "Come, Sir," said his companion

to him, "without your aid I shall not be able to manage it."—They unite their efforts; the coffin is raised to the side of the opening; the Chevalier falls on his knees. With a trembling hand he unfolds these robes. A ray of the unclouded moon falls full on that angelical form, where amid the paleness of death those traits that had first awakened his idolatry, still appear: he takes one of her hands—he covers it with tears and kisses. On a sudden, as if by inspiration, the scene at the abbey flashes on his soul—he recalls the words of Victorine. He bends over her; he presses his lips to hers; he calls, "Victorine, my beloved! Victorine, keep thy promise—awake!" He presses more close the hand and arm which he held in his grasp... On a sudden he thought he perceived the beating of an artery. "Holy Heaven!" cried he, "she is not dead."—"Sir," said the trembling sexton, "your cries will destroy us. Silence, calm yourself; let me assure you of the reality." The Chevalier could scarcely sustain himself. He paused—"Sir, Sir"—"you deceive yourself, she is not dead: but in the name of heaven make no noise. My friend, all that I possess is yours; you must finish your undertaking; let us haste and remove her from this horrible place."—"What, think you, without an order from the magistrate?"—"And do you think you can obtain that authority, without owning that you have disinterred her? Yes; you must decide between the punishment which awaits you and the fortune which I offer: in a word, either fulfil all my wishes, or resolve to destroy me here on this spot."—"Alas, Sir, order what you please—I obey."—The coffin is returned into the grave, the grave is filled up; Madame St. Alban is enveloped in the roquelaire of the Chevalier, and placed upon his shoulders. Her eyes still remain closed—the motion had no effect on her profound lethargy. The Chevalier succeeds in regaining his mansion with his precious burden; he places Victorine on a bed, and runs to awaken his mother. The Baroness, no less alarmed by the extreme agitation which is painted on his countenance, than by his thus entering her chamber in the dead of the night, presses him to explain the cause.

He faithfully recited all that had passed. She rose and flew to Victorine. She lavished

on her the most affectionate attentions, and at length recalled her to herself. Her eyelids opened; she thought herself in another world; nor was she surprised to find her lover beside her. A skilful physician, who had been for many years attached to the family of Sezanne, was immediately called. His discretion was now put to the test: they related to him the mystery of the strange adventure, and he answered for her recovery.

In a few hours she entirely recovered the use of her senses, so as to be able to know where she was; and at her first word the Baroness herself appeared at the head of her bed. Victorine recognized Madame Sezanne, and her presence only tended to increase her astonishment. From her she learnt the extraordinary event which had delivered her from the grave? "What, was it he who saved me?" said she, raising with gratitude her eyes to heaven. "Was it he whom I have so long wept for as for one dead?" At the sound of this heart-thrilling voice the Chevalier, who was concealed in a corner of the room, could no longer restrain himself. "Victorine, my Victorine, you are now restored to me, restored to me for ever." The sight of him who had been the first and only object of her love, at first failed to awaken its former ardour. Ah! Chevalier, it is necessary for me at the very moment in which you have just preserved my life, that I should warn you that I no longer belong to you; a sacred tie!"—"Ties!—I know none, they are all broken; you are free, Victorine; free as at the moment when your father first permitted me to hope for your hand. By what title could he who was your spouse now reclaim you? Are you not dead to him who had you carried to the grave? You are dead even in the eye of the law: you have ceased to exist for every one but for me. Dare I tell you, Victorine, that your life is mine—it belongs to me. What have I done, that you should envy me a place in that grave from which I have just rescued you?" Love and scrupulosity opposed each other in the heart of Victorine. She glanced alternately from the Chevalier to the Baroness; he saw that she hesitated. "Oh, my mother," cried he, "plead my cause: it will be pleading for my life."

The Baroness of Sezanne was a woman

of known merit; a long life, adorned by every virtue, gave great weight to her every word. Victorine had been brought up with the highest respect for this ancient friend of her family. The Baroness spoke but little, but it was with clearness and force; she declared that she considered every tie as broken by death: she considered that Victorine could not be reunited even to Mr. St. Alban without a fresh marriage, and consequently she was by every law entitled to dispose of her hand in favour of any other person. Victorine listened with eagerness to every syllable; but, what made a far greater impression on her heart, than the words of the Baroness, were the glances of the Chevalier—the expression of his countenance, and the tears which were streaming from his eyes. Then raising her hands and eyes to Heaven, she with a gentle accent exclaimed, “Pardon me, my God, if I deceive myself:” and immediately turning towards the Baroness, “Oh my worthy friend, my mother,” said she, “do you always be my guide!” The Chevalier, transported with joy, seized one of the hands of Victorine, and kissing it, vowed to consecrate to her every future moment of his existence.

The Baroness, after having taken part with her beloved son in his happiness, took every precaution which her prudence suggested. Nor had she much difficulty to make her two children—for thus she now called them—comprehend that both decency, and above all security required, that they should reside far away from Paris, and as unknown as possible. She possessed an estate in Provence, and she proposed that they should there take up their residence. The offer was with transport accepted, and they acknowledged the necessity of hastening the moment of their departure. The prospect of happiness, which hope itself had ceased to promise, tended to re-establish the health of Victorine most unexpectedly, and in a few days she was enabled to undertake the fatigues of a long journey.

On their arrival in Provence, the first care of the Baroness was to proceed to the marriage of her son to Victorine. There was no one in that distant province that had any knowledge of Madame St. Alban; and, consequently, the new married couple lived together in the most pro-

found repose. Victorine often repeated to Sezanne that she had commenced a new life, and that all the happy moments which she now enjoyed were doubly his gift. On the other side Sezanne assured her that he had attached a value to his life only from the day in which he was enabled to consecrate it to her. Always careful to avoid every thing that might tend to displease her, always anxious to prevent her desires, and fearing that their rural retreat might to her appear monotonous, he proposed to seek for relaxation among the inhabitants of the neighbouring castles. “Relaxation!” replied Victorine, “do you then wish for a relaxation to my happiness?” Sezanne saw with transport that if Victorine was all to him, that he was able in return to fulfil all her wishes. He had constructed, at the extremity of the garden, a pavilion, in every possible respect similar to that in the park at Ormond. The piano-forte, the books, the drawings, were all arranged in the same order. It was there that they always finished their walks, and gave themselves up to those recollections which are so full of charms for those whose hearts have been tried by misfortune.

The good Baroness of Sezanne, never an importunate witness of these tender breathings forth of the heart, appeared to grow young again, when seated between her son and daughter. It was to her the sweetest of occupations to preside over the education of two charming children, whom she already considered as the hope of the house of Sezanne.

Victorine was not able to enfold in her arms her children, without recalling to mind the two little daughters who were at a distance under the protection of Mr. St. Alban—“He loves them, he will make them happy; but they do not know that they still have a mother.” After she had been separated from them for seven years, the physician of the Baroness, who had been instructed to transmit an account of every circumstance that might interest them at Paris, had learnt that the youngest of these children had but just escaped from a very dangerous epidemic disease. Victorine, alarmed at the dangers to which the other must necessarily be exposed, felt an insurmountable desire once more to behold them. Sezanne was not able to conceal his

dread at this imprudent proposition, and yet he had not power to resist the prayers and intreaties of his Victorine. The Baroness opposed herself with firmness against a project, which she foresaw would produce the most dangerous consequences. Hitherto her advice had always been implicitly followed; but on this occasion she had to combat the caresses and tears of a dearly beloved wife; and their departure for Paris was resolved on.

Her children were already in the carriage, when the Baroness repeated all the precautions which they were to make use of; and charged them with a letter to the physician, in which she begged of him to watch all their actions and all their movements.

They alighted at the mansion of the physician. The first word of Victorine was to demand some news of her daughters; and she learnt that their governess was daily accustomed to walk with them in the gardens of the Tuilleries. Accompanied by Sezanne, and covered with a thick veil, she flew to the spot, traversed every walk, and anxiously cast her eyes on every child whose age or appearance could give her any hopes of discovering the object of her search. How many times was she on the point of risking the most imprudent questions! How often was she forced to return to her residence, without having satisfied in the slightest degree her reasonable and anxious desires! Sezanne alone had power to calm the bitterness of her regrets, by suggesting that perhaps the following day might prove more propitious to her wishes; and promising that he would at last make use of some more certain means of procuring for her a sight of the objects, that were so dear to her maternal affections.

Victorine and her husband having spent a whole day in useless endeavours, the night was not far gone when she felt herself oppressed with melancholy. "My love," said she to Sezanne, "an idea has just struck me: you know how much I delight in recalling to mind that it was you to whom I am indebted for my life: to-day is the anniversary of that eternal remembrance: what could I ask you more delightful to my feelings, than that you would conduct me to that place wherein

you saw me imbibe, in your arms, a new life, in order to begin anew to love you without obstacle and without separation." From the moment of his arrival, Sezanne had felt the same desire, and only an excess of delicacy and precaution had deterred him from making the same proposition to Victorine. He feared that it might appear in her sight too much like the affectation of recalling to her mind all that she owed to him: in short, he doubted whether the sight of the grave in which she had been buried alive might not produce emotions too overpowering for her excessive sensibility. But as Victorine herself proposed it, he ordered the carriage, and they arrived at the well-known church. A small gate conducted to the burial-ground: Sezanne advanced, leading Victorine.

She felt an involuntary shudder; she leant on the arm of her husband. Sezanne recollected the spot: he advanced a few steps, but he thought himself mistaken; at the spot so well engraven on his memory he saw a monument, which at once attested the sorrow and magnificence of the person who had erected it. The twilight enabled him to distinguish the name of Victorine traced upon the marble. "It is here," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion: "let us stop." He enfolded her in his arms, as if fearful that she might a second time be torn from his embraces.

Victorine had raised her veil, in order to read the epitaph which covered one of the sides of the base; she then sought to pass to the other side, when what was her surprise at seeing a man in mourning on his knees! He was so deeply absorbed, in either sorrow or devotion, that he did not raise his head, only at the cry of terror that Victorine was unable to suppress. He then seemed suddenly petrified: he opened his haggard eyes. "Heaven!" at length, cried he, "it is her spirit! What delusion!"—"My love," said Victorine, "let us hence!" hiding her head on the bosom of her husband; "in the name of Heaven let us away!"—"No, you shall not stir," said the stranger, seizing her by the arm; "I must first learn whether my eyes or my imagination have deceived me!" Sezanne pushed him aside with indignation; but

springing forward with a species of madness, "Do you know, Sir," said he to Sezanne, "the lady who accompanies you?"—"She is mine."—"She yours?"—"I repeat it, Sir.—Calm your delirium, and do not force me to resent an attack that outrages me."—"What! is there any power on earth that can deter me from claiming my wife when I have once again found her?"

"Your wife, do you say?"

"Ah! for whom else have I come hither to offer up my prayers on this cold marble? For whom else have streamed those tears which still moisten my cheeks?"

"Madman, leave us," Sezanne pronounced these last words in a less firm tone of voice. In spite of his courage, he felt a perturbation of soul that he could not master. A presentiment of horror thrilled his very soul. Victorine could endure no more; and Sezanne, raising her in his arms, conveyed her to the carriage. The stranger endeavoured to accompany them; but Sezanne, throwing him from him with violence, ordered the coachman to fly with all the speed his horses were able.

Mr. St. Alban—for what reader has not recognized the stranger—called for help, and promised the greatest recompense to any one who might be able to follow the carriage, and inform him where it stopped. Many persons, instigated by the proffered reward, followed them with speed, and after some time returned with the information, that, after several turnings, two persons alighted from the carriage at a house which they could exactly point out.

Mr. St. Alban spent the remainder of the night in making every arrangement which he thought necessary, and with the dawning of day surrounded the mansion of the physician, and demanded from him to see the two strangers who were residing therein. Mr. Sezanne immediately presented himself, declaring that he had arrived with his wife a few days since from the province where he lived. But this simple reply would not suffice. Mr. St. Alban had recourse to justice, and avowed that the pretended Madam Sezanne was his lawful wife. In the mean time Sezanne affected to look upon him only as a madman.

This singularity of the cause^{*}, carried it into Parliament. The advocate of Mr. Sezanne produced the legal proofs of marriage, and a crowd of incontestable witnesses to prove that for seven years he had been known by them for the husband of the lady with whom he lived. On the other hand, the advocate of Mr. St. Alban allowed, that in fact every proof of the death of Madame St. Alban existed; he did not even deny that she had been publicly buried, but he alleged that it was possible that she might not have been dead, and that she had been restored to life by some event of which he was ignorant: in short, he maintained that the rights of his client had lost no portion of their validity. The Court ordered Madame Sezanne to appear herself.

For the first time in her life Victorine firmly refused to render homage to the truth; she sustained the interrogations put to her with a presence of mind that confounded her judges; she replied with the most surprising air to the most subtle questions; in a word, she triumphed...but a door suddenly opened, two lovely girls threw themselves on their knees, and called her their mother. Victorine lost her colour and her resolution. "Ah, this last trial," she cried, "is too strong for my heart! I will not deny my children; I am your mother." And she folded them in her arms.

Madam St. Alban was now acknowledged to be living; one of the marriages must consequently be null: but which of her husbands was willing to renounce her for ever? Here the trial took a new turn. Mr. Sezanne represented, "that Victorine of Ormond having been declared dead by her first husband himself, she could not be reclaimed by him. She then belonged," said he, "only to the grave, in which he had laid her, and she now belongs only to me, who thence delivered her." Mr. St. Alban demands a mother for his children; but why should mine be deprived of theirs?" The whole audience was moved with pity, and the greater portion of the judges confessed themselves in favour of the deliverer of Victorine.

* The particulars of the above trial, as here stated, may be found in a French publication, entitled "Causes célèbres."

Mr. St. Alban replied in a few words: he cited the formal and precise law by which the ties of marriage are declared binding as long as the life of the parties endures. "My wife lives," cried he; "she is before you: who then dares to dispute my right to her?" This was the law which decided the question; but every heart seemed overpowered with consternation.

Victorine heard this terrible sentence, and a noble dignity seemed at once to reanimate her spirit. "If," cried she, "I am no longer permitted to make a choice, if I am no longer able to dispose of my days in favour of him who preserved them for me, this at least will not be refused me, that I may end them in a cloister." This was granted her without a dissenting voice, and her thoughts immediately turned towards the place that the remembrances of her infancy had rendered so dear to her; she

sought refuge in the Abbey which was in the neighbourhood of the paternal estate at Ormond. Her children were permitted to follow her, and she divided equally among them her cares and her caresses. Surrounded by these dear objects, she addressed her most ardent vows to Heaven, and begged that her heart might be freed from its bitter sorrows, and thus be enabled to find repose, the forgetfulness of the world and its cruel dangers.

At first Mr. Sezanne resolved to go and seek death under the banner of some foreign prince, but thinking of his mother, he remained to weep with her.

Mr. St. Alban, already broken down by sorrow, became the victim of the most melancholy reflection; his timorous conscience reproached him with his misfortune as if it had been a crime: Victorine buried alive, was for ever before his eyes.

Original and Fugitive Poetry.

ROUGH SKETCHES IN THE THEATRE.*

By MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

V.

THE LATE MR. KEMBLE.†

Lo! Kemble comes!—the Monarch of the Stage,

His mighty talents yet unscath'd by age;
Skill'd in the knowledge of the human heart,
Moulded by him, to life the passions start!
What God-like majesty is in his mien,
When in the ROMAN's lofty garb he's seen!
The martial trumpets, and the thundering drums,

Proclaim indeed, a "conquering hero comes!"
Through all his form the soldier's spirit flies,
And CESAR's soul sits lightning in his eyes!
View but his STRANGER's slow dejected air—
His uncomplaining grief, and calm despair;

List to the hollow groan, the struggling sigh,—
Mark well his "faded form,"—and beamless eye,—

Then, ask thy moisten'd cheek, and swelling heart,

If Kemble reigns not, monarch of his art?"

Yes! Envy's self his merits must allow,
And own, Fame's wreath was twin'd to grace
his brow.

VI.

MISS O'NEIL.

ERIN's bright daughter comes! see, to her hand,

Genius and Fancy yield their magic wand!

With modest dignity she treads the Stage,

The wonder, and the idol of the age!

Through Passion's varied scene she takes her range,

From love to hate—still greater in each change.

As hapless JULIET, prompts the tender sigh,

And fills, with heartfelt tears, the Lover's eye;—

If, with the GRECIAN DAUGHTER's haughty soul,

Rising above a tyrant's stern controul;—

Or in the MATRON's form her grief appears,

Admiring crowds applaud her—with their tears!

* See vol. xxviii. p. 267.

† This and the three following Sketches were written in 1819.

And when, in lighter scenes, with grace she moves,
 Courting Thalia, and the laughing loves,—
 She lives the character each author drew,
 True to the Bard—to Nature ever true!
 Lovely in form, and dignified in air,
 She beams unrivall'd 'midst the Thespian fair;
 Critics enraptur'd all her merits feel,
 And give the palm of Genius to O'NEIL!

VII.

THE LATE MRS. ALSOP.

When JORDAN'S eyes were closed by death,
 Genius hung weeping o'er her bier;
 While Fancy wove a lasting wreath,
 For one, to genuine mirth so dear!
 'Twas then, whilst sorrowing o'er her tomb,
 When Pleasure's brow by grief was shaded,
 Hope's sanguine eye pierced through the gloom,
 Her eager glance beheld, in thee
 A son of that lovely tree,
 Whose matchless sweets had lately faded!
 Thou wast a beam, that seem'd to say,
 Though JORDAN'S brilliant sun had set,
 It left behind a living ray,
 That would reflect its beauties yet!
 Cheer'd by the thought, Hope lingered nigh,
 To mark in *Thee* some native grace
 That shone in JORDAN'S speaking eye,
 And lighten'd o'er her laughing face;
 While Mem'ry fondly look'd, and smil'd,
 And hoped to trace the mother in the child;—
 But, ah! such hopes, such wishes must be vain,
 We ne'er shall see our JORDAN'S like again!

VIII.

MADAME VESTRIS.

LIGHTER and liveliest of Thalia's train,
 To crush her merits Envy strives in vain;
 The sternest brow unbends when she is nigh,
 Woo'd into kindness by her laughing eye.—
 There sportive loves and winning graces play,
 To steal the gazer from himself away!
 What heart e'er felt the magic of her smile,
 And paused to look for trivial faults the while?
 Such graceful movements, mix'd with courtly
 ease,
 Such native elegance, must ever please.
 Her gay good-humour, and her countless charms,
 The coldest Cynic of his frown disarms;—
 We lose ourselves—and, pleased, we know not
 why,
 Forget to criticise when she is by!

THE MANIAC.

'Tis Oscar pauses on the steep,
 Wild as the height, he casts his sight
 Upon the wide and boiling deep.

No. 183.—Vol. XXIX.

A maniac though he ranges now,
 Yet who has seen that lofty mien,
 That presence high and spacious brow—

And not a secret homage felt
 Blend in the sighs, that e'en must rise
 In hearts that ne'er before could melt?

His eyes are dark and wildly bright,
 When madness wakes, their lightning break,
 Like flashes at the dead of night!

Yet they a temper'd lustre know,
 Soft as the beam that gilds the stream,
 When mild the parting sunbeams glow.

That brow, erect in sullen pride,
 Which unsubdu'd, though fate imbue'd
 It early in its blackest tide—

That brow can yet relax and shine,
 So soft, so bright, it seems the light,
 The relic of a soul divine!

A winning sweetness lingers yet,
 In smiles that tell, they used to dwell
 Gay on his lip, ere his sun was set.

Hark! 'tis his wild and midnight song!
 How, as he flies, the cadence dies,
 The rough and rugged rocks among!

"Rise! spirit rise!
 'The day has fled—
 The last beam lies
 On ocean's bed—

Hark! to the distant murmur, hark!
 The silent scene is lone and dark;

We may now,
 On yonder brow,

That o'er the steep hangs wild and high,
 Catch the cloud,

That seeks to shroud

The silver crescent of the sky;
 For Edith lov'd the trembling ray,
 Oft mark'd it gild the sparkling pray,

And be it mine

To bid it slune,

Resplendent as meridian day!"

Thou image of confirm'd despair!
 Once thou wast Fortune's darling care;
 Her splendid robes around thee flow'd,
 And in thy crest her diamonds glow'd.
 The nodding plumes no longer bow
 O'er thy uncovered shagged brow;
 No habitation but the caves
 That echo to the beating waves,
 That monster seek, and darkness shroud,
 To thee, wild wand'rer, is allow'd.
 That brow, which Nature's high behest
 With beauty's brightest glow imprest,

F

Fades fast before the blast of *Woe*,
 Ere o'er it age has shed its snow
 That Genius, the first gift of heaven,
 By madness from thy bosom driven,
 Scarce leaves a vestige to disclose
 How once its kindling fires arose,
 And blas'd with a celestial light,
 For ever equal, clear, and bright
 Thou remnant of a towering mind !
 A soul expanded and refined,
 Wreck'd, lost and ruin'd ! thou art,
 Since feeling's conflict tore that heart,
 To human pride, that paltry thing !
 How deep a lesson dost thou bring !

M. L. R.

THE FAIRLST FLOWER.

I ASK'D that Amanda would tender to me
 A flow'r from her garden, as sign of esteem
 " Yes, take what thou wilt all are welcome to thee,
 " A gift unto friendship, no loss I can deem "

But 'twas vain that I gaz'd on each border so fair,
 On each elegant stem, on each petal so gay
 A creature of tender beauty stood there,
 More graceful, more lovely, more pleasing than they

In the print of a glance, gently I took
 The hand of that maiden " Thy child do I claim,
 " For there's grace in thy step, and there's grace in thy look,
 " There's a charm in thy presence, and love in thy smile "

But when that I spake of removal away
 From that sweet sunny spot, where her youth
 Had been so true,
 A cloud of regret cam'd to darken the day
 Of the delicate smile which betray'd her consent.

" Nay, grieve not, dear girl ! for I will not presume
 " To entice thee away from this Eden of thine
 " Long, long may'st thou dwell, 'mid the sweetness and bloom,
 " Which have built for thy spirit a quiet shrine

A Flora, amidst this elysium of flowers,
 Thou shalt be, as thou art, and sufficient for me,
 A priest in thy temple, for life a future hours,

" To attend on thy will, I if permitted to be "

W. B. C.

LOVE'S PROTECTION.

THOSE diamonds rich that grief hath set,
 I like dew-drops in a violet,
 Thine eye will—'tis the sun's first ray
 Beams o'er each flow'r, and sips the gems away
 Flash such sweet brightness when thy love appears,
 That they—the Sun—hall drink the dew—thy
 And in confusion lo!—with modest grace
 The rose shall deck the cheek of thy face.

No frost of grief shall nip thy flow'r of joy,
 The monster *Woe* shall crouch beneath the *Day* ;
 All ruder cares the child shall hush to sleep,
 Thine heart shall cease to mourn—thine eyes to weep,

I or I love will guard the portal of thy breast,
 Tenacious of so sweet a place for rest,
 Question each thought—nor let one enter there,
 Flat with ungrateful storg would plant a care

LOVE'S LONGEVITY.

When each dimple that now sits enthroned in
 thy cheek

Is up by thine eyes dazzling glory,
 Is usurped by deep wrinkles, that cruelly speak
 The close of thy blithe beauty days—vault,
 When the bright eye deigns to illumine the cheer
 Where it sweetest communion he's found,
 When time's soft touch to such charm
 Is a fault,

At length mine in thy features hurried—
 Will a cheek-like, Age extract gold from
 the mine,
 And clothe those dark tresses in snow, (face,
 When the lip proclaims no longer the lover's sweet
 But partakes of the general woe—
 Why, then, halt thou not for beauty's end,
 My heart beats when thou art
 He who loved, when thy smile in mine
 beams shone,
 Will adore in thy wrinkles

TO THE ROSE.

SWEET ROSE, thou art the loveliest flower
 That April from her green lap throws,
 For the Morn sheds her dewy shower,
 And noon tide's fervour glows.
 The breeze, enamoured of her sigh,
 With lingering pinions round thee strays,
 Then vainly glorious through the sky
 Thy perfume's ruffled breath conveys

But though to guard thee, sweetest flower,
 A fence of thorns kind nature gave,
 Some few mouths o'er, thy beautiful bowels
 From ruin sought can save
 Yet when thy buds are mildly risen,
 And each leaf around thee lies,
 To thee another life is given—
 Thy soul of fragrance never dies.





Records of the "Beau Monde."

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1824.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

WITZCHOURA pelisse, of a dark lavender colour, or slate, either of *gros de Naples* or of satin, with a very broad border of ermine. The mancherons are beautifully formed of double rows of pointed straps, and finished next the arm with vandykes reversed. The collar is in the French style, but very narrow, and is surmounted by a double ruff of fine Mechlin lace. Bonnet of the same colour and material as the pelisse, lined with white: the brim of this bonnet is very large and wide, meeting under the chin, *à la Capello*, and the crown flat. One simple ostrich feather, the colour of the bonnet, falls over the right ear; on the left side is a superb white lace veil, which depends in drapery over the shoulder, and partly over the bust. A small lace cornette is worn under the bonnet. The half-boots are of kid, the same colour as the pelisse.

placed horizontally, to answer the trimming on the tunic. The head-dress is a small hat cornette, of rose-coloured gauze, the crown scattered over with full-blown roses; one small half-blown rose is placed on the hair, over the left temple: this very becoming cornette fastens under the chin, and ties on the left side with a small bow of rose-coloured ribbon. A reticule of crimson velvet, with a gold cypher and gold tassels, half-boots of *tourterelle* corded silk, and Limerick gloves, complete this dress, which is well calculated to receive morning visits of ceremony, or to serve as a fire-side costume for a lady of rank and fashion, at any time of the day.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The fashions at the commencement of January alter but little from those that close the preceding year, and we cannot look forward to any general change till after the Christmas recess. Some novelties, however, have come under our inspection, which we present to our fair subscribers, to prove to them that the suggestions of inventive fancy are never at a stand. The metropolis is crowded, and the votaries of fashion, eagerly looking after something new, stimulate the labours of those employed in the peculiar service of the motley deity, and by their patronage ensure those labours from not being exerted in vain.

No. 2.—MORNING DRESS.

This elegant home costume consists of a tunic robe of *gros de Naples*, or poplin, of *tourterelle* colour, made high, and the bust elegantly ornamented on each side by Brandenburg tassels, but without either cordons or crossings. The dress is fastened at the throat by a valuable brooch, formed of one large chrysolite. A single narrow collar, of beautiful embroidery on fine India muslin, falls over the yet narrower collar of the robe, the tunic sides of which are trimmed in *gros de Naples*, or satin, with united lotos leaves. The border of the petticoat part is trimmed with two wadded rouleaux next the hem, and these rouleaux are surmounted with a double ornament, *aux clochettes*. The mancherons on the sleeves are trimmed with united lotos leaves,

For out-door costume we frequently remark pelisses of *gros de Naples*, of a bright Christmas green, or superb Cachemere shawls, finished at the corners by acorn tassels: the ground of these shawls is of a fawn colour, with a variegated border of

beautiful pattern and workmanship, but rather narrow. A few pelisses of fine cloth have also appeared on some of our fair pedestrians; these are generally of dark blue, or puce colour; broad fur and handsome braiding usually ornament these comfortable envelopes, which are fastened down the skirt, towards the right side, with polished steel buttons, diamond cut: French collars, with the addition of a swans'-down throat tippet, shaped like the collar, impart a smartness and pleasing relief to these dark dresses, so appropriate to the winter promenade. Satin mantles, with a broad pelerine cape of velvet, finished in points, and trimmed with fur, or, if the mantle is black, with lace, are much worn in carriages; when the weather is not too cold, velvet spencers over a black or dark dress, the spencer the same colour as the dress, are much in esteem for walking costume. Satin spencers are often trimmed with blond when worn in carriages.

Black velvet bonnets, with coloured flowers, still continue in favour; and fancy Leghorn is not yet quite laid aside. But, then, bonnets of this material should be ornamented with coquelicot ribbons, or some other conspicuous winter colours, and richly crowned with carnations of a dark tint, or other late autumnal flowers; these bonnets, however, are totally confined to the carriage, and are often adorned with a plume of coloured feathers, instead of flowers. Black velvet bonnets, meeting almost close under the chin, and extended extremely wide, with no other trimming except a large velvet bow in front, are much worn by ladies affecting neatness and simplicity in out-door costume: we do not scruple to pronounce them heavy, and extremely unbecoming; they are, however, the newest mode of the day. We trust their reign will be short, especially as we have seen them disfigure countenances that we before thought beautiful.

The bodies of dresses are now most admired when made *à la Seigné*; and nothing is more improving to the bust, whether well or indifferently formed: the *buffant* drapery is seldom of the same material as the dress, but is generally of gauze of the same colour, cut and folded in bias. The Anglo-Greek also prevails much in the

corsages: but that is a fashion becoming only to a few. The trimmings at the borders of dresses are various; they are less slight than those worn at the conclusion of the autumn: gauze, in one broad puckering between two bias *rouleaux* of satin, the colour of the dress, forms a very favourite ornament. The waists are of a charming, moderate length; and the skirt, if without a train, not so long as last month. Dresses of scarlet muslin gauze, trimmed with three rows of flutings, each headed by an Indian border woven in the gauze, are in high estimation for the evening party; over white satin they have a beautiful appearance. Some dresses of this article are of a dark Etruscan brown, with rich satin stripes of amber and scarlet intermingled. White satin dresses are also very prevalent at evening visits, with the bodies profusely ornamented with letting in lace across the bust, or plaitings of blond; the sleeves very short, slashed *à l'Espagnole*: but the slashes filled up with net, or satin, so full, that they appear *bonillonnés*. The fashionable hostess often receives her guests, especially at friendly parties, in a very elegant pelisse robe of *gros de Naples*, with a superb petticoat of Moravian work. Various as are the ways of trimming dresses at the borders, there is but little novelty; even the broad flounce, the same as the dress, headed by a rich *rouleau* of satin, is still so much patronized by many ladies of high fashion, that no one now seems to regard it as a mode long gone by, which we must certainly pronounce it to be. Over coloured silk dresses a scarf of white lace is sometimes seen disposed in graceful drapery across the shoulders; there should, however, be no *fecht* worn under this scarf. Of course this elegant appendage to evening dress is confined to the younger part of polite society. Black lace dresses, in rich patterns, over white satin, and black velvet dresses with very short sleeves, are truly becoming, and we are happy to have seen them at some distinguished evening parties; they are well adapted to set off the fine complexions, and the fair, well-rounded arms of our lovely countrywomen.

Turbans are much in favour for married ladies of a certain age; the tresses of the young are beautifully arranged, but there are rather too many flow in general, the

heads of some ladies absolutely forming a *parterre*: they are charming embellishments, but, *trop est trop*. Feathers are of the most rare and exquisite kind; real marabouts, paddi, birds of Paradise, and the most valuable of the ostrich. Satin dress hats trimmed with blond, and small caps, with thick clusters of velvet flowers, or the contrary ornament of a very light half wreath of Flora's treasures, placed horizontally, are very favourite head-dresses. All coloured feathers are very fully curled. *Coronettes* of fine Mechlin lace or blond, ornamented with winter cherries, or large clove or striped carnations, are much in favour for home costume, and for receiving social parties of intimate friends. Gauze turbans, without ornaments, are worn on the same occasion, folded and pinned up, as taste or fancy may direct; or, according to what is of more consequence, a lady may find it most becoming to her features. In the receiving of home parties, young ladies have seldom any other ornament than their own hair, beautifully arranged as in the days of Charles II.; and we admire the variety observed in the disposing of their tresses, because we have generally found it accord with the cast of countenance peculiar to each. One arranges her long ringlets *à la Serigné*, and parts the hair smooth from the forehead, like the pensive Miss Bagot. Another, whose *mutine*, yet beautiful visage, reminds us of that of Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, disposes her hair like that of the volatile favourite of Charles's merry court; while on the head of another modern beauty, with a countenance of different expression, rich clusters of curls remind us of the fair, frail, yet truly penitent Warmestre.

Many rings are worn on the fingers; they consist chiefly of chrysolites, rubies, and other valuable jewels: there is nothing new in their manner of being set since last month. Watch-chains are superb as to pattern, and are very long. The fashion is partially revived of wearing them at the side; the watch appearing just below the sash or belt, and the chain tastefully festooned across the smaller part of the waist.

The favourite colours are Christmas-green, Esterhazy, pale fawn colour, holly-berry red, aniber, celestial blue, and bright rose colour.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Paris is now as gay as possible, and our circles of fashion are brilliant in the extreme; therefore I beg of you not to give credit to any false reports that you may hear of our dulness, or of our want of invention, &c. &c.: for, as to the former, we know it only by name; and the latter, I hope, we shall never experience. I am sure you know well enough, that let what will happen, we never lose sight of fashion.

And now, as nothing *has* happened to stop *her* progress, I will proceed without delay to inform you of what is reckoned most elegant among our *dames le plus distinguées*.

Cloaks *à l'Espagnol*, of black velvet, lined with plaid silk, are very much admired; as are those of black satin, with velvet collars cut in points. When a lady enters a dress-party or a ball-room, the cloak is thrown aside, and discovers a scarf of fine lace. Pelisses are worn for the promenade, trimmed round *en dents de loup*, or with the newly entwined *chevaux de frize* trimming, which is formed of notched, or, as I believe you call it, *pinked* silk. Spencers are no longer ornamented at the bust *en chevrons*, but Brandenburgs of braid are revived, and are again in high favour. Many black velvet mantles have violet-coloured hoods.

Bonnets of butter-cup yellow satin crowns, with velvet brims, are very fashionable; they are tied down with *fichus* of *gros de Naples*, with the ends made of satin, velvet, or *pluche de soie*. Bonnets of Leghorn are still worn; they are very large and very wide, the crown low, and rather conical in shape; three short white ostrich feathers are placed *en panache* on the left side, from whence a long white veil depends. A bonnet of *Barège* silk, ornamented with china-astres and ribbons cut into points, with the edge embroidered in *chenille*, is an admired novelty of the present hour. *Sparterie* bonnets, an arti-

cle very much resembling your open cane chip, are still the mode: they are large and heavy, being ornamented at the edge with a *rouleau*, and with a bow in front of the crown of the same material as the bonnet. Hats of grey satin are much admired.

Gauze dresses of various colours, with rich satin stripes, are in great estimation for evening dress parties; as are dresses of white satin. Gowns of this latter article are bordered with two broad rows of gauze *bouillonés*; the corsage à la *Sevigné*, the drapery of which is of *tulle*; the sleeves are short, with several oval slashes filled in with *tulle* very slightly puckered. On some silks with satin stripes is seen a *coquillage* trimming of satin; the shells are placed two and two over five folds of satin: the sleeves of these dresses are very short. Poplin dresses of a very light brown are much admired; the body is made with a stomacher of white satin, crossed with *rouleaux* of brown satin; the sleeves are of white muslin, long, clear, and full, the fulness confined by richly embroidered bands: bracelets are worn over these sleeves. Platted silk and velvet are favourite materials for the trimming on poplin or merino dresses.

A new and beautifully shaped turban of plain white gauze is much in request; it is laid in folds across the back of the head; on the right side, next the face, are large puffs of *tulle*, edged with rose, or some other bright colour; the left side is filled up by a cluster of full-blown roses. Dress hats are fastened under the chin with strings of *tulle*, edged with blond. Sometimes these strings float loose; when they are fastened, a little bunch of marabouts is placed over the left ear. Feathers are universally worn in dress parties; at balls, young people adorn their hair with beads and flowers. *Bandeaux* of every description, either flat or of the serpent kind, are very general; when *bandeaux* are formed of pearls or diamonds, they are placed horizontally on the head; and are, as you style it, quite classical, by being brought across the forehead, very near the eye-brows. I agree with you, that certainly this is the original intention of the *bandeaux*; but this ornament is always elegant; and a short face, however *piquant*, does

not appear to advantage by being made shorter by this classical manner of wearing it. Some ladies wisely obviate this, by only encircling the forehead with a small part of the *bandeau*; while they draw the remainder across the hair, and terminate it at the comb on the summit of the head. A favourite head-dress for young ladies, is the hair elegantly arranged, and scattered over with full-blown roses, without leaves. Turbans, half of gauze the other half of satin, are in high favour; they are ornamented with tufts of gold and gold fringes, one fringe hanging over the left temple, the other falling just below the right ear. Toques are for the most part indented in the mural style, in two rows, between which are placed marabout feathers. Flowers, feathers, ears of corn, in gold or silver: such are the chief ornaments on the heads of young ladies, either as separate decorations or all blended together. Black velvet toques are ornamented with marabout feathers of a light grey, mingled with a few ears of gold corn. In dressing the hair, the hinder tresses are braided together and brought to the summit of the head, which is now very much elevated; the curls next the face are so full, that I have counted as many as six little combs, meant to have been invisible, which were absolutely requisite to divide the curls properly and support the structure: the combs on the summit of the head actually form a little gallery, behind which is wound the Apollo's knot.

A feather is generally sufficiently large to cover the front of a hat and part of the crown, from thence to fall over the shoulder, or the back of the neck, according as it may be placed. Fancy flowers are preferred to those that are natural.

Eye-glasses and trinkets are suspended to *cordons* of hair. The winter mantles of the French ladies are clasped together in front of the throat by a brooch in chain-work: this gives birth to many well-turned compliments; and our *petits maîtres* seem, indeed, ambitious of wearing the ladies' chains; for their *redingotes* are fastened in the same elegant way. The chains are generally terminated by a full-blown rose, a bud, and a leaf, all on the same stalk, with one very long crooked thorn; this thorn serves as a hook to one of the links

of the chain, which, hanging loose, affords the power of bringing closer, or leaving more open, the collar of a pelisse or mantle. Rings are all emblematical: for instance, one represents a serpent in gold, headed by a large brilliant—this signifies prudence; it is placed on the forefinger as an index, and is often given by mothers to their daughters on the day of marriage. Another is placed over (as a guard) the wedding ring, and is surmounted by a knot, called the gordian knot. Five little tur-

quoise stones, clustered together, are worn on the little finger, as a *souvenir*, meaning, “forget me not.”

Mourning rings are generally worked in the hair of the defunct; the device, a tomb with cypress falling over it. When a ring is surmounted by a cluster of pearls, it represents a flattering compliment paid by the donor. Are we not a sentimental people?

The favourite colours are massaca brown, rose, turquoise-stone-blue, bottle-green, carmelite, *ponceau*, and amber.

Monthly Miscellany;

CONTAINING

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN

DRAMA, &c. &c.

The Spaewife; a Tale of The Scottish Chronicles. By the Author of “*Annals of the Parish*,” “*Rungan Gilhaize*,” &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Whittaker.

THY who have read “*Rungan Gilhaize*,” “*Sir Andrew Wyke*,” “*The Annals of the Parish*,” &c.—and all the novel-reading world has read them,—will be pleased with the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with the author of those works, in a perusal of the volumes now before us. Mr. Galt, though a Scotchman, and a writer of Scotch novels, is no imitator: a deep stream of tenderness and poetic beauty—a mild, sober, soul-affecting pathos, runs through his writings; and it may fairly be said of them, that they possess the golden impress of originality as freshly as any productions of the age. We took up the novel of “*The Spaewife*” (anglicé *Fortune-Teller*) with the most agreeable reminiscences; we laid it down with the sincerest respect for Mr. Galt’s talents; and, in recommending it to general notice, we have nothing to regret but our want of room to shew a sufficient cause for our favourable opinion.

The scene is laid in Scotland, in the early part of the fifteenth century, during the reign of the first James: a period in which

the belief in fairies, and in changelings, and in their power of predicting future events, was ripe throughout the island. The Spaewife is herself a supposed changeling; and, though an idiot from her earliest infancy, she is invested with an unconscious prescience, which enables her darkly, and in wild and mystic rhymes, to shadow forth the future. On her first appearance, she thus recites her own brief history:—

“Do ye no ken me, Anniple o’ Dunblane?—
‘I thought every bodie kent the Ta’en-awa,’
replied Anniple, adding—“When Marion Drummond, the weaver’s wife, was brought to bed o’ as bonny a lassie bairn as ever the howdie had in her arms, it was laid in a cradle and happir wi’ tow; but when Lucky Fisher gael in the morning to bring the baby to its mother, she found but me; and they say I’m a benweed that the fairies have dressed in the likeness o’ a Christian creature, and left in the stead o’ the weaver’s wife’s bairn; that they carried away into the fairy-land ayont the seas and aneath the hills. But the fairies have nae power to put heavenly souls intil their effigies, which is the cause, folks say, that I have a want of some o’ the seven senses.”

The character of Anniple is yet more beautifully developed in a subsequent scene:—

"But who should care for me? When the fairies made me up o' a beween, and laid me among the tow for the weaver's wife's bonnie lassie bairn, I was a thing made to suffer aversion. Therefore, it is, that all Christian creatures hate me—that folks flee frae the sight o'me—that wives draw in their weans and shut their doors when I gang by—that I maun eat beans frae the shawp, and corn frae the stalk;—that the wicked rain pursues me, and the cruel hail pelts me—that the cold winds bite me, and the fire-flaughts flash on me. There was a wee white lambie playing beside its mother, on a bonny green knowe. It was an innocent thing, and I thought it looked kindly at me, which never man nor woman-kind had done; but when I gaed to warm it in my arms, it too was frightened, and ran bleating away. All living creatures see and ken, that I'm a thing the holy heavens had no hand in the making o'. I wish that the weaver's wife's wean were dead in the fairy-land, that I might lie on the loan what I am, a weed to be trampled on." "

We must not mar the interest of the reader in this novel, by detailing its plot: suffice it therefore to say, that the chief incidents arise out of the loose and wild administration of the Duke of Albany, the King's uncle, during the imprisonment of King James in England, and out of the indignant jealousy with which the Earl of Atholl, the Duke's half brother, is inspired. James having been ransomed, ascends the throne of his ancestors; and, in the consequent investigation of state abuses, the Duke of Albany, two of his sons, and his venerable father-in-law the Earl of Lennox, are brought to the block; and Lord James Stewart, whose attachment to the Lady Sibilla forms a sort of under-plot, is outlawed. The Earl of Atholl, spurred on like another Macbeth, by the mysterious predictions of the Spacwife, aspires to the crown; plotting with an outlawed rebel, Sir Robert Graeme, he effects the assassination of his King: with a red-hot iron crown placed upon his hoary head, he afterwards dies the death of a traitor; and thus "the predictions of the Spacwife were to the syllable accomplished; but in no one point or particular of the sense wherein they were so fatally understood."

We have little more room left than to add, that the passages relating to the execution of the Duke of Albany and his

relatives, the assassination of the King and several others, are wrought up with a surprising and thrilling effect. "*The Spacwife*," as the author terms it, is indeed a "strange and very solemn tale." Yet Mr. Galt is not without humour. He describes the music of the bagpipe with an originality truly whimsical. "There was, for joy," says he, "a skirling and screaming of bagpipes, dreadful to hear and wonderful to tell, as if the vehement pipers had each aneath his arm some desperate beast of prey, in the pangs and anguish of being squeezed to death."

The chief fault we feel disposed to find with Mr. Galt, originates in the notion which he still seems to entertain of "an idiomatic difference in the structure of the national dialects of England and Scotland;"* a notion which has induced him in many places to adopt a restrained and obsolete phraseology. Perhaps it may also be said, that, with the exception of Anniple, his principal characters are deficient in prominence; and that the dénouement is not wound up with all the skill and dramatic effect of which the materials were susceptible.

Percy Mallory. By the Author of Pen Owen. 3 vols. 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1824.

Judging of the future from the past and the present, the time, perhaps, is not far distant, when a *new* NOVEL written in plain English, and illustrative of English characters, manners, and customs, will prove as great a rarity, as the first Scotch novel was considered sixteen or eighteen years ago. Here, however, thank Heaven! we have an English work: "English, Sirs, from top to toe;" and most cordially do we wish success to the author of "*Percy Mallory*," for thus ably vindicating the capability of his countrymen to maintain their ground in the regions of romantic fiction.

Percy Mallory—or, as we first know him, Percy Rycott—is the presumed son of Mr. Levison Rycott, of Wolston Worthy, in Cumberland. He is stolen in his infancy, but recovered, or supposed to be recovered immediately afterwards; and re-

* Vide *La Belle Assemblée*, vol. xxvii. p. 328.

ceives an education suitable to his birth and expectations. Two women, Judith Mallory and Alice Halpin are transported for the crime of stealing Mr. Rycott's child. At the expiration of eighteen years they return to England; and by a legal process Judith Mallory succeeds in establishing the fact, that young Percy is in reality her son, and not Mr. Rycott's. Percy, thus degraded in his birth, rejects the most urgent entreaties of the distracted, bereaved old gentleman, to remain under his protection, or to accept his pecuniary support, but proceeds to London with the intention of studying the law. Numerous perplexing events occur; and at length Percy is *re-proved* to be the son of Mr. Rycott. Mr. Rycott turns out to be the brother and heir of Lord Harweden; and Louisa Belleuden, a beautiful and high-minded girl, of obscure, and presumed illegitimate birth, whom Percy had accidentally encountered and fallen in love with, in the wilds of Cumberland, is discovered to be the daughter of the deceased Peer, and consequently the cousin of her beloved Percy.

This is the grand outline of the story; but the details are numerous, and somewhat intricate; striking, romantic, and deeply interesting. The character of the impetuous, nervous, self-willed, generous old Rycott - his placid imperturbable wife—Sir Hugh Ferebee de Lacy, maternally descended from the Grandisons, of polite and elegant notoriety—his son and heir, Grandison de Lacy—the scoundrel attorney Dossiter, and his versatile son, are sketched with the pencil of a master. Some of the scenes are powerfully and beautifully painted. The parting between Rycott and his son, the dinner at Lacy Royal, and the arrival of Grandison de Lacy at his paternal home, are all in fine style. Towards the close of the second volume, the plot thickens delightfully; and, in the subsequent progress of the story, the reader's feelings are deeply excited. The diction is lively, animated, and correct; and, altogether, the work evinces a thorough knowledge of nature, and an intimate acquaintance with life, society, and the world of fashion. How far the author may be entitled to credit, when he assures us that the most improbable of the events recorded

in these volumes have their foundation in fact, we presume not to say; but, with him, we duly appreciate the remark, that, "*le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.*"

In a work, however, so attractive, and developing so much originality of genius as "Percy Mallory," we cannot forgive the writer for committing the unnecessary sin of condescending to imitate the great man on the other side of the Tweed. We would rather have dispensed with the terrific scene, by which Percy and Louisa are introduced to each other, than have it said, that it was written in imitation of a certain scene in *The Antiquary*. In Alice Halpin, imitation has given us a bad Meg Merrilies.

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Travels through part of the United States, and Canada, in 1818 and 1819. By John M. Duncan, A.B. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 717. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London. 1823.

We have read so many volumes relating to North America, that it would be unreasonable in us to expect to meet with any thing very new or striking on the subject. On the other hand, as it is impossible for any intelligent writer to travel through such regions, without acquiring much interesting information, we never despair of being remunerated for our trouble in the perusal of a work illustrative of the physical or moral properties of the new world. Mr. Duncan commenced his voyage as far back as the spring of the year 1818, a circumstance which has deprived some of his statements of that degree of freshness which they would otherwise have possessed. He expresses his conviction, however, that, upon the whole, his work is all the better for the delay which has occurred in its publication.

Mr. Duncan, a Scotchman, and apparently a member of the Presbyterian Church, is a very candid writer; and the only reason why we do not present our readers with several agreeable and amusing extracts from his book is, that we have not room for them. We have, at this time, so many claimants upon our notice, that we must necessarily be brief with all. To the present state of religion and morals in the United States, and also in Canada, Mr. Duncan pays particular at-

tention: on this point, indeed, the information which he furnishes will probably—at least with the more seriously disposed—supersede that of every other recent writer. His views, however, are general; and he presents us with many agreeable details concerning the face of the country, the manners of its inhabitants, the expenses of living, the different modes of travelling, the progress of the fine arts, &c. America is remarkable for her varieties in travelling; and the more remarkable, as, with the exception of her steam packets, nearly all those varieties are bad—wretchedly bad. The steam-boats, however, are sumptuous conveyances; elegant dinners are served up to the passengers; and, at some of their tables, every delicacy of the season is found, with a dessert of pastry, jellies, and ices, succeeded by dried fruit. The ware is generally from China; and Mr. Duncan mentions one of the packets as furnished with dinner and tea services which had been manufactured at Canton, expressly for herself, and enamelled with her picture and name. So much for American luxury!

Mr. Duncan's account of the Falls of Niagara, which he visited twice, and of the manner of shooting the rapids, is particularly good. Amongst other characteristics, the numerous wood-cut map sketches, if we may so term them, which are interspersed, impart a superior degree of utility to the book. We would willingly quote our author's description of a negro procession, commemorating the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts—of a barbecue, or rustic negro festival in Virginia—of an American tea party, and various other passages; but our limits absolutely forbid.

We close with the remark, that neither in these, nor in any other of the multitudinous volumes which we have perused relating to the vaunted land of freedom, have we ever met with a single inducement, sufficiently powerful, in our minds, to excite a wish for change. This, too, seems to be the feeling of Mr. Duncan. "Hundreds," says he, "have come to America, who bitterly lament their folly, and who have found, to their dear-bought experience, that gold neither paves the streets, nor grows upon the trees."

Delicacies of Fonthill and its Abbey. By John Rutter. Elephant 4to. pp. 127. Knight and Co., London, 1823.

THE fine arts have so decided a claim upon the patronage of *La Belle Assemblée*, that it would be unpardonable in us to pass over Mr. Rutter's book, though somewhat late in its appearance, without due and honourable mention. It is dedicated, with much propriety, "to the most noble Susannah Euphemia, Duchéss of Hamilton and Brandon, Marchioness of Douglas and Clydesdale, &c.;"[†] and to that lady it cannot fail of proving an invaluable memorial of her father's taste and fancy. The plates are thirteen in number;* besides which, the volume contains fifteen very spirited wood-cut vignettes,† forming an aggregate of twenty-eight embellishments. The "interior of the Great Western Hall," conveys a most imposing idea of the dimensions and grandeur of that part of the building; the coloured view of "the interior of St. Michael's Gallery," with its rich and beautiful ceiling, presents, with the utmost distinctness, a fine depth of perspective; "King Edward's Gallery," also coloured, is almost equally attractive; "the Grand Dining-room" is interesting for the fulness and clearness of its detail;

* 1. Folding Map of the Grounds; 2. Plan of the Principal Story; 3. Longitudinal Section through the centre of the Tower, Galleries, &c. looking East; 4. Interior of the Great Western Hall; 5. The Grand Drawing Room; 6. King Edward's Gallery; 7. St. Michael's Gallery; 8. Altar Piece; 9. Section of the Grand Saloon, Vestibule, Nunneries, &c. looking East; 10. Specimens of the Ceilings; 11. View of the West and North Fronts; 12. View of the South Front; 13. View of the West and South Fronts.

† 1. An Achievement charged with thirty-six of the principal Quarterings from the Genealogy of Mr. Beckford; 2. View of the Lodge at the entrance of the Old Park; 3. The Eastern Postern Tower; 4. Group of Articles of Virtue; 5. Lamp of the Oratory; 6. Corbel of the South Oriel; 7. Fountain in the Court near the Cloisters; 8. View in the American Gardens; 9. Norwegian Hut; 10. Scene in the Alpine Gardens; 11. Boat House and Bath in the Old Park; 12. Fonthill Gifford Church; 13. High Park Lodge; 14. Pavilion in the Old Park; 15. The Clovent.

the respective views of the exterior enable the spectator to form an accurate judgment of the general effect of the structure, from different points of view; and the sectional plates are executed with such an artist-like feeling, as to form a study even for the architect.

In examining this book, as well as Mr. Britton's,* it is impossible not to feel that, in the construction of Fonthill Abbey, although there is much to admire, there is much which the eye of taste and science cannot refrain from condemning. Many of the parts are excellent; but, as a whole, the building abounds in disproportion and incongruity. One of Lord Byron's last published stanzas is strikingly applicable to this architectural display:—

"Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd

By no quite lawful marriage of the Arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but when combin'd,

Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.

We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Not judge at first if all be true to Nature."

Mr. Rutter's elephant quarto is, however, a magnificent publication—highly creditable to the author in every sense of the word; and when "Time's destroying hand" shall "have written many a strange defeature" on the aspect of Fonthill Abbey, it will serve as a curious and splendid memorial of the past.

Italian Tales.—Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance, selected and Translated from the Italian, with Sixteen Illustrative Drawings. By George Cruickshank. 8vo. pp. 253. Baldwyn. London, 1823.

THE public are considerably indebted to the editor or translator of these tales, who, in divesting them of their native prurience of expression, has at once succeeded in "composing an entertaining volume out of materials not generally accessible," and in presenting us "with a very lively idea of the early manners of the Italians." We

regret that he has not given the names of their respective authors, and the dates of their composition.

It is well known that Shakespeare, in the construction of several of his dramas, made very free with the works of Italian writers, some interesting proofs of which are given in the present collection. "*The Teacher Taught*" forcibly reminds us of Falstaff's adventure with Mrs. Ford; from "*The Merchant of Venice*," Shakespeare drew his chief materials for his play of the same title; and "*The Sleeping Draught*" is evidently the origin of *Romeo and Juliet*; though, if our recollection do not fail us, we have seen another Italian tale, from which Shakespeare certainly selected some of the incidents in that exquisite drama.

Of the other tales (the entire number is seventeen) "*The Dead Rider*" is another version of the story on which Colman, with exquisite humour, but abundant grossness, founded his *Knight and Friar*;* "*The Pomegranate Seed*" displays the love, docility, and devotedness of woman; "*Who am I?*" a very humorous sketch, in which a man is persuaded out of his own identity, offers the ground-work of a capital farce, in which Liston might figure as the hero; and the short piece, entitled, "*A Skeleton in every House*," presents an instructively moral lesson deserving of general attention. In the event of a second edition, which, from the general respectability of the work, is not improbable may be soon called for we recommend the editor to change or modify one of the chief points in *The Dead Rider*.—*Verbum sat.*

The embellishments, from the drawings of that truly ingenious artist, George Cruickshank, greatly enhance the value of this book; though, certainly, the impressions do not come off so sharply and effectively from wood as from copper. We recollect a charming little volume—*German Stories*—published twelve months ago, with Cruickshank's etchings; a volume which,

* It would be difficult perhaps to trace the origin of this tale. We have seen a poetical version of it, written probably about the time of Chaucer; and, in Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, it is given at considerable length, in prose, with English localities, names, and dates.

* Vide *La Belle Assemblée*, vol. xxviii. p. 230.

for its exhaustless fund of amusement, ought to be in every nursery, and from its curiosity, in every library in the kingdom. The etchings were delightful.

Poems, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.
8vo. pp. 44. London: 1823.

WE should anxiously quote some of the pieces from this unpretending little collection, were it not that, we are proud to say, the greater part, if not the whole of them, have already enriched the columns of *La Belle Assemblée*. In their present form they appear to be intended for private circulation only; but we cannot agree with the fair author, that, as they are chiefly confined to domestic subjects, their perusal would afford but little interest to any individual to whom she is unknown: to those who have hearts, the effusions of the heart are always interesting; and we offer not the incense of flattery to the author of these pieces, when we say that, with much sweetness and gracefulness of tact, they evidently unite the genuine sensibility and tenderness of a most amiably affectionate mind.

The Count Arcezi, a Tragedy, in five Acts.
8vo. pp. 192. Booth. London: 1824.

THERE is much talent misapplied in this tragedy. It is without the action and incident, the interest and stage effect, which are essential in scenic representation; and it is equally deficient in that sober simplicity and poetical depth of feeling, which are indispensably requisite to charm us in the closet. Yet the characters are not badly conceived; some of the scenes are very judiciously arranged; and the style, though not lucid, is correct, brilliant, and, at times, almost dazzling.

Altogether, there is so much respectability and occasional beauty about this poem, that we sincerely regret our inability to congratulate its author on the production of a meritorious tragedy. What, we cannot refrain from inquiring, has become of the dramatic genius of our country?

A Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets. In three Parts. Part the First. Shakespeare. By the Author of The Peerage and Baronetage Charts, &c. &c.

&c. 12mo. pp. 276. Whittaker. London: 1823.

So dearly do we love Shakespeare, that we could worship him in almost any form; and although, with Sheridan, we regard his every line as a beauty, and could not bear the loss of one, we hail with satisfaction every successful attempt, from the best to cull the choicest. In the present instance, the author of those eminently useful publications, *The Peerage and Baronetage Charts*, has executed his task of forming a Dictionary of Quotations from Shakespeare, with great taste and judgment; and we doubt not that to the admirers of Shakespeare—and who are not his admirers?—as well as to poetical readers in general, his little work will prove highly acceptable.

This volume, it appears, is the first of three: the second, which is to be published within a very short period, is to consist of extracts in blank verse; and the third, of extracts in rhyme; so that each will be independent of the others.

We will venture to suggest to the editor the propriety of his referring each extract to the poem from which it may be taken, as well as to its respective author. We hope, also, that in a future edition of the volume before us, he will affix to each quotation a reference to the play, act, and scene, from which it is taken.

MUSIC.

Canadian Airs, collected by Lieutenant Buck, R. N., during the late Arctic Expedition under Captain Franklin, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Edward Knight, junior: the Words by George Soane, Esq., A.B. London: J. Power.

THE authenticity of the above airs, in which the greater portion of their interest depends, will be best substantiated by the short preface prefixed to the above volume.

National airs have generally some charm about them, either in the originality of the conception, the wildness of the rhyme, or the association of ideas attached to the nation wherein they first sprang, that almost always either delights or interests every genuine lover of music. But whether the above airs can, strictly speaking, be called national, may, perhaps, be a

question that is not very easily decided: for it appears from the preface that they are not accompanied by the language of the aboriginal inhabitants of Canada, but with the language of their conquerors the French. This circumstance might naturally lead to the supposition that their date is not anterior to the period when they fell into the power of that nation: and in this case, they could by no means be entitled to the appellation of National Melodies. Nor does any peculiarity in the airs themselves give us reason to believe that this conclusion is at all improbable.

But the authenticity of these airs, so far as relates to their being sung by the rude inhabitants of Canada, and in which the greater portion of their interest must depend, will, as already observed, be best substantiated by a reference to the preface prefixed to the work.

With regard to the above airs being *purely national*, and *unnaturally wild and characteristic*, we have already given our opinion which, after a second trial, we can discover no reason for qualifying.

The seven airs which form the present volume are entitled thus:—

1. "*Paddling Song.*"
2. "*Song of Defeat.*"
3. "*The Hour of Love.*"
4. "*Song of Night.*"
5. "*When the full Moon.*"
6. "*Battle Song.*"
7. "*Death Song.*"

The third and fifth are also said to be *harmonised* for two voices; arranged would have been the proper term, as harmony cannot exist in less than *three* distinct parts.

Of the above airs, the second is in our opinion the most pleasing of the whole, with the exception perhaps of the third as a duet, in which the parts glide on so smoothly together, and are so judiciously relieving by crossing each other, that we shall always recur to it with pleasure. Though we have no desire to hear any of the other melodies, or even that as a melody, again. This arrangement, and several of the symphonies, shew the taste of Mr. Knight, and we shall therefore not stay to employ our critical sagacity on the same false harmonies and accents in several of

the arrangements, which we had marked for animadversion, before we heard the effect of the above duet.

Mr. Knight is evidently a young man in the profession, and as such we will not discourage him by exposing errors which his own good taste, and a more extensive practice, will teach him either to correct or avoid.

As to the words, we have but little to say; they do not rise above mediocrity; but are in one or two instances, No. 3 for example, palpable attempts at imitating the "inimitable Tom Moore."

The getting up of the work is in the best manner of Mr. Power's superior mode of publication; and we wish him all the success to which his liberality and expense so richly entitle him.

1. "*Love waved the Summer Woods,*" a ballad, sung by Mr. Bradbury, at the Concerts at Manchester, Sheffield, &c.; composed by Robert Bennet. London: Preston.

2. "*When the last lingering Hope,*" a ballad, sung at Public Concerts; composed and arranged for the piano-forte or harp; and dedicated, by permission, to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. By R. Bennett. London: Preston.

3. "*Hadst thou been true to me?*" a favourite ballad written by Mr. Fannabill, composed with an accompaniment for the harp or piano-forte, by W. Ross. London: Preston.

4. "*The Fairy's Gift.*" A ballad by Richard Ryan, the Music by Charles Smyth. London: J. Power.

5. "*Poor Rose.*" A ballad, sung by Mr. Nelson, written by Harry Sloe Van Dyk, Esq.; composed and dedicated to Mrs. Hautenville, by John Banett. J. Power.

"*Oh take this Rose,*" a song composed and dedicated to Miss Emma Kendall; the words by Richard Ryan, the music by Augustus Meves. London: J. Power.

Of the first four pieces little need be said; they may, perhaps, each of them, please some of our readers, for we must acknowledge that neither of them have character enough about them ever to become popular songs. We would advise Mr. Bennett, before he again attempts to imitate the words of his poetry in his accompaniments, to

study "Hush ye pretty Warbling Choir," and several others of the same master, and he may then learn that there is no effect given to the words, "*Bertram rode the boughs between,*" merely by making the notes of the accompaniment run up and down between one octave and another.

"*The Fairy's Gift*" is of such a trifling nature, that we should never have expected from the Author of "*Softly sleep, my Baby Boy.*" But the words are so *namby pamby*, that the music could not at all be characteristic without being so too.

"*Poor Rose*" has some good points about it, for though the words are miserably accented, and the accompaniments most perseveringly unmeaning, there are several portions of the melody which indicate that the author has not only obtained a respectable knowledge of harmony, but that he is also possessed of natural taste.

"*Oh take this Rose,*" by Meves, though not superior to some of his former productions, still possesses considerable merit. The air, though of a slight character, is pretty, but the accompaniments and the symphonies are, perhaps, too much studied; yet the symphonies commencing in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, and introductory to the dream, we think very happy. Of the words we are sorry that we cannot speak equally favourably, but if authors will publish words which exhibit not only a vitiated taste in poetry, but a neglect or an ignorance of the common rules of grammar, we cannot pass them by without notice. These are bold remarks, but in the four first lines we prove that at least the least excusable portion of our accusation is true.

"Oh take this Rose and let it lie
Close to thy fond devoted heart;
There let it live its hour and die,
And never from the dear rose part."

Here the rose is "*to live its hour and die,*" and never part from the dear rose; it may be said that part is in the same mood and tense as Oh take, at the commencement of the stanza, but it should be recollected that "*copulative conjunctions couple like moods and like cases,*" and consequently part coupled with live and die by the conjunction *and*, must be in the same mood and thus make the passage not only ungrammatical, but nonsensical. Had this been the first effort of an unfledged poet,

we should not have been thus severe; but a person who has published two large volumes, octavo, and several smaller productions, can have no excuses to entitle him to any favour from the critic.

1. "*Thou awe-inspiring Sacred Grove,*" written by W. M'Gregor Logan, composed by Beethoven. Boosey and Co.

2. "*Thy Couch with magic Garlands crowned,*" written by Mr. Planché, the music by G. W. Reeve. New Musical Saloon, Regent Street.

3. "*Though Clouds by Tempests may be driven,*" translated from the original German by W. M'Gregor Logan. The music composed by Carl Maria Von Weber.

4. "*Softly sighs the voice of Evening,*" the poetry translated from the German by W. M'Gregor Logan; the music by Carl Maria Von Weber.

Of the above four pieces it is impossible to speak too highly. They are flowers that a musical writer seldom meets with. The opening bars of the second and third are eminently original and beautiful. In a word, they are all compositions of the highest character, and must please all who have music in their souls. We have seen many pieces of Mr. Reeve's before, and were highly delighted therewith; but the present production indicates talent that, before seeing the present song, we should not have given him the credit of possessing.

1. "*Though thou art fair, sweet maid,*" written to a favourite French melody, by W. M'Gregor Logan, arranged as a duet with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, by C. M. Sola. Chappell and Co, New Bond Street.

2. "*My Childhood was the Willow Tree,*" composed by Carafa, written for and dedicated to Mrs. Salmon, by W. M'Gregor Logan. Preston, Dean Street, Soho.

3. "*Sweet Rose,*" composed by Blangini, written and dedicated to Mrs. Stracey, by W. M'Gregor Logan.

The above three airs are all very elegant chamber melodies, and likely to be often sung without ever becoming in any great degree popular, that is, in the extended sense of the word. Mr. Sola's arrangement of the first as a duet is tastefully managed, and with the words we are so much pleased, as to consider them worthy of a place in our poetical department.

"*The Learner's Portable Piano-forte,*" exhibiting a correct fac-simile of the keys, with every note distinctly marked; calculated for the easy ac-

quirement of a knowledge of the rudiments of music. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

As we have not had an opportunity of judging of the above work by its effects, we can only say that we should be inclined to think its use would rather tend to confuse beginners, inasmuch as they would naturally, after having practised with the notes, all designated by their proper letters, look for and expect to find them on the pianoforte itself, and thus acquire a habit, which must be unlearned before any success could be hoped for on the instrument itself. But, even allowing the use of such an invention, it must in the present instance be unsuccessful on account of its incorrectness. In the first place it has no cliff at the commencement, and where the cliffs are inserted, it is in a manner that none but a musician could understand, and no musician would have employed.

"*Forty Easy Pieces, and eight short Preludes for the Guitar,*" composed for the use of beginners. By Ferdinand Carulli.

The above work is really what it professes to be in the title page, short and easy; and as such we recommend it to those who have a slight knowledge of the guitar; as we are assured it will facilitate their acquaintance therewith.

ORATORIOS.

THE ORATORIOS, which commence the 30th of this month, promise, from what has already transpired, to be still more attractive even than last year; for we hear that there are four new Oratorios in a forward state, all of which are to appear in the course of this season. One, said to be by a Mr Wade, of Dublin, consists of Pope's Messiah, arranged in the form of aits, duets, &c., in the manner of Dr. Crotch's Palestine. Another is entitled "Jerusalem Delivered," translated, and arranged with English words. The music is by Abbé Stadler, a name highly celebrated on the Continent. A copy in score of this work was sent to His Majesty by the publishers, accompanied by a letter which we had an opportunity of seeing, and in which the work is said to be superior to every work of the kind which has appeared since the Creation of Haydn. If this be a true statement of its merit, the English public will have an opportunity of enjoying a

treat that was scarcely looked for again. Another novelty, entitled "*The Passion*," consists of an arrangement of the most favourite pieces of the celebrated Nannini, in the form of an Oratorio. This master is but little known in England; but on the Continent his works are greatly admired. The other and last Oratorio, by Dr. Crotch, is entitled "Judah." Of this we need not speak—the name of the composer is enough to stamp its merits.

THE OPERA.—This elegant and fashionable resort, which is to open the beginning of January, promises this season to be more splendid and attractive than it has been for many years past. The whole of the interior of the house has been newly fitted up; and, as far as we could judge, before the scaffolding was taken down, in a style that will add considerably to the other novelties which are to be produced this season. Among the engagements we cannot pass over Signor Rossini, a name that every one who has a soul for music must admire, as one of the most happy geniuses for melody that has for a considerable time appeared above the musical horizon. With such a man at the head of the orchestra, the Opera, always an amusement of the highest attraction, will now become doubly fascinating. And when to Rossini we add Catalani, who is expected to be engaged, we must own that we never remember a season in which the Opera commenced with so many happy auspices.

The following are the new engagements: Signor Rossini; Mesdames Colbran Rossini and Pasta; Signors Franceschi, Remorini, De Begnis, Porto, Benetti, and Rosichi. *For the Ballet*: Mademoiselles Legros, Idalise Grener, Alexandrine Bougleux, Manette Moulin, and Monsieur Ferdinand.

BATH.—There has been a most successful series of Italian operas given at this delightful city, under the management of Sir George Smart and Mr. Loder: the former presided at the pianoforte, and the latter led; each filling his respective place in his usually able manner.

The two operas which were performed were *Il Turco in Italia*, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. The principal performers were Madam Ronzi de Begnis, Signor de Begnis,

Mons. Begrez, and Signor Placchi. The merits of each of these individuals are already too widely known to need any eulogium from us; and as they have all been heard so frequently in the same opera here, in London, it would be little interesting to point out the individual pieces in which each particularly excelled. But there is one circumstance which we cannot pass over. We have always to regret the incorrect and tasteless manner in which the chorusses are got up in London, and we consequently should not have been surprised to find them still less effective at Bath; but the truth is they were in a style of excellence that we never heard surpassed, even at the Ancient Concerts. To whom individually this success is to be attributed we cannot determine, but we will say that they would have done credit to any theatre on the Continent. It may appear strange that we should speak thus largely concerning the chorusses, and thus appear to overlook the principal performers; but the pleasure of hearing the one was looked-for and expected; whereas that derived from the other was entirely unlooked-for, and consequently impressed itself more deeply on our minds.

CHELTEMHAM.—A series of subscription concerts has commenced at this fashionable watering-place, under the able management of Mr. Bochsa and Mr. Woodward. We can speak only of the first two, as we were not present at the last, but from the success of those we have no doubt of that of the others.

The first concert, which took place on Friday, Nov. 21, at the Assembly Rooms, was crowded, and went off with the greatest *eclat*, supported by the abilities of Miss Stephens; Messrs. Sapio, Mori, Puzzi, Brooks, and Bochsa. Miss Stephens in "*Home, sweet Home*," and M. Sapio in "*Orinthia*," were rapturously encored.

The second concert took place on December 1st. The instrumental performers were, with the exception of Miss Dibdin, at the harp, the same as at the first concert. The vocal performers were Signora Caradori, Signor Torri, and Signor Ambrogetti. This concert, though very fashionably attended, was by no means equal to the first, either in the performance or the company. Signora Caradori is certainly a pleasing

singer, but we would advise her not to attempt too much; her taste may be extremely good, and her knowledge of music extensive; but she does not possess physical powers sufficient ever to become a first-rate singer. We preferred the manner in which she sang "*La plus Jolie*," far above that of "*Vinci Amore*" (*con variazione*) because one was adapted to the powers of her voice, and the other was not.

On the following Wednesday, December 3, Rossini's Opera of *L'Inganno Felice*, newly arranged in two acts, was performed, with scenery, dresses, &c. The principal characters, by Signora Caradori, Signor Torri, Signor Pagliardini, and Signor Ambrogetti, were sustained with great spirit, particularly by the two latter, the former of whom was quite new to us as an operatic singer. *L'Inganno Felice* is a pretty little opera, and just adapted for such an occasion and such performer. Between the first and second acts Signor Vimercati performed a Fantasia on the Mandoline with surprising execution and effect.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

COVENT GARDEN.

MR. SINCLAIR has appeared as *Henry Bertram*, in *Guy Mannering*. We do not think this judicious of Mr. S.: there are not those opportunities for the display of his peculiar powers in this part. Falsetto is undoubtedly his richest effort, of which there is but a sparing portion in the music of *Henry Bertram*. Farren, as *Tommy Sampson*, gave a most excellent portrait of the faithful and eccentric scholar; his yearnings of affection towards "the child of his deceased master," were unforced and pleasing. Rayner's *Dandie Dumont* does not possess all that heartiness of the bluff borderer with which we have been accustomed to see him endowed—there was too much pause—too great an inclination to make every thing *tell*—which detracted from that buoyancy of spirit which is requisite for this character. Cooke, as *Dick Hatteraick*, fulfilled all our notions of the brutal smuggler. We admire Abbott particularly as *Colonel Mannering*; there is a prevailing tone and manner throughout, which stamp it thorough gentleman—his reproofs of the behaviour of *Glossin* particularly shared these qualities. Blanchard's knavish attor-

ney was a painful development of much real chicanery.

The fascinating Miss Tree made her first appearance, after her indisposition, as *Lucy Bertram*. The almost affectionate greetings of the audience were an assurance, that however illiberally party would have wished to construe her illness, the attempt was as unsuccessful as unfeeling. She sang with all that soul-subduing melody which has ever characterized her efforts. Miss Hammersley was in good voice as the lively *Miss Mannering*; and Mrs. Gibbs, that queen of chambermaids, quite *au fait* at secreting a gallant and putting a demure face upon his escape. Mrs. Faucit played *Meg Merrilies* with some energy and feeling.—Mrs. Davenport, ever kindly and good-humoured, was the hostess of the Gordon Arms.

Macklin's Comedy of *The Man of the World* has been produced at this Theatre with considerable success. The peculiar character of *Sir Pertinax Macmuff* is represented by Mr. Young with great effect. A masterly distinction of the niceties which prevail in the wily Scotchman is predominant through the effort. His first interview with his son, where he reprimands him for his laxity of attention at the "levee," is happily descriptive of the views and projects which have made *Sir Pertinax* a constant attendant at its crowd for "five-and-thirty years." His recounting of the schemes which he practised in his youth, with their "booming" accompaniment, is as humorous as the reflection of the abatement of humanity in the grovelling, adulatory tenets can permit it. His instant transition from sordid calculation to the shew of kindness, with which he welcomes and encourages the spendthrift, *Lord Invercourt*, is equally faithful to the apathetic character of this painful portrait of too much of our nature. Cooper, as *Gertrude*, was correct and gentlemanly; and so was Abbott as *Sydney*. We believe *Sydney* speaks of *Lady Rodolph's* Scotch accent—it is more than Mrs. Chatterley does. Mrs. Gibbs, as *Betty Hunt*, is excellent, and Miss Beaumont, as *Constantia*, all gentleness and submission.

The Vespers of Palermo, a Tragedy, by Mrs. Hemans, was produced on the 12th.—The scene is at Palermo; at the period the Sicilians are groaning beneath the yoke

of foreign domination. The Sicilians' lawless king has been immolated by the usurping power. The *Count di Procida*, his friend, quits Sicily, leaving behind him an infant son. He travels, and endeavours to sow the seeds of manly action in the bosoms of the repining people, and in this pursuit returns to Palermo disguised as a pilgrim. At this period the tragedy commences. *Eribert*, the French Viceroy, at whose court *Raymond di Procida*, son to *Di Procida*, is only detained (having come to a sense of his country's wrongs) by his love for *Constance*, sister to *Eribert*, determines upon marrying *Vittoria*, the affianced bride of the Sicilians' murdered king. His ambitious desires are seconded by his royal master—and *Vittoria* feigns consent, having been previously visited by *Di Procida*, and persuaded to a seeming compliance, as the preparations for her nuptials, with their attendant sports and revelry, will yield an opportunity for the more certain execution of the revenge contemplated by the rising people. *Eribert* is lulled into security—the bridal feast is prepared—the "vesper bell" (which is the stated signal) sounds.—*Procida* rushes in with nobles, puts *Eribert* and his court to death—and a new political order of things is effected. *Raymond di Procida*, who has been sought and owned by his parent, vows in common with all the destruction of the foreign power; but when he understands that neither age nor sex is to escape the exterminating sword of revenge, his noble soul (wanting the stimulus of deep personal injury, in common with that of their country, which prompt older men) leaves, but promises not to betray them. In the midst of the carnage he defends *Constance*. Dispatches are intercepted which fix a suspicion upon him as their author; he is arraigned, and *Di Procida*, his agonized father, who combats nature with his strong sense of honour and his son's apparent unworthiness, dooms *Raymond* to death. The unhappy youth is conducted to prison, where his miserable parent visits, and offers him, clandestinely, freedom. This is rejected by *Raymond*, imagining that his flight would be an avowal of his guilt—the father leaves him to his fate. In the mean time the scattered forces of the enemy have concentrated, and attack the town. *Vittoria*, in urg-

ing on the Sicilians, receives a mortal wound—she enters the prison—procures *Raymond's* release, and dies.—*Raymond* flies to the battle, turns the current of the war—a Sicilian nobleman is taken who confesses the crime of sending the dispatches, and proclaims *Raymond* innocent, who enters from the fight mortally wounded. He receives the blessing of his father, and dies with his true love, *Constance* also, whose “sweet souls keep company to heaven.”

Young, as the patriotic *Di Procida*, was distinguished for that loftiness of manner and dignity of purpose which ever particularize his efforts: but *Di Procida* is only half a hero;—he is driven onward by the most noble and exalted impulse, half completes his work, then vacillates and quibbles; but his scene with *Montalba* was eminently marked by a nobility of spirit, being, from its very superiority, betrayed by the more subtle actor on the world's stage.—Charles Kemble, as *Raymond di Procida*, was gallant and chivalrous. He formed the antithesis to *Montalba*, who is certainly a strange and most uncharitable compound of humanity, urging as his reason for tempting *Di Procida* to the murder of his son, his own solitude in the world, having been despoiled of wife and children by the tyrannizing power—this is bad. The struggle of liberty is the most noble effort of man; and it is sickening to see the private dagger among the weapons hallowed by freedom's spirit. Yates played *Montalba*, and with some talent; but it is a revolting part. Bennett, as *Ersbert*, was judicious, and acquitted himself with success.

It is strange to contemplate the wavering of public opinion! But a few months since an audience were hailing every syllable failing from Miss F. H. Kelly with enthusiastic shouts—poets were singing pæans to her praise—and now—“Oh thou slippery goddess, Fame!”—the self-same community, on the first production of this tragedy, caught with the most persecuting tenacity every opportunity (which assuredly Miss F. H. Kelly rendered too frequent) of ridiculing and depressing her. This young lady has imbibed an unfortunate method of whining through every state of passion. Public opinion has changed as regards her, and as though wishing to make amends for one slip of judgment, exercises a most rigid feeling over her every failing.

The tragedy has been withdrawn for revision—so say the bills.

Much Ado about Nothing has been played, and we are happy to say Miss Jones performed *Beatrice*: it was a beautiful effort.

DRURY LANE.

His Majesty honoured this Theatre at the representation of *The Hypocrite*, and *Love, Law, and Physic*. Downton, as *Doctor Cantuwell*, was never more annoyingly faithful in his delineation of the subtle villainous puritan. Liston's *Mauworm* is a most laughable performance, and never elicited greater humour than on the present occasion. The *Colonel* was played well by Wallack, and Mrs. West in *Charlotte* displayed her usual ability.

Love, Law, and Physic gave us that delectable portrait of Cockneyism, *Lubin Log*, by Liston, which was received with all its provoking merriment.

Miss Stephens has appeared for the first time this season in *Rob Roy*. Her *Diana Vernon*, in accompanying as it does the melodious warblings of the Scottish Maid, must ever captivate.

Macready, as *Rob Roy*, is well known; Mr. Browne displayed considerable talent in “the *Dougal* creature,” and Liston was as usual, interestingly comie in the warlike “*Glasgow Weaver*,” *Baulie Nicol Jarvie*.

Braham made his first appearance as *Henry Bertram*, and was cordially greeted. The vocalist appeared to have caught new energy from opposition; we never heard him with greater delight. Browne played *Dirk Hatterack* extremely well; and Sherwin, as *Dandie Dumont*, made us reproach the managers for keeping this actor so long silent. Mrs. Bunn, as *Meg Merrilies*, was chaste and energetic.

The Cabinet presented Braham once more as *Prince Orlando*; the composer and the vocalist never more delighted. Downton is a fine bluff English seaman in *Peter*; and Harley, as *Whimsiculo*, as amusing as ever. Browne played the *Marquis de Grand Château*, with taste and humour.

Mr. Keau has appeared in *Othello*. This is undoubtedly his best performance. His energies are more suited to ride upon the storm of passion, than for the strong and steady motive. Wallack's *Iago* is very respectable. Mrs. West played *Desdemona* in her best style; as did Mrs. Faucit, from Covent-Garden, *Emilia*.

LITERARY AND DRAMATICAL RECITATIONS.—During a portion of the last month, Miss Macauley has been successfully delivering some very effective recitations at Saville Rooms, Leicester Square. She commenced with her own tragic poem of Mary Stuart; but finding that, notwithstanding the rich and glowing pictures with which it abounds, and the surprising power with which it was delivered, its length and seriousness demanded relief, she has since presented her auditors with a lighter entertainment; a sort of *melange*, in which comic dialogue,

song, and recitation, are alternately employed to great advantage. The most delightful, though not perhaps the most prominent, of her recitations, is "Lord Ullin's Daughter," which, accompanied by music, evinces a rare combination of taste, feeling, and powerful execution. It is one of the very few pieces, which when recited, can hardly be heard too often. Miss Macauley is a woman of genius as well as of general ability; and we cordially wish her all the success to which, by the laudable exertions of her talents, she is so well entitled.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY falling on a Sunday, the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society was held on Monday the 1st of December, when Sir Godfrey Copley's medal was presented by the President to Mr. Pond, the Astronomer Royal.

On the 10th of December, the Royal Academy awarded the following honours.—gold medal, &c. for the best historical painting; "The contention between the archangel Michael and Satan, for the body of Moses," to Mr. F. Y. Hurlstone. Gold medals, sculpture, to R. B. Hughes; and architecture, "Hospital for Invalid Sailors," to Mr. F. Bradbury. Silver medals, School of Painting, best copy, Mr. Corbett; second, Mr. Marks; best drawing from the life, Mr. Calusac; second, Mr. Howe; best model from the life, Mr. R. Williams; second, Mr. Collingwood; best drawing from the antique, 1st. Mr. G. R. Ward; 2d. Mr. F. Ross; 3d. Mr. Cicell. best model from the antique, 1st. Mr. D. ar, 2d. Mr. Stothard; 3d. Mr. Bohnes. best architectural drawing, 1st. Mr. Richley; 2d. Mr. Jenkins.

Captain Parry is to make another voyage to the north in the Hecla next season. He is to direct his course to Lancaster Sound, and to explore Prince Regent's Inlet. Report states that Captain Parry has been appointed hydrographer to the Admiralty.

Another overland expedition in North America, under Captain Franklin, is spoken of.

A French chemist has invented an economical still, by the use of which, with one ton of coal, from six to seven tons of fresh water may be obtained from salt water.

The celebrated Dr. Kitchiner is engaged on a work for the improvement of vision, and the preservation of the eyes.

A Staffordshire miner is said to have devised means for avoiding the danger of fire-dumps in mines, by the introduction of currents of air, to be circulated by bellows worked by steam.

Mr. Bullock's Travels and Discoveries in Mexico, are expected to appear early in the Spring.

A new weekly publication, devoted to the

criticism of theatrical music, in Italian and English, has been announced.

Works in the Press, &c.

The History of the Roman Empire, from the Accession of Augustus to the death of the younger Antoninus, by William Haygarth, A.M. Recollections of an Eventful Life, chiefly passed in the Army, by Mr. M'Phim, of Glasgow.

Travels in Brazil, in 1817, 18, 19, and 20, by Dr. John Von Spix, and Dr. Charles Von Martius, Members of the Royal Bavarian Academy of the Sciences, 2 vols. 8vo.

Sayings and Doings, 3 vols. post 8vo.

Duke Christian of Luneburg, or Traditions from the Hartz, by Miss Jane Porter, 3 vols. 12mo.

Patience, a Tale, by Mrs. Holland. 12mo.

Hurstwood, a Tale of the year 1715, 3 vols. 12mo.

How to get rid of a Wife; and The Lily of Annandale, by Miss Spence, 2 vols. 12mo.

Country Belles, or The Gossips Outwitted. 3 vols. 12mo.

Memoirs of a Suicide, by Himself. 12mo.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1821. 8vo.

Memorials of Columbus, from Original MSS. with a Portrait, Fac-similes, &c. 8vo.

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BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Richmond, the lady of Colonel Sir Dudley, St. Ledger Hill, of a daughter.

The lady of Sir Robert Graham, Bart., of Esk, Cumberland, of a son.

Lady Fitzherbert, of a daughter.

The lady of H. Willoughby, Esq., M. P. of a daughter.

At Barnham, the lady of Colonel Mulcaster, of a son.

At South Sea Lodge, the lady of Capt. Sir Alexander Gordon, K. C. B., of a daughter.

At Letcomb Basset, Berks., the lady of the Rev. Herbert Randolph, of a daughter.

At Normanby, Lady Sheffield, of a son.

At Hicknoll, Dorset, the lady of Sir M. H. Nepean, Bart., of twin daughters.

At Langley Farm, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, of a daughter.

Lady Caroline Pennant, of a daughter.

At Clondegad, County of Clare, Bridget Darcy, aged 60, of twins, a boy and girl.

Lady Dunbar, of Louth, of a son.

At Rockneath, Argyle-shire, a poor woman, named Bird, of four infants, two boys and two girls. One of the latter died.

At Killerton, Devon, the lady of Sir T. Ackland, Bart., of a son.

In Dublin, the lady of the Hon. F. C. Annesley, of a son.

At Constable Burton, the lady of M. Wyvill, Esq. M. P., of a daughter.

At Caerleon Priory, Monmouthshire, the lady of W. Phillips, jun., of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Robert Hibbert, second son of Robert Hibbert, Esq., of Birtleshall, Cheshire, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of John Drummond, Esq., of Charing Cross.

At Kingston Church, Hants, Capt. T. M. Mason, R. N., to Miss Grey, daughter of Sir G. Grey, Bart. K. C. B.

At Chichester, the Hon. Capt. Berkeley, R. N., to Lady Charlotte Lenox, sister to the Duke of Richmond.

At Bath, Capt. Colin Campbell, R. N., to Mrs. Gore, widow of Lieut. General Gore.

The Rev. Dr. Mavor, of Woodstock, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the Rev. Edw. Seagrave.

The Rev. William Acton, Rector of Ayott, St. Lawrence, to Henrietta, fourth daughter of Sir G. C. Watson, Bart.

W. Duncombe, Esq., M. P., to Lady Louisa Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Galloway.

Capt. Oliver, of the 32d regt., to Miss Dacres, daughter of Rear Admiral Dacres.

In Dublin, C. Grimston, Esq., to Jane French, third daughter of the Hon. the Dean of Kildare.

E. Penthyn, Esq., to the Hon. Charlotte Elizabeth Stanley.

W. Nettleship, Esq., to Miss Mary Best, niece to Sir W. D. Best, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench.

At Edinburgh, Sir A. Elton, Bart., to Miss Stewart, of Castle Stewart.

The Rev. J. P. Herringham, Rector of Chadwell, St. Mary, to Susanna Jackson, only daughter of the Rev. G. Bird, Rector of Little Waltham.

Henry Lawson, Esq., son of the Dean of Bath, to Miss Amelia Jennings.

At Lambeth Church, Elizabeth, daughter of William Reece, Esq., to Henry Kelsall, Esq. of Chester.

P. Longmore, Esq., of Hertford, to Sabine, second daughter of Jacob Elton, Esq., of Bristol.

DEATHS.

Aged 78, the Right Hon. the Earl of Portmore.

At Holbrook, Suffolk, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Pytches, Esq., of Alderton, Suffolk.

In Old Palace Yard, Mrs. Bankes, aged 63, wife of Henry Bankes, Esq., M. P.

At Twickenham, Lady Caroline Marley.

In Brunswick Square, Hardin Burnley, Esq., aged 83, father-in-law of Joseph Hume, Esq., M. P.

In Sandwich Workhouse, in the same week, Samuel Gimber, aged 100, and Mrs. Bridges, aged 100.

John Marsh, Esq., aged 76, late chairman of the Victualling Board.

F. F. Howard, youngest son of the Hon. F. Howard.

At Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, the Right Hon. Phillips Lord Milford, aged 85.

At Blacknell, near Darlington, aged 75, Capt. R. Milbank, R. N.

At St. Hill, Antigua, Mary Cooper, wife of the Hon. J. D. Taylor, Baron of the Exchequer.

In Barbadoes, the Hon. J. F. Alleyne, late President of his Majesty's Council in that island.

Lady Wake.

In Queen Square, R. Rainsford, Esq., Chief Magistrate of Queen Street Police Office.

At Corris, Carlow, Lady E. Kanavagh.

George Augustus, only son of the Hon. E. Bouverie.

At Kinsale, Ireland, Margaret Cotton, aged 100, mother of the once celebrated Irish giant, P. C. O'Brien.

The Hon. J. R. K. Keppell, aged 8, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle.

In Keppel Street, Russel Square, aged 90, Mrs. Day.

At Yarmouth, aged 105, Mr. Luke Waller.

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OR

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FOR FEBRUARY, 1824.

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"Lines, written after reading an account of Howard, the Philanthropist," in our next.

"From *Albina*, to *Therese in the Country*, No. I." shall receive the earliest attention.

"*Juan*," the Author of "*Poetry no Fiction*," will have the goodness to accept the same acknowledgment.

From many of our kind friends, whose favours are under consideration, we request indulgence.

*. The Supplement to the Twenty-eighth Volume of *La Belle Assemblée* is now ready for delivery. It contains *The Spanish Banditti*, a Romance of Real Life;—the conclusion of the *Biography of Mrs. Mary Brunton*;—the conclusion of *The Idriak Miner's Wife*, a Tale;—a Sketch of the State and Progress of Literature, in its respective Branches, for the last six months, comprizing critical notices of, and extracts from, more than fifty different publications;—a Summary of the Fashions for the last Six Months, &c.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1824.

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NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN,

Author of "Sidney Biddulph," "Nourjahad," "The Discovery," &c.

RESPECTING this accomplished and highly gifted woman, the mother of the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq., Dr. Parr has thus expressed himself: "I knew her, from her general character, from her excellent publications, and from one or two interviews which I had with her at the house of the very learned Dr. Sumner, of Harrow."....."In clearness of intellect, delicacy of taste, and purity of heart, she was one of the first women I ever knew."

This lady, whose family was of English extraction, was born at Dublin in the year 1724. Her grandfather, Sir Oliver Chamberlaine, was an English Baronet; her father, Dr. Philip Chamberlaine, was Prebend of Rathmichael in the Diocese of Dublin, Archdeacon of Glendalough, &c. The last-mentioned gentleman married Miss Whyte, an English lady, by whom he had five children: Walter, who was in the Church, and died unmarried; Richard, a surgeon, who married a relation of Lord Hardwicke's; William, who died a judge in Jamaica; Anne, married to a respectable clergyman named Fish, in the county of Kildare; and Frances, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, the subject of this brief sketch.

Frances, from her earliest years, had to contend with serious difficulties in point of education: her mother died soon after her birth; and her father, though a scholar, was with difficulty prevailed on to allow her to learn to read—to write, he affirmed, was altogether superfluous in the

education of a female. Miss Chamberlaine's brother, however, gave her private instructions in writing, imparted to her a knowledge of the Latin language, and instructed her in the science of botany.

With such assistance, her talent for literary composition evinced itself at the early age of fifteen. Appropriating to herself a portion of the ill-coloured coarse paper which her father was accustomed to give to the housekeeper for the purpose of keeping her accounts, she contrived to write a romance, in two volumes, entitled "*Eugenia and Adelaide*."

When she had reached the age of about one-and-twenty, Miss Chamberlaine resumed her pen in a different manner, and with very different intentions. From the state of mental imbecility into which her father had fallen, she now sometimes ventured with her brother to the theatre. On one of these occasions she first saw Mr. Sheridan, who, although not above five or six-and-twenty years of age, had then just entered upon his career as manager of the Dublin Theatre, with every advantage and every prepossession in his favour. In January 1746, however, a theatrical riot occurred, in which his personal safety was threatened. A voluminous paper war ensued; an anonymous poetical effusion, in Mr. Sheridan's vindication, excited considerable notice; Miss Chamberlaine was discovered to be its author; Mr. S. naturally sought, and obtained an introduction;

a mutually favourable impression was made; a lively and reciprocal attachment followed; and the parties were married in 1747.

The first years of Mrs. Sheridan's marriage were passed very happily. Her circle of acquaintance was rather select than numerous; but her female intimates were all distinguished for the most excellent qualities; and, in the society of her brother, the Rev. Walter Chamberlaine, she experienced great pleasure and improvement. Her eldest son, Thomas, died at three years old, in 1750. Her second son, Charles Francis, was born in the same year; and Richard Brinsley, who was also christened Butler, after the Earl of Lanesbrough, was born in September 1751. Her fourth child, Alicia, was born in January 1753.

In 1754, by one of those unfortunate ebullitions of ill-directed popular fury which frequently occur in Ireland, Mr. Sheridan's theatrical property was involved in ruin, and his life even exposed to the risk of destruction.

Finding the stream ran strongly against him, Mr. Sheridan let the theatre, and embarked for England, where his wife some time afterwards joined him. Towards the close of the year 1756, however, Mr. S. was induced to return to Dublin, and resume the management of the theatre; but, two years afterwards, in consequence of the erection of a new theatre in Crow-street, under the auspices of Spranger Barry, and the loss of some of his best performers, he found it expedient to settle in England.

Residing in Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden (where she gave birth to Anne Elizabeth, her last child, who married Mr. Dicher, surgeon, of Bath), Mrs. Sheridan's attractive qualities soon drew around her an ingenious and extended circle of friends, amongst whom were Dr. Young, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Wedderburne (afterwards Lord Loughborough); Lord Shelburne, Mrs. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Peckhard, and Richardson, the novelist. It was in consequence of the admiration which Richardson expressed upon the perusal of her MS. novel,

Eugenia and Adelaide, that she was first encouraged to try her powers in a work of higher powers and greater length. This work, it is scarcely necessary to state, was the celebrated "*Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph*," published in March 1761, which became an immediate and permanent favourite.

Mr. Sheridan's embarrassments at length rendered it necessary for him, with his family, to pass over to France. From anxiety of mind and other causes, Mrs. S. suffered much in her health. In the course of two years, however, she conceived and executed her beautiful oriental tale of

"*Nourjahad*," and added two volumes to "*Sidney Biddulph*."—"Nourjahad," the fable of which occurred to her one restless night, was the last of her works. It has repeatedly been dramatized. She is said to have begun a tragedy, in prose, on part of the story of her second part of "*Sidney Biddulph*;" but no traces of it have been discovered.

In the autumn of 1766, Mr. Sheridan, with the view of arranging his affairs, prepared for a visit to Ireland, intending to leave Mrs. S. and the children at Blois, where they had some time resided. The prospect of a long and painful separation preyed upon her health, mental as well as bodily. A few days previously to her husband's intended departure, she was seized with a fainting fit, the precursor of a fatal indisposition, which, in about a fortnight, bereaved an affectionate family of one of the best of wives and mothers. Mrs. Sheridan died in the month of August 1766; and her remains were interred, by torchlight, in the private cemetery of a distinguished Protestant family, about six or seven miles from Blois,

Mrs. Sheridan was more celebrated for colloquial powers than even for her literary talents. Without beauty, she succeeded in fascinating and delighting minds of the most opposite textures. Though not handsome, her countenance was extremely interesting; her eyes were remarkably fine and very dark, corresponding with her hair, which was black. Her figure would have been good, but for an accident that happened when she was an infant, by which she contracted a lameness that prevented her from going to any distance without support. The fairness and beauty of her bust, neck, and arms, were allowed to have seldom been rivalled. Although, in the portrait prefixed to this memoir, Mrs. Sheridan is represented without any head-dress, she usually wore a cap of a grave and matronly form. Her gowns, invariably of silk, were always made up in the form of *negligés*, on account of the accidental defect in her shape, and though never affecting the studied negligence of the literary ladies of her day, she was certainly rather inclined to simplicity than show in the whole of her attire.

Though often a sufferer in her health, Mrs. Sheridan had none of the querulousness of an invalid. Her temper was warm, her disposition cheerful; she possessed a very conscientious mind, and the strongest sense of honour.

To this slight sketch we have the pleasure of adding, that the memoirs of Mrs. Sheridan, to which we are indebted for our materials, are on the eve of publication, in a handsome octavo volume.

Original Communications.

SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALES.—No. II.

It is due to the memory of our illustrious poet, to prove, that he has not slighted the "fairer half of the creation;" but that he has pourtrayed, in all the vividness of his fancy, the tender mother, the attached and faithful wife, and the affectionate mistress; that he has shewn us woman in every stage of her existence; that he has exhibited her in the gay and jocund

" hours

That strew her path with summer flow'rs;"

and also in the darker and more stormy periods, when

" Firm on the scaffold she has stood
Besprinkled with a martyr's blood:
Her voice the patriot's heart has steel'd,
Her spirit's glow'd on battle-field;
Her courage's freed from dungeon's gloom
The captive, brooding o'er his doom.
Her faith's the fallen-monarch sav'd,
Her love's the tyrant's fury brav'd."

In doing this, Shakespeare, the sweet poet of nature, has only shewn us woman,

" That sweet enchantress' given to cheer
The fitful struggles of our passage here,"

as she is—for though there are exceptions, I must always maintain, that the original character of woman combines all that is good, noble, and generous; and that, too frequently, where she is "fallen from her high estate," the fall might be traced to the influence of the tempter, man, who has plucked the young and delicate bud, which would have gladly spent its perfume on his breast; and, like a baby, tired of his toy—or like a demon, exulting in the ruin he has caused—has thrown it from him, to waste "its sweetness on the desert air;" to pine over the wreck of its lost happiness; and finally to become noxious and baleful—offensive to sight and to feeling, and perishing neglected—perhaps even hated—by all who had once been charmed by its beauty, or attracted by its graces. But to my task.

No. 184.—Vol. XXIX.

As, in my last, I drew the attention of the reader to that beautiful creature of the poet, the lovely and loving Juliet—I shall, in this essay, offer a few remarks and illustrations upon Constance, in King John, in whose character maternal tenderness forms as striking a feature as the most pure devoted affection does in that of Juliet. How finely is this tenderness expressed in her very first speech: Lewis and Austria have been promising their aid to Arthur, and pledged themselves not to forsake his cause till England shall "salute him for her king." On this, Constance exclaims:—

" O take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love."

In the next scene, I have heard it asserted, that she becomes a mere scold; and that her language is too violent to be natural, considering her rank and station. But was she not a MOTHER? And how must a mother feel, when she finds her son not only deprived of a rich inheritance, but stigmatized as base and illegitimate? Would not any woman, on such a charge, and speaking to one whose character was so little calculated to bear the test of scrutiny as Eleanor's, have exclaimed:—

" My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul I think
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an' if thou wert his mother."

When Constance appears again, Salisbury has informed her of the peace patched up between France and England, by the union of Lewis, the Dauphin, and Blanche of Castile, John's niece. Here again all a mother's fears are awakened. She tells Sa-

K

Salisbury she does not believe him, for she has "a king's oath to the contrary;" and exclaims:—

"Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and, therefore, full of
fears;

A widow husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess thou didst but jest

With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

Like a proud river, peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true."

Assured of its truth, and being required to attend the sovereigns, Salisbury saying he may not go without her—her passion again breaks forth:—

"Thou may'st, thou shalt—I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;

For grief is proud, and makes its owner stout.

To me and to the state of my great grief,

Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,

That no supporter but the huge firm earth

Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

[*Throws herself on the ground.*]

Than this, I know nothing finer in the whole range of the drama; and her reproaches of the princes, who have abandoned those interests they had pledged themselves to defend, at the suggestions of policy, are equally vehement and natural; whilst they are couched in truly poetical language. Take, for an example, her reproof of Austria:—

"O Limoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art
thou.

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? biddin' me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

In the remainder of this scene, her anxiety to know the determination of the French king, when urged by the Pope's legate to break off the alliance with England; the eagerness with which she counsels Philip to embrace the Pontiff's offers; and the exultation she displays in the exclamation,

"O fair return of banish'd majesty!"

are strikingly portrayed.

But it is in the scene after Arthur is made prisoner by his uncle, that Constance is most interesting. The poet has represented her as distracted at her mighty woes, the empire of her brain overthrown, and reason driven from her seat. Yet she exclaims—

"I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!

For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself."

And when urged by King Philip to "bind up her tresses," she replies in the following impassioned language:

"Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,

O that these hands could so redeem my son.

As they have given these hairs their liberty!

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal,* I have heard you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him, that did but yesterday aspire,

There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost;

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;

And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more."

Over her fate Shakespeare has drawn a veil: he tells us she "in a frenzy died;" but after this highly-wrought scene, the

* Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's legate.

audience sees her no more. Who is there, however, that does not feel that woes so heavy, and so keenly felt, must shortly cloud her day in night, and render her insensible to all pain and sorrow here? And who is there that must not acknowledge the poet's power in depicting the fond mother? and his skill and judgment, in blending the vehemence and tenderness of Constance's character so intimately, as to produce the inimitable portrait of which I have endeavoured to give a faint sketch?

There are two other female characters in this drama—Queen Eleanor, the mother of John; and Blanche of Castile, his niece. Compared with Constance, they are but of minor importance: yet they are strongly marked, and so appropriate is the diction in which their thoughts are clothed, that it would be easy to allot to each her respective speeches, without any other guide than that afforded by the language in which they are couched. This is Shakespeare's distin-

guishing excellence. All his *dramatis personæ* are strongly marked, and the sentiments of each are in strict accordance with their various characters. Thus in the play before us—who but would at once say, that any one of the speeches we have quoted must be by Constance, even if he had never heard or seen the drama before—only having some general idea of the story? The same may be said with respect to Eleanor and Blanche, the latter of whom is an interesting creature, though we neither see nor hear much of her; yet the little she has to say and do bears the clear impress of Shakespeare's genius.

I intended to accompany this sketch of the character of Constance with a few remarks upon that of Lady Macbeth; but I find my limits will not permit: that, therefore, shall form the subject of a succeeding paper.

W. C. S.

York, Jan. 6. 1821.

THE OAK CHEST.

“ — Come what sorrow can
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight,
Do thou but close our hands with holy vows,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare.
It is enough I may but call her mine.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

NIGHT had hushed the world to repose; nature's children, save the lone watchman on the battle tower, were stilled beneath her sweetening influence. It was an hour when earth's happier race “steep in forgetfulness” the day's turmoil, and leave the silent heavens for the daring eye of science and research—the pale student companioned with reflection, pores over antiquity's remains; the feverish lover dreams of fantastic joys; and guilt and blighted conscience writhe upon their couch; or, starting from their bed of adders, woo the night breeze to kiss their burning brows—look up to insulted heaven for relief, and moonbeams visit but in mockery's contrast the gloomy cheek of crime.

The warder paced the turrets of Wilbert Castle, whiling away the lagging watch

with humming vassal song, as his attention was arrested by cries of supplicating distress.—

“Ho! Castle, if Christian love and charity inhabit these walls, yield us their shelter, or my master perishes.”—“Where are you from?” questioned the soldier.—“From — Castle: my master, Lord Egbert, has just escaped from its towers;—the pursuit is up—and if you prolong your needless question, hospitality may afterwards be unavailing.” Satisfied by the earnest tone of this reply, the man descended from his post, and with an aroused companion opened the gates. They discovered a domestic kneeling by a young cavalier, who they were informed had been desperately wounded by a party of banditti. They hesitated not a moment, but con-

veyed the bleeding knight into the castle; and having staunched his wound, and administered restoratives, left him in the care of his own domestic and a female attendant.

Lord Egbert was of a noble and distinguished race; but war, the rough leveller of dignity and fortune, had reduced him to the present exigence. Having highly imbibed the spirit of chivalry predominant in the days of this story, he had taken the battle-field, and with the still nobler impulse of knighthood, had sustained the fortunes of the just, though not the most powerful, party.—But “might, not right,” proving the motto of the day, he was taken captive, and, with the attendant spirit of oppression, treated with rigour and insult. Walter, his faithful servant, who had fought by his side, and whose insignificance proved his freedom, omitted no opportunity to alleviate those sufferings of his master, which captious and ill-begotten power rendered but too frequent. Like the gallant *Cœur de Lion*, Lord Egbert first gained intelligence of his servant’s designs by the aid of music.—Music, twin-sister of love! to thy benevolent power, how many thrillings, how many ardent beats of the captive’s re-awakened heart are owed! Thou formest a little delusive world for the shut-up child of sorrow—leadest his cheated senses from the strong prison, the grated window, and the brutal dependants of arbitrary might—conductest him back to scenes of parental care—of childhood’s happy roving hours—or if thou treadest the region of hallowed love, it is with the footing of a creative angel—a bright unruffled sky—a smiling earth—and passion’s sunny flowers beam on the raised imagination of the captive, and trick his senses with felicity.—Music! it is a golden link to memory’s brightest gems—we but touch the chain, and greet the attendant worth.

Walter, with the ingenuity that oppression ever engenders, found means to convey to his master implements of escape. The stars of night beam on the work—the bars are wrested—Lord Egbert descends—horses are in waiting, and the spurred steeds bound with their happy riders on to liberty.—Thus are they leaving behind their prison walls, when they are attacked by ruffians, as about to plunge

into the gloom of a sheltering wood. The sword of Egbert well defends its master; the villains quit their prey, but leave the young soldier spent and wounded. For awhile his spirits combat against the loss of blood, and he bestrides his flying steed; but at length, nature, exhausted, leaves him incapable of further action—he falls senseless from his horse. But the faithful Walter, nerved by the exigence of the moment, instantly throws his master before his saddle, nor stops his impetuous steed until the towers of Wilbert Castle meet his eyes.—These are the events that placed Lord Egbert in the halls of his late father’s deadliest rival; but the pernicious prejudices of the latter age were not so nurtured by the warring Baron’s issue.—The Baroness of Ruthven had ever dissuaded her deceased lord from those violent animosities which too often shook domestic peace, and stained the earth with native blood.—She was a woman of strong sense of honour—nursed in the very lap of chivalry, from whose rough care she had imbibed all its loftiest notions and noble emprise;—but yet the polish of education, and the affectionate and sensitive disposition of her sex, which she possessed in the highest degree, chastened and refined the passions of feudal creation, and presented a firm, yet generous and elevated woman. She had all the hardihood in principle of an austere age, with the softening and adorning presence of mental cultivation.

When the Baroness was informed of the adventures of the preceding night, she hastened early in the morning, with her daughter, Julia Ruthven, to dispense the honors of her castle to the young nobleman, whose vicissitudes, added to his prepossessing manners, demanded them of her. She received Egbert with all that kindness and sincerity which evinced that, however prejudices might have prevailed between some branches of their families, they were of too hideous and unearthly an aspect to gain a harbour in the bosom of the Baroness of Ruthven.—

“Oh, woman, lovely woman!—Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without
you;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;

There's in you all that we believe of heaven ;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love !"

How many monstrous faults and impetuous deeds do your industrious love and conciliating care arrest and step between—when passions battle, and the more revengeful feelings of man tremble for execution, you with a cherub-look of peace stay the meditated blow—return the bloodless weapon to its sheath—clasp the hands of amity and love—and present the olive where the hemlock frowned.

Nor were the professions of the Baroness of Ruthven unsupported: for Julia, with an unspeakable look of modesty, and a blush her faltering accents had startled, besought the young stranger, not by a too hastened departure to incur the danger of a relapse of illness, which even then, could not but be alarming to his relatives, if imprudently made acquainted with his adventures. Egbert, with those feelings which every life (or it is one where happiness has given but a partial smile) has bloomed with, answered with mutual diffidence and confusion the solicitations of Julia. Sensations new to him thrilled through his bosom as he met the lucid gaze of the young and beauteous being—and a nameless beat of heart—a suspension, as it were, of life—(though it is a moment in which life's elixir is quaffed by the intoxicated spirit) took possession of him as he endeavoured to reply to her intreaties.

Julia was the very being to perplex and bewilder, in that devious but delicious path which woman's blandishments create, the mind of a young man like Egbert. He had moved in the gay world—had seen its painted flutterers—birds with borrowed plumes—beings imitating artlessness and simplicity;—he had satiated his spirit with the fopperies of the times—flown from the fashion-built bower of enjoyment to the laboured banquet of miscaled pleasure;—thought, in the volatile moments he had reaped felicity—but reflection weighed the worth of the search—it was a feather—reason touched the expansive round where hue met hue in variegated contest;—the bubble burst.—“And is it so?” thought Egbert; “is man to be ever cheated—is happiness in this world an *igni fatuus*, for whose deceitful light we plunge in paths

that do not always leave the adventurer spotless?—Is there no permanent delight which reason may pluck, and find in it an everlasting fragrance for its craving appetite? Oh, yes; surely where there is in a soul a loathing of the world's made-up feasts, there also is a desire and a capability of enjoyment in a more stable and rational bliss.

“Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eye
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind,
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,
Air-borne, exalted above vulgar men,”

Thus thought Egbert; but his mind, conversing so much with its own creation, looked with an aching gaze upon the beings that would ensnare it—beings who think love a fashion,—without a question as to sympathy of thought, union of desire, or response of feeling—beings, who, jostled in the world's crowds, veil nature's loveliness with artificial web, and subdue the sweet, the seraph-tone of deep affection, into questioning of domain and magnitude of possession. He looked and sighed, to see the young soul sacrifice its purity and worth at the jewelled shrine of gorgeous aged wealth—to see the face of youth where sweet creation throws its earliest blush, bound to high-titled age—whose only link between its hoariness and dawning beauty is forged by gold.

Julia, whose only knowledge and intercourse with the world had been confined to her parent's domains, was the truly unsophisticated child of nature;—a mother's precepts had imprinted upon “her ductile heart” the beautiful impress of virtue. With a disposition of the most gentle and captivating order, she united a polish and cultivation of intellect rarely met with at that period; vivacious to a degree, her bounding spirit would in conversation, like the sun-light, glance upon beauty and gild the thing it touched on. Yet there were in her the dispositions of an April morning, and the smiles of innocence were frequently seen to illumine the heaven-accorded dew of sensibility. Nor was the casket unworthy the mental gem, but yielded a captivating consonance to its innate brilliancy—she rose upon the startled fancy of

Egbert, like Venus from the wave, the child of passion and of soul.

Time and the endearing attentions of woman yielded a speedy medicine to the wounds of Egbert. Julia would sit by the sick soldier's couch—read, with her deep eloquent voice of feeling, a tale of chivalry or hopeless love, and, often carried beyond the delusion of the moment, her hand would unconsciously fall by her side—and she would gaze with tearful eyes, as though wishing to pierce the intricate maze that circumstances had worked around her; a sigh would sometimes recal her to a sense of her situation, and she would instantly find occasion to retire in all the confusion of ingenuous blushes! Blushes! fruit of the soul's innocence, how sweetly do your roses beam in the paradisiacal garden of woman's face!—what fragrant offerings do you prove to the beating heart of anticipating man! From these delicious moments (the crowning gems upon the cup of life) Egbert felt that his dreams of happiness met with no opposition from his soul's elect. At intervals a fear lest family prejudice, though apparently forgotten in the kindnesses of hospitality, might intrude its grisly giant form between him and his heart's prize, would cloud the landscape of hope's sunny land: but a lover's ardent soul quickly banished the darkening thought, and left its prophetic fancy to all the joys of uninterrupted happiness with Julia Ruthven.

But Julia, in whose modest mind her very admiration of Egbert imparted fears, inasmuch as deeming him all that the most lavish glowing thoughts of wandering fancy picture of humanity—was she worthy of such a man? Could the untutored Julia Ruthven, shut up from the world, counter-balance the claims of more refined women to the heart of Egbert? This supposition proved her superiority, and gained her preference in his imagination. Others he had seen copy nature's most lavish beauty; but their odour was the rose of the ball-room: no one could call it his own. Julia was the humble, unassuming violet of untrodden paths; he was the first its loveliness had beamed on, and all its sweetness was his own. But Julia knew not this: Egbert had watched her ingenuous nature—had never wooed the cherub love

to his embrace, lest that his seeking should have forced the hold which he vain would have the unasked cling of passion. Man can keep a mastery over his heart, can look with indifference when the struck creature beats in madness; but woman, though her tongue may speak a scorn, imparts a tell-tale from her eyes, that looks a hope, and smiles upon the lip of feigned disdain. Julia never ventured this, but in the burst of passion “flew to her young mate like a young bird;” unused to the vain art which “makes her sex but infancy matured,” she indulged not coquetry at the expense of sincere affection—denied not with feigned indifference when her heart beat “Yces;” nor he with humbled tone, “like a whipped spaniel,” sued the gift, but with manly profession asked in honourable love the inestimable prize; and she, with all the ingenuousness of unschooled nature, yielded it.

Some time had elapsed, and Egbert, having recovered from his hurts, could not longer delay his departure from Wilbert Castle; day after day was fixed for separation; but the wild word “farewell” seemed to him a sound that spoke the death of all his fairy dreams, and gave the world again to him, with all its clatter and all its loneliness. Oh, when the heart has formed its resting-place, how sorely it threads through clashing crowds;—like a dove carried from its home, it beats its prisoned wings, and flutters to be free. Longer delay was, however, impossible, and taking a respectful leave of the Baroness, he turned his steed from Wilbert Castle.—But was Julia thus left—oh no, she had consented to meet him at the midnight hour near the entrance of the little wood. Before the time arrived, Egbert was there; having given his horse in charge of Walter, he waited, starting at every breeze, in expectation of his heart's idol, that, like Hope's angel, should come once more to relieve his overcharged feelings, and, with a smile of heavenly prophecy, beam a happier hour. The night was lovely, and such a one as when the spirit, influenced by its power, holds delicious converse with the stars, the whispering wind, the waving trees, and even the little dew-gemmed flower, that, like the unworthy rich, borrows observance from the jewel that it holds, and se-

conds with nature's "oracular evidence" the feeling of futurity. Whilst Egbert was thus imagining, indulging thoughts that make the hour which engenders them an epoch in our life—a beautiful resting-place in the desert of existence, where the sickened soul may return in idea, and feel refreshed from the visitation—he heard a step, and springing forth, with outstretched arms and beating heart, he was about to clasp the approaching figure, when the cloak which enveloped it fell, and he beheld a form such as would blast the eye of hope—sear up with early wrinkle the brow of youth—and dam the blushing current of the cheek back to its ~~iced~~ source. Egbert gazed, awe-struck and petrified by the foul demon that towered before his view. The fiend looked with an eye baleful as the heath's meteor upon the astonished youth—then, raising its finger to its "skinny lip," implied silence. Egbert, with a strong effort of mind, exclaimed, "Whatever thou art, that with unearthly aspect seekest me out—speak—what would you?"—"Good to thee, Egbert," replied the immoveable creature, in a voice that seemed to issue from the tomb—"Good!" rejoined Egbert, "Good is never sent to man by heaven in such a filthy garb—and for the transient good which your infernal spells may yield in this world, to catch the cheated idiot in the next—I defy it—What art thou?"—"Thy friend—thy warning friend—judge not from thine eyes—a mighty good may ride upon the thunderbolt—the lightning's flash may yield felicity—I am thy friend—take heed—marry not Julia Ruthven."—"What!" exclaimed the youth—"fate has no power to still the beat of heart which I"—Egbert talked to the winds. More overcome by its sudden departure than its actual presence, he staggered to a bank, and fell subdued by the powerful conflict of his feelings. As he lay the turret clock struck twelve—at each chime he felt a weight removed from his soul, and rose as his Julia hastened to the spot. With that penetration of woman's fondness, she instantly beheld the pallid cheek of Egbert, and wiped with a sweet officiousness the cold chills from his pale forehead. To her inquiries he gave evasive answers—assured her, that merely the night-breeze had chilled him, having been the first time

he had dared its influence since his illness. Julia's suspicions were hushed; and Egbert, circling all that earth could yield him, felt his apprehensions subside in proportion as the assurance of Julia's presence and of their quick separation became certain; and he threw the frightful demon of doubts and prophetic ills from his imagination, and clasped his little heaven of hope and gladness.

They sat themselves upon a seat formed by a fallen tree—they looked in silence upon the gemmed skies, and embraced closer as the breeze came chilly by; they pressed cheek to cheek, and lip to lip; their eyes smiled in each other; and the soul's luscious banquet of refined and virtuous love administered to their delicious senses the ambrosia of existence. What was the world, its deep-mouthed war of interest, and its giddy race of fashion, fantastic sports, and gilded joys, to them? They thought not of the air-blown bubble *worldly* happiness; the seat that bore them, their footstool of grass, the fires of heaven above, and the whispering cadence of the winds, with the sympathizing beat of heart and pressure of hand, were to them the jubilee of creation, the society and interchange of divinity. Surely in no time does man taste more the spirit of immortality than in the feeling of such an hour; one universal impulse, throwing its magic o'er the soul, raises him above the grosser kind; imparts a strengthened firmness to his mind; and whilst it pleasures, fortifies; can diamonds buy those thrillings of the heart, can science torture such music, that harmony of the soul?

Time flew fastly on, and "farewell" must break the delusive chain with which passion had united them. "Should fate," faltered Julia, "or change of inclination, make this our last meeting"—Egbert was in the act of professing—"nay, Egbert," continued the girl, "hearts strongly linked as ours have, by the world's rude hand, been broken asunder, and left in bleeding loneliness; time and absence, too, have with slow but certain care loosened tie by tie, till at length the freed captive has beat joyful at its liberty. I do not doubt your love, Egbert; I have, I will cherish it; you are the first to whom my soul is pledged; widow it not with unkind forgetfulness, nor

let another, perhaps more fair, but not more doting than your Julia, possess you. No, Egbert, I cannot think so: but feelings, from their felicity, intrude a fear of their duration, and make me, from my own excessive love, unkindly question yours. Farewell, Egbert; though the constancy of angels be ours, yet death may sever. Heaven bless you, Egbert; whatever may befall, think sometimes of this night, and give a thought to Julia."

The impassioned girl gave vent to her overcharged feelings on the bosom of her lover; the clock struck—they embraced—and Egbert, having again protested his fidelity and affection, with his determination of demanding her of the Baroness in marriage, led the weeping, smiling girl nearer the castle, and once more bade adieu.

(To be continued.)

FALSE HONOUR.

"He only is a hero, a Christian hero,
Who bravely dares the sneer of infidels,
When they demand rebellion to his God—
A duplicated crime—suicide, and murder.
Not for life, nor dearer honour,
Will he commit chivalrous bloodshed,
To satisfy his pride, or glut his vengeance."

CERTAINLY the mind must be elevated and strengthened by the noblest and firmest principles of Christianity, when a gentleman can brave the "dread laugh" of men who dare to defy their God, and to pride themselves in the mere animal instinct of ferocity. If the author of *The Man of Feeling* had performed no deed of humanity beyond that of disseminating remarks on the horrible crime of duelling, with appropriate narratives that may be found in the *Mirror* and the *Lounger*, he would deserve to be revered as the benefactor of mankind. He has furnished the best motto for the sword and pistols of a young gentleman, in the words he puts into the mouth of an old Chevalier de St. Louis:—

"It requires more courage to refuse a challenge than to fight the challenger."

Seldom, perhaps, have inadvertent levity, and a false sense of honour, produced results more disastrous, than in the instance which we are about to relate.—Early in the year 1816, a subaltern officer, possessing a large estate in the south of Ireland, soon after his return from the Continent, became attached to a young lady in Dublin, and, with the consent of her mother, the day for their marriage was appointed. Her fortune was small; but Mr. — instructed

his lawyer to prepare a liberal deed of settlement for his intended spouse. A few days previously to the nuptials, Mr. — was sitting in a coffee-house with two friends. They observed a gentleman, in the uniform of a marine officer, entering. Mr. —'s nearest companion made some remark on the marine service, and he gaily replied, "I never liked the amphibious subordination. It seems strange to me that any man of spirit can be indebted to the ship's cook for leave to go on shore."

A person standing unobserved behind Mr. —, happened to be acquainted with the marine officer, and immediately repeated the words to him. He darted upon Mr. —, and struck him twice on the face. Mr. — assured him he meant no offence; but the marine, who was much heated with wine, insisted on immediate satisfaction. Seconds were procured, and the ground measured. The marine was severely wounded. Mr. — was advised to leave the kingdom; but he could not depart without seeing his bride. He entered the parlour—on a sofa lay the marine officer—his mother and sisters were weeping over him—he was brother to the bride! He had just arrived from the West-Indies, after an absence of four years, and,

supposing his mother was in the country, intended to set off for Wexford next day. He lived only eight and forty hours; and though he acknowledged that he alone was to blame for the duel, his sister could not bear to connect her destiny with the hand that had deprived him of life. She stedfastly refused to become the partner of Mr. —. She acquitted him of all fault; she denied not that she esteemed

and loved him; but never could surmount the appalling obstacle to their union: she died of rapid consumption in three months. Mr. — retired from the army, and joined the patriot standard in South America, with the hope of meeting a speedy death in the ranks of war. A broken heart accelerated the influence of an insalubrious climate.

POPULOGIA.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTERS.

CHEERILY sounded the French bugles as the advanced guard of the army approached Hanau. The faces of the inhabitants wore a dubious aspect as they prepared to receive the troops of Napoleon: the late disasters which had befallen him had inspired them with hope, whilst the well-known resources of the Emperor filled them with dread, lest his unprosperous fortune should only be of temporary duration. Afraid to indulge in premature exultation, and goaded by the desire to shake off the bondage of a foreign yoke, the towns-people of Hanau preserved a gloomy silence as the brilliant columns of French infantry filed through the streets, and the glittering eagles, soaring aloft in the air, proudly caught the beams of the sun. The houses were speedily filled with soldiers, and a party having received billets on a wealthy miller in the neighbourhood, proceeded through the northern suburb late and high-spirited at the termination of their day's march. Confident of ultimate success, and untroubled by the fate of their comrades in arms in the disastrous campaigns in Russia, they amused themselves with singing provincial songs, making the echoes ring with "Le galant Troubadour," and "Dunois the Brave," as they entered the small demesne of Master Philip Waldeck, much to the dissatisfaction of the worthy miller, who was however compelled to shew a surly attention to his guests.

The soldiers, offended by the manifest dislike which their host betrayed to their company, in the insolence of authority determined to make him use the expression of his feelings. They cast their eyes

around them, anxious to discover the most vulnerable point of attack. Truly the scene of calm domestic peace which met their view might have charmed less callous hearts from their hostile purpose. To the south stood the picturesque buildings of Hanau, mellowed in the distance and bathed in the golden light of the sun; a small river, bursting from the green shelter of umbrageous woods, wound its silvery course through a spacious meadow, turning the mill-wheel as it flowed gently along, beside it the humble yet substantial home-stead arose; a gallant fleet of geese, attended by a smaller flotilla of ducks, performed various evolutions on the liquid element; flowers of rich and brilliant hues bent their fair heads, and dipped their rosette blossoms in the stream; whilst still fairer, and blushing deeper tints, two young girls stood coyly shrinking from the gaze of strangers. Gertrude and Elizabeth Waldeck, surprised at the appearance of the soldiers, retired under the shelter of a vine-wreathed trellice; but their modesty availed not to save them from the rude assault of licentious man. The whole party with one accord sprang over the green fence which divided the pasture from the road, and, surrounding the affrighted maidens, accosted them with free speeches, a prelude only to behaviour still more displeasing. The few servants belonging to the mill stood aloof and aghast, not only dismayed by the weapons of the soldiers, but aware of the danger of incurring the vengeance of their companions in the town; but Waldeck, the father, deterred by no such cold considerations, started forth to the rescue of his daughters; and a stout

athletic young fellow, Leonard Martens by name, who had long looked upon Gertrude Waldeck with an eye of secret admiration, grasped a ponderous oaken cudgel, and ranging himself by the side of the miller, prepared to give battle. The soldiers were not backward in the affray, and soon hard blows were dealt on both sides with good effect. Meantime the pale cheeks and streaming eyes of the terrified girls, and, above all, the almost scaphic expression of the young Elizabeth's sweet face, made a strong impression on the sensitive heart of Eugene Fleury, a youthful adventurer in the wars. The battle was evidently in favour of the Frenchmen: the indignant miller had been felled to the earth; and a drawn bayonet threatened the life of Leonard, who still maintained the field. At this critical juncture Eugene suddenly changed sides, and calling upon his comrades to respect valour and innocence, declared that the first man who attempted to offer any farther insult to the timid girls, or their bold defenders, should receive his weapon in his breast. This address, coupled with the resolute attitude which Eugene had assumed, produced a parley; the soldiers, satisfied with the punishment which they had inflicted on the miller, and perhaps a little ashamed of their own conduct, were inclined to a cessation of hostilities; and Waldeck, when somewhat recovered from the stunning effects of the blow he had received, seeing the folly of continuing to wage a war which promised neither credit nor success to his prowess, bent his stubborn spirit to accommodation, and stifling his just resentment, accepted the overtures of peace.

The Frenchmen, with characteristic versatility, instantly recovered their good-humour, spun round in pirouettes, struck up another stanza of "Dunois," and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the remainder of the day. The miller and his young friend Leonard, constrained to disguise their spleen, affected to join in the mirth of their visitors; whilst Gertrude and Elizabeth, relieved from their fears, and unapprehensive of future annoyance, only half reluctantly entered the house to place provisions before the hungry musqueteers. Gertrude, it is true, could not entirely reconcile herself to the volatile mirth of the

disturbers of the harmony of the mill; but Elizabeth, struck by the bright glances from Eugene's dark eyes, penetrated with gratitude for his timely assistance, and feeling it to be impossible to do too much in return for the kindness of a youth so compassionate, so brave, and so handsome, hovered about him, unconscious of the flame she was kindling in his breast and her own. Towards evening, when the miller had sunk to sleep, fatigued with the toils of the day, and the dizziness which still reigned in his head—when Leonard had drawn Gertrude into the meadow, and his comrades were busy over a flask of wine—Eugene followed Elizabeth into the garden. He talked of the beauty of her flowers, and she smiled: the transition was easy to her own loveliness, and she blushed; he spoke of the chances of war, the doubtful hope of their ever meeting again—and she sighed; and, venturing to name his passion, tears were her only reply. Her softness and gentleness completed her conquest; a pensive feeling stole over his heart; he tenderly pressed the hand of his fair companion, and, pouring love's sweetest incense, the rapturous effusions of a mind pure and unsophisticated, on her listening ear, the sun glided away to the west, one by one the pale stars peeped out, night imperceptibly spread her dark veil over the sky, and the faint spangles gradually deepened into burnished gold, ere the maid and her lover felt the necessity of bidding each other adieu. Elizabeth wept on the shoulder of Eugene: to cherish their attachment was madness; to crush the young flower in its bud seemed death. The fond girl crept to her chamber to conceal her tears; the soldier threw himself down on a bundle of straw; but sleep was a stranger to the eyes of both. At dawn of day the troops prepared to depart. Elizabeth had risen with the lark; one flash from Eugene's dark eyes, one tender farewell, and he was away, gone to seek danger, perchance to meet destruction.

The miller saw the last bayonet disappear with joy, and vented the bitterness of his feelings in curses. Those who had been the most easily cowed by the audacity of the Frenchmen, were now the loudest in their execrations. Elizabeth only could not echo the general sentiment; every

emotion of filial piety and patriotism forbade her from wishing success to the cause to which he was unfortunately allied; but nothing could prevent her from praying for Eugene.

Floating rumours reached the town of Hanau, from time to time; some favourable to the arms of France, others a catalogue of defeats and disasters. Troops for the defence of the town came pouring in on all sides: Bavarians and Austrians, from Aschaffenburg, in large numbers, reinforced the garrison, and the most lively expectation prevailed of the speedy occurrence of some signal event. The tidings of the battle of Leipzig had scarcely reached the town, ere the main army of the Emperor Napoleon, shattered and beaten, yet still high in hope and strong in courage, hurried from the scene of misfortune, and prepared to make a desperate stand at Hanau. The mill was now an important post, and it was immediately occupied by the Bavarians. Waldeck and Leonard bravely determined to share the danger with the defenders. The whole town being in confusion and uproar, it was difficult to find a place of safety for Gertrude and Elizabeth; nor could they be prevailed upon to quit the neighbourhood of their home. The elder daughter was chained to the spot by anxiety for her father and her lover; the younger, too, entertained feelings as strong and as affectionate, which she dared not avow. The confession of her passion for a French soldier, in despite of her obligations for his noble conduct in her defence, would have created little sympathy, and abundance of censure; and she nourished her attachment in silence, whilst her palpitating heart nearly burst in her bosom as it suggested the fearful question—had Eugene laid his mangled corse on the plains of Leipzig, or was he come to find a grave in Hanau? If she had even dared to make the inquiry, no one around her could have satisfied her solicitude. In all probability he would fall unknown, perchance unlamented by all, save one who ardently longed to search the hostile ranks, and snatch him from impending fate, if alive, or weep if he had already fallen a sacrifice to the demon of war, and plant a cypress in mournful remembrance of the man whose name must never escape her lips. The shades

of night deepened the horrors of the battle; a wide-spreading conflagration in the suburbs of the town shed a lurid light upon the plain; the opposing armies fought hand to hand in the streets. Now the Frenchmen, goaded by the conviction of their danger from the conquering army in rapid pursuit, swept like a torrent upon their adversaries, and often obtained temporary possession of the town. Again the allies rallied, and drove the invaders beyond the walls with shocking carnage. The crackling of timber in the flames, and the crash of falling roofs, mingling with the shrieks of the dying, and the incessant roar of the artillery, added terrors to the scene. Northwards the battle raged with the fiercest violence: in the street of the Jews, the watchword was changed from the French *Qui vive*, to the German *Wer ist da*, seven times in the course of the night; and the most desperate conflicts took place at the mill. The mill-dam served as a communication between the field of battle and the town. In the course of the contest, the French and the Bavarians frequently retreated and pursued each other over this slippery bridge. Waldeck and Leonard, steady at their post, though they did not bear arms, contributed to increase the slaughter of the foe. They carefully noted every change in the posture of affairs; and as the Bavarians passed they drew off the water to allow them safe passage; but whenever their adversaries urged their course over the dangerous path, they floated it again with such impetuosity, that thousands of Frenchmen met their death in the mill hole. In one instant, the consuming fires of Hanau shone on glittering arms, feathers waving in the midnight wind, soldiers gaily apparelled, flushed with hope or animated by victory, pursuing their eager way over the friendly bridge, rendered dry, and little hazardous, by the efforts of the miller: in the next, a flood of water reflected the red beam on its cold white bosom, as it rolled over the bodies of those, washed away and hidden in the deluge below: the rush of the torrent was heard drowning the cries of sinking wretches; and again the stream had subsided, and all was bustle and life, where the devastating wave had poured its sweeping tide. The scene was too dreadful for the eye of Elizabeth: in every groan she

thought she could distinguish the voice of Eugene; and as the waters closed over faces rendered pale and ghastly by the flames which reddened the sky, or only dimly shadowed out when the fires were smothered for a moment, or clouds of smoke darkened the atmosphere, every sable ringlet seemed to rest on the brow of her lover. She hastened down the bank of the river, eager to lose sight and sound so shocking and unnatural; yet a secret impulse kept her within a certain distance of the seat of action. When the air began to be free from the stifling sulphur which had impregnated it at the mill, and the stream, unagitated by the opening and closing of the sluices above, meandered gently through the meadow, kissing the wild flowers as it flowed, and thickly set with golden ingots reflected from the starry host shining in heaven's serene arch, she paused. The night was dark, but clear and tranquil; the cool breeze scarcely undulated the foliage of the trees; all nature seemed hushed into deep repose, and unruly man alone disturbed the peaceful scene. Sometimes a coruscation of red or yellow light shot across the sky, reaching the spot where she stood, or the increasing roar of the battle penetrated the solitude with its wild dissonance; but the hostile sound died away, and the calm gradually acquired an influence over her spirit; her pulse ceased to beat with such maddening violence; the

blood rushed with less rapidity through her swelling heart; the hot and scalding tears, which had blinded her eyes, were changed to a balmy shower, relieving by their soft gush the oppression at her breast; she gazed upon that river so fatal to the enemies of her country, and even had no link bound her to the hostile battalions, her compassionate soul would have grieved at the sad destiny befalling so many brave men. Had the ravenous mill-dam swallowed up all? Amid the thousands precipitated in its dark abyss, would not one escape? As these reflections passed across her mind, an increasing ripple struck her ear; the sluices had been again opened, and the overflowing torrent had swelled the stream. She gazed anxiously, earnestly on the water; something dark was evidently borne upon its bosom. At that moment a sudden flash, resembling the lightning glare, illuminating all the sky, plainly displayed a human form; the increasing rapidity of the tide bore its burthen to the angle where she stood; a projecting shrub stayed the progress of the body; and Elizabeth, bending forward, grasped a belt in her hand, and by the exertion of all her strength dragged her prize from the water. Pierced with several wounds, faint from the loss of blood, life, however, was not extinct, and Eugene Fleury opened his eyes on his preserver.

EASTERN AND WESTERN CUSTOMS.

Turkish Tombs—Mahomet Capriuli—Origin of Embalming the Dead—Odour of Sanctity.

To the Editor of La Belle Assemblée.

SIR;—In your ingenious paper on "*Eastern and Western Wit*,"* the repartee by the son of the dervise to the rich man's son, respecting their fathers' tombs, reminds me of the answer, related by Sir George Wheeler to have been made by a Turkish Mufti, upon being consulted for the interpretation of a dream. "We observed," says Sir George, "one monument in the fairest and largest street of Constantinople, with the cippalo [cippola]

covered only with a grate of wire, of which we had this account; that it was of Mahomet Capriuli, father of the present vizier, who settled the government during the minority of the present emperor, very near destruction, through the discontents and factions of the principal hagas, [agas], and the mutinies of the Janizaries. Concerning whom, after his decease, being buried here, and having this stately monument of white marble, covered with lead, erected over his body, the Grand Signior and the Grand Vizier had this dream both in the

* *Vide page 14.*

same night; to wit, that Capriuli came to them, and earnestly begged of them a little water to refresh him, being in a burning heat. Of this the Grand Signior and Vizier told each other in the morning, and therefore thought fit to counsel the Mufti what to do concerning it; who, according to their gross superstition, advised that he should have the roof of his sepulchre uncovered, that the rain might descend on his body, thereby to quench the flames tormenting his soul."

Here it is to be remarked, however, that a tomb with a cupola of wire is not peculiar to Capriuli. A late traveller describes the royal mausoleums of the Turks as uniformly open at the top, being so built that the rain may fall upon the flowers and herbs that are planted round the grave, while the birds are kept out by a net-work of brass or gilded wires. But a writer of just celebrity strangely inquires, in a periodical work, whether the arrangement now described can have originated in the circumstance that has been related above? As if the story told to Sir George Wheeler had any appearance of being more than a popular jest, founded upon the political animosity that followed Capriuli to the grave, on account of the struggles which, in his life-time, he had been called upon to maintain against the Janizaries; as if the invention of the dreams of the Grand Signior and Grand Vizier were not a visible imitation of the parables of Dives and Lazarus; as if a change of the original structure of the tomb, from a roof of lead to a grating of wire (suggested either by taste, or by a desire to assimilate the tomb of the Vizier to the royal tombs that have been described) may not have readily furnished the occasion for this sally of popular sarcasm; and, as if the fashion observed in the royal tombs can have any need to be accounted for from so idle, so modern, so contemptuous, and improbable an origin; especially while there exists national customs, widely diffused, that have so near an alliance? In modern Thibet, and in ancient Persia and Peru, the bodies of the dead are exposed to the atmosphere in appointed places, and left uncovered even with earth. In Peru, they were placed in open towers, which were family sepulchres. To this mode of burial we have

only to add, first, the covering of earth, and next, the protection of the grated wires, and we have before us the royal tombs of the Turks. The Jews poetically teach that, preparatory to the resurrection, a dew will descend upon the earth, to vivify the *leizes*, or little almond-shaped bones, which, according to them, are the seat of the soul; and, as Mohammedanism has its tincture of the Judaic doctrine, may not these open tombs of the Turks have some reference to that idea? May they not be left uncovered, in order to receive the dew of heaven at the resurrection; and may not, even on this account alone, an uncovered tomb be as preferable to a covered one, as the bricks of the poor dervise to the granite of the wealthy Persian?

Casting an eye on the infelicitous commentary on the open royal tombs of the Turks, it is impossible not to observe an equal error in the singular suggestion of the same writer, that the practice of embalming was a pious fraud, introduced into Egypt by her priests, and for the purpose of promoting dissection, and the study of anatomy! Here the usual simple and satisfactory explanation of the origin of embalming will occur to every reader; namely, that the Egyptians thought, that when the great cycle (the period of the duration of the world in its present condition) was complete, the soul would return to re-animate its fleshy mansion; and, therefore, were at such extraordinary pains for keeping the old tenement in repair. Nor has the conjecture which succeeds an appearance of better authority. "An odd consequence" is the remark, "may be traced to it [embalming] with less uncertainty; for, in all likelihood, it was in the discovery of embalmed bodies that the Roman Catholic notion of the odour of sanctity began." The Roman Catholics, speaking of the death of a faithful son of their church, say, that he has died in the "odour of sanctity;" or, in other words, in the sweetness or beauty of holiness. The origin of the phrase might surely, with an equal probability, be traced even to the very general introduction of sweet smelling flowers and herbs at funerals and graves; and, by a still stronger imitation, to the employment of scented oils in the

Roman Catholic rite of extreme unction, administered to such as die in the bosom of the church. Be this as it may, to describe an individual as dying in the odour of sanctity, is only figuratively to say, that he died in "good fame" with the brethren, or, as the Roman Catholics esteem it, the whole Christian world. "Good odour" is an expression for "good fame," and "bad odour" for "bad fame." The figure is common to both Antients and Moderns. Hosain Waaz, the Persian reciter of Pilpay's fables, having told us how zealously the Indian king Dabshalim secreted the original copy, adds, "Yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, the zephyr [breath] of the virtues of that book had rendered the four quarters of the globe fragrant as the neighbourhood of a rose-bower; and the musk-shedding bag of its perfections had filled the nostrils of the curious with the perfumes of its fables. Virtue," he continues, "is like musk: if musk be kept out of sight, the brain discovers its presence through its exquisite odour." In this manner, every species of moral excellence, as wisdom, virtue, and piety, are said to be of a sweet odour; and in this way alone we may interpret the Roman Catholic phrase of dying in the "odour of sanctity."

Habington, an old English poet and Roman Catholic, sings of this "odour" in a manner truly poetical, when he represents the tomb of the just as yielding perfumes; and when, alluding to the sweet scents that fill the rural atmosphere at a summer's day-

break (the "incense breathing morn" of another minstrel), he makes those perfumes the attendants of a heavenly light, which, in the same strain of metaphor, he supposes to "break" from his body:

"What perfumes come
From the happy vault! In her sweet martyrdom
The Nard breathes never so;*

* * * nor the early East,
Vying with Paradise i' the Phoenix nest.—
These gentle perfumes usher in the day
Which, from the night of his discoloured clay,
Breaks on the sudden; for a soul so bright
Of force must to her earth contribute light.

Thus the poet gives to those who are "dead in the Lord" both perfumes and light; both a morning and its sweets; the sweets springing from the body, and the light from the soul; but acknowledging that these things have no real or substantial existence; that they are for the "mind's eye" alone; he yet exhorts us in conclusion to cling to faith, though nothing manifests itself to our senses:

"But, if we are so blind we cannot see the wonder of this truth, yet let us be not infidels: nor, like dull atheists, give ourselves so long to lust, till we be believe

(To allay the griefs of sin) that we shall fall
To a loathed nothing in our funeral!
The bad man's death is horror, but the just
Keeps something of his glory in his dust."

L.

* The Spikenard is an herb of the field, which yields its perfume when trodden upon.

THE GUELF AND THE Ghibelline;

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

It was at the period in which the cities of Lombardy were rent and shaken by faction, that the noble families of Di Vicenza and Alberoni were at variance. Distinguished by the odious names of Guef and Ghibelline, the descendants of each seemed born natural enemies, and mutual offences aggravated their hereditary feud, and contributed to make the breach, occasioned by party spirit irreconcilable. The Alberoni had at one time murdered a relation of the Di Vicenza; and the Di Vicenza had procured the banishment of the Alberoni from

Bologna. The interest of the latter now prevailed, and the family had returned to their native city. Peace was established in Italy, the Emperor and the Pope being on unusually good terms with each other; and after a tedious struggle for power, there was nothing left save the recollection of former hostilities to nourish the rancour of the rival families, who had so long disturbed the unanimity of Bologna. Guido Di Vicenza, and Marcian Alberoni, were the sole representatives of their ancient houses; their parents, worn out with war-

fare, were glad to spend the remainder of their days in quiet, and left their dignity and their hatred to the care of their sons, who, both handsome, both accomplished, and both candidates for the same honours, could scarcely fail to inherit the old animosity, and to threaten a renewal of hostilities. These young men soon distanced all inferior competitors, and found themselves solely opposed to each other. Marcian and Guido felt that each would be pre-eminent in Bologna, were it not for the hateful equality of his rival; and stimulated by the hope of resting that rival for ever in the shade, their martial exercises were soon tinged with somewhat of the old character, and often threatened the most fatal consequences. Guido at length began to gain a manifest ascendancy: he carried off the prize from all tournaments; his followers increased to double and treble their former number; and Marcian, not being able to vanquish him fairly in the field, and disappointed of any decent opportunity to quarrel, without incurring all the blame of rekindling the torch of faction, so lately extinguished, or rather smothered in the city, withdrew sullenly from Bologna, determined to try his fortune in another place. On the arrival of the young stranger at Milan, when the Ghibellines were the most powerful, he was very favourably received. His fame had preceded him; and in the centre of a gallant assembly he was not the least conspicuous. Removed from the scene of his violent contests with the foe of his house, his heart became susceptible of tender emotions, his mind enjoyed an uninterrupted calm, and he began to taste the joys of friendship and the sweets of love; no longer agitated by the fear of losing his partisans, or stung with jealousy at the proud superiority of his antagonist. Foremost at every sport, Marcian was frequently invested with the prize of a successful tilt. The young nobles of Milan were wont to repair daily to a plain beyond the suburbs, to practise those various feats of dexterity which were such necessary accomplishments of knighthood. They ran at the ring, bore the apple from the spear, and emulated their Moslem enemies in their skill at throwing the lance. Returning through the narrow streets of the city, they

usually found the balconies crowded with the loveliest and noblest of its fair inhabitants; and as the gay cavalcade moved gracefully along, their glittering casques flaming in the sunshine, their variegated plumage waving in the air, and the rich draperies of their mantles relieving the vivid uniformity of polished armour; flowers and perfumes were scattered by delicate hands, and many a beautiful face bent over the stone railing of the massy balcony, to catch a parting salutation of the favoured knight, whose ready hand had secured the intended rose which now bloomed amid the jewels on his lofty helm. Marcian on these occasions never failed to distinguish a lovely girl, who, though timidly shrinking behind the elders of her family, bestowed a bright glance through the parted folds of her veil on the successful combatant. The rarest flowers blushed from alabaster vases at her side, and rich clusters of the fragrant clematis hung from the trellis which surrounded her: but she suffered them to remain unplucked, nor ever augmented the balmy shower of silken leaves and crimson blossoms with a single bud. Not discouraged by this bashful modesty, Marcian always ventured to raise the prize of the field upon the point of his spear, and lay it at her feet as he passed slowly by the object of his admiration. Growing bolder as he discovered that his offerings were not disdainfully rejected, according to the custom of Italian lovers, he besieged her garden at night, and his fond guitar was as regular as convent vesper hymn beneath her lattice. Oh, what extatic hours were those, which he spent amid the luxuriant myrtles of the fertile soil! The lamp at Iolante's window gave him sweet assurance that her listening ear drank the bewitching melody which his fingers awoke. No cloud obscured the glory of the summer night; the breeze, hushed into its faintest whisper, sighed over banks and beds of flowers, and, lapt in delicious calm, he protracted the tender serenade until the fading stars grew pale before the morning's roseate light. Sometimes at the masques and festivals, which brought the young and gay together, he had the happiness to meet Iolante Canadini; encouraged in his addresses by her parents, he solicited and obtained her as his partner in the dance;

and, ardent and inexperienced, and perchance a little presumptuous, from a slight consciousness that he was not to be classed amid those who are destined to be outcasts from female hearts, he attributed the coldness of her demeanour to maiden coyness, a feminine love of power; the triumph of beholding him prostrate for hours before the shrine of her beauty, and happy to obtain the favour of a single smile. Marcian was not wrong in his conjecture: Iolante, though at first only pleased to hold so gallant a knight in her chains, and proud to display her influence over his heart, would have doubtless repaid him with the rich tribute of her affection, had not the more enterprising Guido, tired of his unrivalled supremacy in his native city, sought a more ample field for the exhibition of his prowess. He arrived at Milan. Marcian started when he encountered his hateful form, as though a serpent had crossed his path; he felt that his triumph and his happiness were at an end; yet, nerved to desperation by the fear of losing the glory he had acquired, he flew to the field, resolved to exhaust strength, even life itself, to prevent his enemy from wresting the laurel from his brows. Cooler, less anxious, but equally determined, Guido soon displayed such evident superiority of skill, that all the assembly were struck with astonishment, and unanimously awarded to him the trophies of the day. Marcian entered the city, wherein he was wont to ride with a proud and cheerful air, in gloomy silence. He no longer headed the cavalcade, or cantered in the midst, as if surrounded by his satellites; and just as the troop approached the Canadini palace, Guido's horse stumbled through fatigue, and his rider fell back into the rear of the procession; thus joining involuntarily his disconsolate rival in arms. Iolante was stationed at the balcony, expecting the accustomed homage of her lover, and, not dreaming of the possibility of his defeat, she held a flower in her hand for the first time, intending to grant the impassioned Marcian's fond request. She looked in vain for the prize; it was borne upon the lance of another, and a stranger. Her first glance was expressive of grief; her second of admiration, as she gazed upon the noble bearing of the conqueror.

She felt that he deserved the favour of fortune. Touched with pity at the pale countenance of the man who had so long devoted his spear to her service, and filled with admiration at the exquisite beauty of the new and the successful candidate, the fingers which had instinctively tightened their hold of the tender blossom, relaxed; she gave the rose to the breeze with a half irresolute air. The Ghibelline eagerly darted forward to receive the gift. Alas! the gale, the good genius of his rival, and perhaps the wiles of his mistress, were against him. The flower floated towards the Guelph; in an instant Guido had seized it, and placed it amid the snowy plumage of his casque. Iolante seemed struck with the action, and smiled. Marcian saw no more, but spurring his horse onwards, reached his home in an agony of disappointment and rage. In the evening there was a ball: his first determination was not to appear, and he kept the resolution for an hour; then, distracted by fears, lest his absence might be prejudicial to his interests, he sought the glittering saloon. The same flowers adorned it, the same flood of brilliance shed its luminous blaze on the pillared marble ornaments, and the vivid groupes of cavaliers and ladies threading the mazes of the graceful dance, to the same enchanting melodies which had so often thrilled with delight through his heart; but the whole scene was changed to his jaundiced eyes, — for he beheld Guido and Iolante leading a sprightly measure hand in hand, the rose still conspicuous on his breast, and her cheek blushing as deeply, at the tender flattering incense which he poured upon her willing ear. Marcian sought her side, but found her cold, insensible alike to his sorrow and his reproaches. She asked him why he had suffered another to obtain a right to claim her for a partner. Stung by this sarcasm, he haughtily demanded the immediate restoration of the flower: Guido replied, that he would only yield it with his life. Marcian instantly flung his glove in the face of his rival, and retired. He was not long permitted to waste his frenzied anguish on the silent night. Di Vicenza, equally eager for the combat, and guided by the instructions of his challenger's page, soon approached the solitary spot in which

he had chosen to await his arrival. Not a word passed between them, but each drew his sword, and boldly fought like men determined either to conquer or to die. To the unhappy Marcian vain was that determination. Gladly would he have given the last stream of his life's blood to his rival's weapon, rather than have survived the disgrace of his defeat; but when stretched upon the ground *without* a mortal wound, deprived of his sword, and at the mercy of his antagonist, Guido disregarded his passionate entreaties, that he would rid him for ever of a hateful existence, and, losing his deep-rooted enmity to a fallen foe, generously restored him his forfeited blade, and bade him rise. Marcian received the weapon, but it was only to renew the charge; they fought again, but the combat was no longer carried on upon equal terms. The high-minded Alberoni sought not the destruction of his adversary, and only endeavoured to meet his own death. He was again unsuccessful; disarmed a second time, and the second time received the hateful gift of unvalued length of days from the hand of a man who withheld the only boon which he could have accepted with gratitude. He was compelled to relinquish all hope of victory: his arms were fettered, a deadly weight of obligation hung upon him, and the honour of knighthood forbade all farther hostility. Spurning the proffered friendship of the Guef, despairing of recovering the lost affections of Iolante, he hastily fled from Milan; and, guided by the trump of war, joined the forces which the Castilians prepared to lead against the Moors of Grenada. Uneclipsed by the brighter fortune of Guido Di Vicenza, his sword and his lance resumed their triumphs; but his depressed spirit no longer joyed in the prowess of his arm. Ever busy memory still painted him writhing in the dust beneath the feet of his rival, and the same cruel pencil recalled the charms of Iolante, and the lavish tenderness with which she could repay another's sigh. Careless of life, he courted danger in every shape; but, like the coy goddess of his affections, she refused to grant his wishes. Equally formidable on sea or on land, the fierce Moor trembled at his name, and a prize was set upon his head by the vanquished infidels.

Marcian's career of glory was brief as it was brilliant. Disdaining to fly before a Moorish vessel of superior force, after a desperate resistance he was made a prisoner, and carried into Tunis. Death, so long denied, so eagerly coveted, now stared him in the face; but it came in a form which, even to his agonized spirit, seemed repulsive: had it struck him on the deck of his barque, where he stood like a demigod, dealing destruction to opposing multitudes, he would have welcomed the blow; but he shrunk from the idea of meeting it in chains. For the present he was thrust into a dungeon at Tunis, some political differences remaining to be adjusted between the Moors of Spain and those of Africa, before the latter would consent to deliver their prisoner, either alive or dead, into the hands of the King of Grenada. Not a single ray of light penetrated the cell of the captive; the tedious hours wore heavily away, as in that hideous solitude he reflected upon the misfortunes of his past life. Musing over the sorrows which now seemed upon the eve of termination, and tracing all his afflictions to one source, the triumph of Guido Di Vicenza, his distracted feelings sustained keener agony at the thought of the different destinies which awaited them. The brow of his bitter enemy would be crowned with roses by the hand of beauty; whilst his head, severed from its reeking trunk, blackened in the sun on the gate of Grenada. Roused from the resignation of despair by these frightful anticipations, he hastily paced his dungeon's floor. His eyes were suddenly attracted by a faint stream of light, which was visible only from one spot, and issued from a distant corner of the cell. He approached it, and removing a vast heap of rubbish, which seemed the accumulation of years, he perceived that it proceeded from a door of communication with another apartment, which had been walled up, in all probability so long ago, that the present generation were not aware that it ever had existed. Not equalling the strength of the rest of the building, time had produced considerable dilapidation in the workmanship, and Marcian experienced little difficulty in making an aperture wide enough to admit his body. The next chamber was larger and lighter than that which he occupied, and

received air from a grated window, which looked into a deserted garden. Marcian searched eagerly round for some other mode of egress; and though the door was equally secure with that of his own cell, he found, amid much useless litter, a file, and a bunch of rusty keys. Roused to animation by the hope of escape which these unexpected discoveries created, he began to work upon the bolts and bars of the door, and soon had the satisfaction to perceive that his labours were rewarded with success; bolt after bolt yielded to his efforts, and the toil of four or five hours removed every barrier, and he found himself in the passage of the prison. Though his hopes of final emancipation rested chiefly on the window, Marcian's curiosity induced him to examine the place in which he was confined. It appeared to be the vaults of a fortress, and the walls were of such massy thickness, that no other precaution seemed to be necessary than the proper security of the doors: apparently it had been long disused as a place of confinement, and from the excessive stillness which prevailed, Marcian was led to imagine that he was the sole tenant. He groped his way through long avenues, dimly lighted by small grates in the roof, placed wherever a court-yard above permitted the admission of air. His progress was slow and unsatisfactory, and reflecting on the folly of wasting any farther time upon an expedition which seemed so unpromising, he prepared to return to the spot which offered a happier facility of escape. As he passed a cell divided from his own by two or three intervening chambers, a deep-drawn sigh struck upon his ear. He paused to listen; he could distinctly hear the breathing of the prisoner; and in a few moments a fine manly voice sang a stanza of a hymn to the Virgin. It was the sweet language of Italy, the orison of a Christian, and his heart palpitated with delight at the prospect of delivering a countryman from captivity, and obtaining a companion in his flight. Fearing to linger too long during the day in the passage, and unwilling to raise hopes in the breast of another, before he had ascertained the possibility of effecting his rescue from confinement, he returned to the apartment which he had quitted, and

recommenced his labours on the window. The heavy bars of iron gave way to the file; but, fearful of venturing into the garden during daylight, he placed every thing which he had removed as nearly in its former situation as circumstances would admit, and, carefully concealing the aperture in the wall, threw himself down upon his straw couch to rest. At nightfall the gaoler entered his cell: he brought with him food, and a lamp, and seemed so perfectly secure of the strength of the dungeon, that the necessity of an examination never occurred to his mind; and Marcian, who watched the motion of his dull eyes with the most intense solicitude, saw by their vacancy that his secret was safe. He suffered an hour to elapse after the departure of his visitor, ere he recommenced his operations: he then removed the grate of the window, and, dropping down the wall, entered a garden, which, though desolate and neglected, seemed a paradise to the forlorn prisoner. The night breeze, loaded with the perfume of the orange blossoms, fanned his burning temples; the gush of a fountain poured its gentle music on his ear; and myriads of glittering stars revealed the deep green foliage of myrtle bowers, mixed with the paler tint of the acacia, and the tender buds of newly opening hines. Revived by the freshness and fragrance of the balmy air, Marcian paused, absorbed in the enjoyment of Nature's dearest blessings. But he felt the necessity of more active employment, and proceeded to reconnoitre the place; the fortress reared its bare walls above him to an immense height, and narrow loop-holes were cut between the thick buttresses. From these he did not apprehend any discovery, as the tangled underwood, which had been suffered to grow in such luxuriance, afforded an ample screen. He stole cautiously through the thicket, following the bendings of a massy wall which encompassed the garden. The faint starlight only partially betrayed the desolation of this wilderness: it seemed to have been formerly the residence of some female favourite; but so long abandoned, that its pavilions were approaching the last stage of decay; unfashioned lattices swung drearily in the night breeze, which whistled through spacious chambers, now tenanted only by the lizard and the

bat. At any other time Marcian would have felt an interest in exploring the recesses of these fanciful buildings; but now, solely occupied in searching for an outlet, he passed these once gay habitations with eager speed. The sound of the sea-wave, beating hoarsely against the beach, inspired him with hopes, which were realized by the discovery of a strong door in the wall. He made no attempt upon it; for the assurance that with the instrument in his possession he could force it open at pleasure, and the idea of the Christian captive whom he had left behind, prevented him from wishing to effect his escape until the ensuing night, when he hoped to enjoy the felicity of conducting a companion in misery from his dreary imprisonment. He therefore returned to the fortress, and proceeded to the cell of the unfortunate, intending to surprise him with the joyful intelligence that he possessed a friend, anxious and able to release him from Moorish tyranny. The light of the lamp with which he had been furnished, flashing through the key-hole, guided Marcian to the door, and betrayed the unhappy inmate to the gazer's eye. Astonishment for an instant deprived Marcian of the power of speech or motion, for in the desolate captive he beheld the foe of his house, the destroyer of his peace, Guido Di Vicenza. A thousand contrary sensations agitated his heart at this unexpected discovery. Perpetual captivity, or death, was the fate allotted to his proud rival; for the wars between the Christians and the Moors had assumed so sanguinary an aspect, that neither would consent to ransom or exchange their prisoners. Every torment which, in the haughtiness of his victories, he had endured from the insolent exultations of the man delighting to deprive him of his honours, and the affection of a creature dearer to his soul than any other blessing which earth could give, arose to his imagination; active memory recalled the contumely of owing life to his forbearance, of being spared to witness his success, of being pointed at as the Ghibelline, compelled to quail beneath the superior fortune of the happier Guef, who, whether individually or as a party, was invariably triumphant. Guido's withering smile, as he snatched the rose from his grasp, and on the night of the ball led Iolante to the

dance, returned to his mental vision, and he beheld the arched eye-brow, the curled lip, and the proud glance which had entered into his soul, and cankered every joy. Indulging for a brief interval in the sternness of his revenge, Marcian determined to leave the wretched Guido to his destiny, and twine in future an undisputed laurel round his brow. Steeled by the recollection of his injuries, he returned to his dungeon in sullen gloom; but more generous feelings succeeded. The power of bestowing happiness, so seldom granted as the attribute of a mortal, was offered to him by heaven, and none save a demon would deliberately reject the gift. Yet again the noble resolves of his heart were chilled by the horror of relinquishing Iolante to a happy rival's arms. Struggling against the united passions of jealousy, hatred, and revenge, Marcian's heart was rent by contending emotions, and he spent the remainder of the night in the agitating conflict; but the charity of the Christian overcame the resentment of the man; and, still bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the loss of Iolante; still detesting that favourite of Nature, who had so constantly and successfully opposed him; he generously determined to stifle his hatred, and share the blessings of deliverance with Guido Di Vicenza. The day passed away without awakening any suspicions of his intended project, and soon after the gaoler's evening visit Marcian repaired to the cell of his enemy. The noise which he made in removing the fastenings aroused the attention of the prisoner, who, catching eagerly at the hope of escape, approached the door. Alberoni had converted one of the rusty keys into a second file. This he thrust through the key-hole, and the united exertion of two active young men soon effected Guido's release. Marcian, unwilling to receive his thanks, had, muffled himself closely in his cloak, and making a sign of silence, he motioned to Guido to follow him. He led the way to the garden, which they both traversed without uttering a word, and again their mutual exertions forced the barrier, and they found themselves standing upon a lonely spot between Tunis and the sea. The night was dark, the exigency of the moment too great to admit of conversation,

and hastily agreeing that it would be most prudent to take a circuitous route round the walls of the town, and travel in the opposite direction from that which seemed to offer the most obvious facility for escape, they commenced their journey at a swift pace, and speeded onwards for many hours before they permitted themselves a moment's rest. Hitherto they had wandered at random; but the first dawn of the morning displayed a chain of mountains, which bounded the open plain at a considerable distance; and rightly judging that if they could reach their fastnesses before their evasion was discovered, they would afford a secure asylum from the power of their enemies, they strained every limb and every nerve to gain the haven of their wishes. Guido, though surprised at the obstinate taciturnity of his companion, submitted to it as a necessity, or a caprice, which he had no right to dispute. Marcian's unwillingness to reveal himself every moment increased; but farther concealment became impossible. He had enveloped his head in the hood of his cloak; and when they had toiled through a steep pass in the mountain, and the devious windings of its solitude offered safety and repose, he was obliged to remove the thick covering for air. Guido observed the action, and eagerly bent forward, when, their eyes meeting, he encountered the fierce glance of Marcian Alberoni. The exasperating insults of his former triumphs rushed to the soul of the Guef; his pursuit of his victim to Milan, and the robbery of Iolante's affections, and he felt that to deprecate the resentment of the despised Ghibelline's immolated heart would only be considered as a fresh aggression. Marcian, unable to overcome the bitterness of his feelings, turned away, and they quitted each other in silence; but Guido, irrevocably bound to his benefactor, only removed a few paces from his side. Marcian, who having made the discovery of their close vicinity before, had recovered from the tumultuous sensations which it produced, stretched his weary limbs upon the earth, and soon sank into a profound slumber. But sleep refused to visit the eyes of Di Vicenza; and he spent the hours in vain regrets at the determined hostility, the repeated and projected humiliation, which now prevented him from

daring to express gratitude for benefits conferred, and forbade the hope that even the high-souled Alberoni would forgive offences, for which it was not in his power to offer the slightest atonement. He had stolen the heart of Iolante, and gloried in the theft: but were he to resign the treasure of her love, she would be equally lost to the unhappy Marcian, and he should only increase the number of his transgressions by the abandonment of a trusting woman, without making any reparation to the man he had injured. Marcian, when he awoke, looked hastily around, in the hope that Guido had pursued his journey; but perceiving that he had voluntarily remained with him, would not propose a separation: for though he would gladly have encountered all the perils alone, which were to be apprehended in a toilsome pilgrimage through a savage country, he would not expose the foe whom he had liberated to the danger of perishing in the desert. The wilderness produced a temperate meal of roots and fruitage. The freezing coldness of Alberoni precluded all conversation except that which related to their immediate preservation, and at sunset they proceeded onwards with burthened hearts; the Ghibelline only looking forward to the moment in which he could rid himself with honour of his hateful companion; and the Guef, despairing of the reconciliation which had now become the dearest wish of his heart, yet determined to acquiesce in every mood of the man whom, in the wantonness of his power, it had been his study to provoke. Thus associated, sharing every difficulty and every danger, they traversed the burning plains of Mauritania until their strength began to fail. The hungry tiger and the insidious serpent marked them for their prey, and whilst one slept, the other was compelled to keep a wakeful vigil: thus Guido watched over the safety of Marcian, and Marcian guarded the repose of his still hated rival. As the privations and the perils of their journey increased, even the inveteracy of his feelings subsided before the expectation of approaching death. One grave seemed preparing for both; their bones appeared to be destined to mingle together; and; overcome with fatigue, with thirst, and the utter hopelessness of des-

pair, Marcian threw himself into Guido's arms, and both sank down on the plain together. Their parched tongues refused to utter a word: their swimming eyes grew dim, and each gazed upon vacancy; but the pressure of their hands, clasped for the first time, thrilled through their fluttering hearts as they hovered on the confines of the grave, and mutual forgiveness was thus passed in silence. It was midnight—an apparently illimitable ocean of sand stretched its dreary waste around them: the stars, in all the multitude and splendour of a tropic sky, studded the wide

canopy above their heads; and, as the tedious hours moved slowly on, seemed to linger, as if aware that the fiercer rays of the noon-tide sun would quench the last spark of life, still faintly quivering in the breast of those helpless beings whom no other eyes beheld. Growing every moment more insensible to pain, perchance the agonies of death were passed; but the timely succour of a caravan rescued the distressed fugitives from impending fate; and the Guelf and the Ghibelline were spared for many years of inviolable friendship.

• THE AMOURS OF WINTER.

AN ALLEGORY.

It might be thought that so elderly a personage as Winter, with his frosty hair and his trembling limbs, would not fall readily into the passion of love; but, besides a *frail fair* that he once kept on the Thames, and who drowned herself on his deserting her, it is well known how deeply he became enamoured of the fair January, when, meeting her all clad in white, and with white plumes on her head, and brilliants upon every finger, he told her that, in that dazzling raiment she looked like an angel. A thousand times he longed to kiss her blue lips, and a thousand times to squeeze her red hand. But the lady was chaste as unsunned snow; and, not knowing how to break the ice, his hopes would have expired, had he not observed that his touch made her hand tremble, and that at his presence her beautiful eyes always beamed with more than their usual brightness. From this time he did nothing but make *rimes* upon her beauty; but as she slighted him, and at last parted with all his crystal keep-sakes, he sighed heavily from the N. E., fell into a deep melancholy, and, no longer cutting a figure on the Serpentine, nor pursuing any of his usual amusements, towards spring he fell into so deep a decline, that for the recovery of his strength he removed into another climate. There he soon got the better of his passion by a new one, which he conceived for a fair damsel who sold oysters in the street; and observing that she drank her beer

chilled, as if pledging him, and besides that he had somewhat inflamed her eyes, he could not help thinking that he had won her liking. Above all, observing that at night her chamber window was left open, as if purposely, he climbed up and entered very joyfully. The next morning the poor woman was discovered stiff and cold; for, as his cruel custom was, he had ended by killing her, and a coroner's verdict was even entered to that effect. However, he changed his coat for a green one, assumed another name, and effected his escape into a distant country. There, again, having seduced a young maiden by a present of crystals, he tempted her to walk with him on the ice, suddenly plunged her into a deep hole, and she was never afterwards heard of. The next night, a young lady, one Miss Mary March, having eaten an ice at a ball, and dying immediately after, it was shrewdly suspected that, out of jealousy, he had poisoned her. By his native subtlety, he again escaped apprehension, again changed his quarters, and rented an ice-house of a fishmonger.

He next fell in love with a very fair lady, an Albino, on account of the whiteness of her hair, which so resembled his own. But, coming to him one night, with *red eyes*, as if from weeping, and complaining that he had pinched and nipped her, till she was quite blue from his cruelties, he swore she was false to him, and that she had *chaps* on her lips; and, adding that he had already

bitten off the nose of one, a Russian, who used to come courting her of nights, he gave her so sharp a blow, that it turned to inflammation in her chest, and she died. Thus conducting himself, and kissing every man's wife or daughter that he met abroad, so rudely, that they went home blushing, the place at last grew too hot to hold him. In his next abode he threw himself at the feet of a lady of character, who, in an unguarded moment, made a slip and fell. Thereupon encountering her husband, he pierced him through and through without mercy, and left him stiff and cold. Still he could not be brought to punishment; for, though he might be taken, he would be sure to slip through the fingers of the officers and run off. The boys, however, made effigies of him in snow, and almost pelted him to pieces with snow-balls. At length, after much severe treatment, he returned to the lady of the North Pole, to whom in his youth he had been lawfully married, and who still proved constant to him in spite of all his infidelities. "Alas!" said she, "behold how I have pined away in thy absence!" Instead of pitying her condition, however, he remained with her

only a season; and, leaving her dissolved in tears for his desertion, and almost naked (for she had only a *bear* skin to cover her) he went to take his pleasure in England. Here, at the first notice of his arrival, he was accused of stopping the Manchester mails; but an *alibi* being set up, that he was at that time in Durham, he was suffered to go at liberty. Every door, however, was closed against him; and no persons of any credit (for coals) would suffer him to enter their houses; so that, being obliged to lodge in the open air, he was often to be seen lying about in the streets, soiled and dirty, the sport of boys, but execrated by the passengers who tumbled over him. In this manner, wet, and cold, and naked, and an object of general reproach, he dragged out his miserable days. And now to come to a moral (for that is the end of all fable): let the young, the gay, and the wealthy, consider the fate of Winter; and if they would walk steadfastly, and unblenished and without falling, let them be wise, and wear list shoes, and avoid the slippery path wherein he hath fallen.

T.

Original and Fugitive Poetry.

IMPROPTU.

*On reading a beautiful little Volume of Poems,
by Maric A. Watts.*

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

I know thee not, thou Minstrel wild,
And yet thy lays are sweet to me:—
Sweet—as those visions that beguil'd
The fairy hours of Infancy!

For there's a calm, a holy spell,
Breathing through thy poetic strain;
Like Sabbath morn's returning bell,
That calls the heart from Earth again!

'Tis joy to find a kindred breast,
In this cold, heartless world of woe;—
Where Genius droops, by Scorn oppress'd,
Till Feeling's stream forgets to flow!

(Where FASHION prompts the Minstrel's strain,
That Idol of the gaping crowd,
To wake his measures "light and vain,"—
To please the great—and court the proud!)

'Tis soothing in this polish'd age,
When Poets bend at Folly's shrine;
To turn thy pure, unsullied page,
Where genuine Nature fills each line!

Hoburn Place, Russell Square.

SONG.

A lake and a fairy boat,
To sail in this moonlight clear,
And merrily we would float
From the Dragons that watch us here.

Thy gown should be silver silk;
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipt in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls.

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dow'r;—
But Fairies have broken their wands,
And wishing has lost its pow'r!

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN OF FLO-
RENCE," "THE ROMANCE OF YOUTH," &c.

When Ev'ning's shades o'erspread the sky,
And, from her starry throne on high,
Pale Cynthia, Empress of the night,
Sheds far and near her silver light ;
Thee, Hamilton, sweet bard I love,
Oh ! be it mine with thee to rove
Through forest dim, or greenwood shade,
For solitude and silence made,
And hear and see those elfin sprites,
That revel through long summer nights ;
Or that pale boy with golden mind,
Who for dim shades and silence pined ;—
That boy, above all mortals blest,
He whom the fairy queen carest,
That boy, who left his quiet home,
Amid the busy world to roam ;
Or Indreana's fate bewail ;
Or listen to the mournful tale,
Which Simona, in accents mild,
Breath'd to the ear of her accusers wild.

Enchanting bard ! thy magic pow'r
Hath shorten'd many a weary hour ;
Enraptur'd o'er thy page I've hung,
What time thy Muse her wild harp strung.

A.L.L. II.

THE WILLOW TREE.

My childhood was the willow tree
That loves the water's side ;
And brightly flow'd the stream below,
But Pleasure's was the tide.

When spring tide came, the sun rose mild,
And softly fell the dew ;
My stem was fair, my buds were full,
My branches sweetly grew ;

But, ah ! the stream o'er which I hung,
And fondly stooped to drink,
Soon sapped my roots, and left me bare,
To wither on the brink.

And when Misfortune's wintry blasts
Among my branches stray'd,
The waters left my withering roots—
My head was lowly laid.

Thus though the tree of life awhile
On Pleasure's brink may grow,
Ere long Misfortune's wintry blast
Will lay its beauty low.

THE FAREWELL.

And must I say, my love, farewell !
And shape the word that breaks such bliss ?
It sounds the happy lover's knell,
Let's drown its harshness in a kiss.

Ah, no ! o'er Love's sweet ruddy lips
That cruel word distils a frost,
Each bud of joy in sorrow dips,
And all its honey dew is lost.

Thy breath will melt the clinging pearl,
For frost should ne'er such coral stain ;
But should it not, why then, dear girl,
I'll kiss them back to warmth again.

THE WARNING.

Though thou art fair, sweet maid,
As mortal race can be,
Yet must thy beauty fade
When death shall visit thee ;
Nor will the willow tree,
That shades thy narrow bed,
For thee with boughs and leaves of brighter
green be spread.

Fair is the lily ; fair
The rose, the Poet's flower ;
Woo'd by the vernal air,
Morn is their bridal hour ;
But 'ere the cold night lour,
Your Zephyr wings away,
And leaves the widowed flowers to mourn their
own decay.

But when spring's genial fire
With April lustre glows,
Heaven clothes with fresh attire
The Lily and the Rose ;
But beauty never knows,
When once chilled by decay,
The bright and sunny hours of soft, delicious
May.

TO AN EOLIAN HARP.

It was a chorus of the winds that stole
Its silence from the night, and seem'd to play
A momentary dirge—as if the soul
Of Harmony had died and pass'd away.

Now to the air it gave a solemn peal,
And on the hearing in sad concord hung :
Anon in trembling distance did it steal,
Till not one tone of faint vibration rung.

Again ! it breathes in fitful murmuring,
Now querulous and low, now full and clear ;
Borne on the midnight gale's mysterious wing,
Like angel-echoes from a distant sphere.

O wizard Harp ! strange power is thine,
And more than music thou canst give,
Stirring those chords of magic twine,
So sweet, so fugitive.

Thy tones, not on the ear they dwell,
They sink not on the mournful air;
But inly to the heart they swell,
And wake an echo there.

Of friends away they seem to sing,
And make the hours of absence dear;
The shades of forms beloved they bring,
And draw the distant near.

O wizard Harp! such power enthraling,
No art melodious could inspire;
No wing of winds in murmurs falling,
So sweetly tune thy wire.

It is the spell that Fancy weaves,
Which gives thy charm to thee:
It is the sigh that Memory heaves,
Makes all thy melody.

LOVE, HOPE, AND FANCY.

"Sister! what rosy innocent
Is on thy bosom sleeping?
Oh, who such lovely charge has lent
To Fancy's lonely keeping?"

Fancy was bending o'er the child,
Enwapt in pensive musing:
"Ah! is it thou?" she said, and smiled,
A blush her charms suffusing

"But tell me, Hope, to this lone glen
What leads thy footstep daring?
What news from the abodes of men,
And whither art repairing?"

"O, Sister, tired with fruitless chase
Of shadows still receding,
I come to seek a resting-place—
And see! my feet are bleeding.

"Oh, I am come in search of rest,
Counsel and aid to borrow,
And to a sister's faithful breast
Confide my secret sorrow.

"The youth for whom each blushing flower
In varied wreath I braided,
Ungrateful, owns no more my power,
For, ah! their bloom is faded.

"To him my sweetest lays I sung,
When oft the world had grieved him:
No longer now can charm my tongue;
He tells me I've deceived him.

"But, Fancy, if thy lyre were lent,
And cease, to my keeping—
But say, what rosy innocent
Within thine arms is sleeping?"

"How still the little slumberer lies,
Sweet dream his rest beguiling!
I wish he would unclothe his eyes,
And gaze upon me smiling.

"One kiss!"—"Nay," Fancy cried; "re-
frain,
Lest you the urchin waken,
And then he'll spread his wings again,
And ne'er can be o'eraken.

"I found him, tired with insect chase,
Beneath a rose-tree lying:
All faded was his cherub face;
So pale, I thought him dying.

"I held him to my pitying breast,
For could I then but take him?
I sang the innocent to rest,
And, Hope, thou must not wake him."

"I will not: cease thy vain alarm.
One kiss—he will not feel it—
One kiss the slumberer will not harm.
And, Fancy, I *must* steal it."

He wakes, he wakes! he spreads his wings;
And while for flight preparing,
Alas! see how the dart he flings
The breast of Hope is tearing.

'Twas Love! Too late the truth she found.
And is he then departed?
None but the hand that dealt the wound,
Can heal the broken-hearted.

THE MORNING WALK.

WHILE Summer morning's mellow light
Is looking o'er the pale blue hill,
And the fond tear of widowed night
Is glistening on the fresh grass still,
Then, Nora dear, our walk shall be
On the lone mountain's silent side,
Like its own breezes, blithe and free,
With plighted hand we'll wander wide.

The plover's whistle, shrill and small,
Will echo o'er the hills of heath,
And the far torrent's ceaseless fall
Will reach us from the vale beneath;
The young bird in his pride of crest
Will twitter by on wanton wing;
Or, conscious of his being blest,
To all his little loves will sing.

And shall I envy, Nora dear,
That blithe young bird his song of bliss,
My heart so light and thou so near,
With thy soft smile and simple kiss?
No, darling one! I would not change
The feeling that thy fondness gives,
To take his light ethereal range
With any blissful bird that lives!

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1824.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

HIGH dress of cachemire of a peculiarly fine texture; the colour, a bright Indian red. The border of this dress is ornamented in a very curious and novel manner. A *rouleau* of satin, in a pointed wave, runs across the bottom, about five or six inches above the hem, and over this *rouleau* are laid antique ornaments, representing spears' heads, to each of which is affixed a ring handle. The bust, on each side, is ornamented with embossed wheat sheaves in satin, and the *mancherons* are trimmed in a correspondent manner. Though the dress is made high, it has no collar, but is finished at the throat by a falling collar of fine India muslin, edged with Vandyke lace. The bonnet worn with this becoming costume is of slate-coloured velvet, trimmed with satin bows and folds, interspersed with several full-blown flowers of different colours; a small lace cornette is worn underneath, and the bonnet is tied with Indian red ribbon. An ermine muff, and black satin half boots, complete this dress.

No. 2.—OPERA DRESS.

A gossamer satin round robe of a pale amber colour, with three flounces at the border, in *festons*; the flounces falling over each other, and quilled *en dents de loups*; over these are slightly scattered China astres of different colours. The bust is not distinguished by any ornament, but is remarkable for the delicate correctness that shields it, without concealing the contour, which is embellished by *houffont* drapery, laid across next the tucker, and divided simply by a bow in the centre. The sleeves are short, but not so full as they were worn last month. The hair is arranged in the Parisian style, with a head-dress formed of pearl-coloured satin bows, which tie under the chin, *à la Marmotte*, with *fichu* ends, trimmed with blond. Two white

feathers, beautifully drooping, fall over the left side of the head, and nearly touch the shoulder. A necklace, composed of two rows of large pearls, and a scarf of fine white lace, disposed in drapery, finish a costume, which, we must say, has more style and novelty to recommend it, than what is generally more becoming in full dress: for a *coiffure*, tied down close to the face, with a robe ornamented with flowers, and white feathers depending from the head, is one of those innovations which a pretty woman of fashion will sometimes fall into, but it is not in good taste, and conveys the idea of indisposition.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The temporary sojournment of the titled and wealthy, at their country seats, during the Christmas recess, may be now pronounced to be over; and the town is completely filled with those members of rank and fashion, who yet prefer the sure comforts, and we think we may add superior elegancies of England, to those of foreign countries, often too highly, and falsely estimated: we are happy, however, to say that those who remain with us, yield not to any, in point of taste, fancy, or splendour, in attire.

Never did we see a winter so far advanced in which pelisses were so little in favour: the costly enveloping cloak in the carriage, the high dress of that soft and superior kind of cloth called the British cachemire, are still preferred; the high dress, on a mild day, answering all the purposes of a pelisse, is often worn without any out-door addition. When the weather is any thing like frosty, then the beautiful and appropriate appendage of an ermine tippet, *à la pélerine*, over a dark dress, or a long sable tippet, or one of Chinchilla over

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a light one, is thrown over the shoulders; while the rich and warm scarf, of real tartan, lined with white satin, and ornamented with tassels, representing the Scotch thistle, imparts, by its brilliant colours, liveliness and association to dresses of every tint. Pelisses, however, are not thrown aside—that, we trust, will never take place; but they are not so universal as formerly. They are, indeed, rendered now more useful than ornamental, and are chiefly confined to the promenade. Of a fine dark blue cloth, superbly braided, or ornamented with chain *cordon*, to imitate braiding, they gratify the eye by causing the pleasing reflection, that they give employment to the daughters of industry. Dark brown cloth pelisses are also finished in the same manner, they look well for a short time; but brown cloth soon attains a shabby appearance. Young ladies wear very much for walking, a pelisse of fawn-coloured cloth, trimmed with crimson velvet, which has a very beautiful effect. A few crimson cloth pelisses have also appeared; these are well, but plainly made; have no braiding, but are lined with white satin or *gros de Naples*, and have a rich and costly appearance.

The wide bonnets, we are happy to say, did not take much with those fashionists who never lose sight of good taste. The Swedish hat is among the out-door novelties of this month, and is extremely becoming, either for the carriage or the promenade; in front it is bent down, and moderately wide at the temples, having much the appearance of a tasteful bonnet; but it is in reality a hat with the strings that tie under the chin placed underneath, very backward: this hat is of black velvet, and is very simply ornamented. Bonnets of black velvet are much worn, either with feathers or flowers; many are lined with blue, cherry colour, and other lively colours; white linings are not reckoned genteel, and black linings, though always unbecoming, are preferred by those composing the higher classes to any other.

The gowns are trimmed in various ways; but the heavy trimming introduced in November had but a very short reign: the present trimmings mark great diversity of fancy, but have little to recommend them, except lightness and novelty: that on our print for a carriage costume, really reminds

us of a key kept purposely for the security of some peculiarly choice wine or *liqueur*. We can assure our fair readers, notwithstanding, that it is extremely fashionable. The most beautiful trimming, of the latest invention, was one we saw on the dress of a young married lady, at a dinner party composed of people of high rank. Her dress was a puce-coloured Levantine, trimmed at the border with amber-coloured crape and satin: from three separate waves of broad *rouleau* of crape depended, at intervals, a full pagoda bell of satin; the effect was more beautiful than can be described; the dress was made partially high, the bust ornamented with bands of amber satin across, terminating *à la Brandenbourg* by a small pagoda bell: the sleeves were short, and trimmed to correspond. Another lady had a dress made low of a faded violet colour, striped with green; the bust was trimmed with ornaments of green satin, in foliage, edged with white beading, representing shamrock leaves; the trimming at the border was one simple flounce, the same material as the dress, set on very full, and bound with green satin; at the top of the flounce was a rich corkscrew *rouleau* of green satin; the sleeves were short, very simply ornamented, and had but little fullness. Striped and plain silks are equally in favour; and black, with coloured ornaments, with cornelian and coral armlets, bracelets, &c., is very much in favour this winter; yet it is but partially worn by the same lady, for pink and amber-coloured satins are more usually seen in evening costume. Ball-dresses are of white satin, or gauze over white satin; the trimmings consist chiefly of gauze, placed in various ways, and the flowers are scattered over very sparingly; but being full-blown, and of the gayest colours, they have at the same time a light as well as pleasing effect.

The hair, arranged in every way that ingenuity can devise, to suit the expression of the countenance, is now the most approved head-dress for all ladies who are not too matronly; when ornaments are added, they are of the most expensive and costly kind. A diadem of antique cameos or valuable gems, superbly set in filagree gold, has been seen on the head of a lady belonging to one of our most noble fami-

lies: this is the chief novelty; the other jewellery head ornaments, of rubies, diamonds, and pearls, remain set in much the same way as last month; the latter often formed into a *bandeau*, diamonds in diadems, or tiaras, and rubies, intermingled with pearls and gold, sometimes on ornamental combs; but diadems in front of the hair are reckoned most elegant. The cornettes for morning dress are very becoming; they are not set out so wide now as to be *outré*; and their shape imparts a *youthful*, instead of an *aged* appearance to the countenance, which the old cornette was too apt to give: when made of fine lace, and ornamented with small bows of narrow coloured gauze ribbon, or scattered over with flowers, without foliage, they are often worn the whole day for home retirement. Turbans are of black velvet; or of scarlet gauze spotted with yellow, and both are often ornamented with a plume of amber-coloured feathers. We do not greatly admire the present mode of mingling the hair with braided ribbon of the same colour as the tresses; bows are also often injudiciously placed here and there, either of hair or ribbon; and the head is rendered too large for the figure. Caledonian caps, which, we believe and hope, will never be out of date, are much worn by matronly ladies.

The jewellery consists chiefly of rubies, pearls, and turquoise stones; the latter are particularly admired, when set in elegant clusters for a brooch; but the most valuable and favourite brooch is a fine cameo head on pale coral, beautifully surrounded by filagree gold: the head of the lamented Princess Charlotte is most in request for this purpose. Cameos are now in great estimation.

The favourite colours are holly-leaf green, scarlet, amber, of rather a pale tint, Indian red, and slate colour.

Before we dismiss our account of the most prevailing English modes, we beg leave to call the attention of our fair readers to the improved Norwich crapes; the stiffness once complained of in this beautiful article is now entirely done away, and they have the graceful fall and pliability which distinguish the fine Oriental cachemire: this stuff, of our own home manufacture, is equally appropriate to morning,

or dinner-party dress, according to the way it is made up, or to its manner of being trimmed. It is said, that the inventor of this material is the brother of Sir James Smith, President of the Linnæan Society.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

WE are, generally, very fine at this candle-light season of the year, and we have not deviated from that custom: polished steel, gold lace, and other glittering ornaments, add splendour, not only to the evening robe for full dress, but are also favourite embellishments to the turbans and dress caps of our most distinguished ladies of fashion. Yet black crape dresses, lined with black satin, are very prevalent for the evening. The sleeves are short, or else a long sleeve, *un-lined*, descends to the wrist; the robe part is trimmed with puffings of crape, and *rouleaux of satin*, the *rouleaux* crossing over each other, interspersed with *dents de loup*; the *corsage* is *en gerbe*, with a drapery crossed over the back and bosom.

Velvet mantles, lined with satin, are the most distinguished favourites for out-door costume; they are trimmed with Chin-chilla, and enriched by a gold lace above the fur; a large pelerine of black velvet is fastened by a clasp of polished steel, or of *or moulu*: the mantles are made very long. Those who cannot afford to have these winter envelopes so costly, have them made shorter, and of less expensive materials; they, nevertheless, are smartly made, look well, and fashionable; for never were pelisses and spencers so little in favour, as at this moment; and I find, by your late accounts, it is the same with your English ladies.

Hats of black satin, or of black velvet, ornamented with plumes of white, or light grey Marabout feathers, are most in favour. Scotch caps are much worn in carriages; they are made high, with a puckered band:

all these alterations are certainly unappropriate, and destroy the beauty of the real Highland cap. Satin or velvet hats, of two colours, form one of the present novelties; these are ornamented only with a rosette with long ends, placed over the right ear: some velvet hats have round the crown a broad, plain satin ribbon, with a large cockade.

Ball dresses are of *tulle*, trimmed with crossings of satin *rouleaux*; some of these satin trimmings represent wreaths of roses, lilies, and branches of the pomegranate tree; these are intermixed with little bunches of feathers and quatrefoils in chenille, forming altogether a very beautiful appearance. Evening, and public *fête* dresses of *tulle*, ornamented with gold and silver lama, offer a pleasing variety; on one are two rows of embroidery, with a lozenge trimming between, in satin; on another, two rows of embroidery, and three flounces; the dress figured all over in little stars: on another are two rows of raised flowers; the stalks of gold lama, and two flounces, disposed in *festons*. Large crowns, with palm leaves entwined, and hanging over them, form a favourite border on dresses for *grand costume*, as do sheaves of corn, laid across, in bias; branches of currant-bushes with fruit and foliage, and others composed of bunches of grapes, are among the most admired and splendid articles for ornamenting full dresses. A dress

of azure blue *tulle* has excited much admiration; it is embroidered with two rows of silver coronets, entirely composed of little stars, with five points, and two flounces, ornamented with little stars of silver. The corsages of all kinds of dresses have a slight drapery, but only over the top of the bust: the sleeves are so short, that it is impossible for them to become shorter. At the balls in Paris, when the ladies raise their arms, they appear to have no sleeves at all.

Turbans and toques are the most universal head-dresses: a Scotch dress cap has been introduced, with a kind of aigrette, composed of silver foliage. Wreaths of pearls, or of flowers, are favourite ornaments on the hair of young persons. At balls, the favourite embellishment of this kind is a wreath composed of branches of oak leaves and acorns, in gold or silver; or branches of ivy, white-thorn, in flower, or currants with their leaves. Spanish bows, in *ponceau* satin, are also much in favour, placed at intervals amongst the hair, which is, when so ornamented, very fully drest: many ladies mix bright yellow with *ponceau* in these knots.

The favourite colours are turquoise blue, cedar of Lebanon, rose-colour, and lemon-colour.

Black satin shoes, with white stockings, are reckoned most elegant, when the dress is black; with long white gloves.

Monthly Miscellany;

CONTAINING

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN

DRAMA, &c. &c.

St. Ronan's Well, an Historical Novel. By the Author of "Waverley," &c. 3 vols. 1824. Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

WE know not whether the eighth wonder of the world—the great poet, prophet, and conjuror of the north—has written himself out, or whether he has been only suffering his genius to take a nap, that she may come forth refreshed for a more daring and astonishing flight than any that we

have heretofore witnessed. Time will show. This much, however, is certain: one or two more such precious performances, as *St. Ronan's Well*, by the "author of *Waverley*," would go nigh to lay the said "author of *Waverley*" on the shelf, and to open the way to fame and profit for young and enterprising candidates. Once upon a time there was a poet, who wrote and wrote till the public were tired of reading his

poems; then he turned novelist, and manufactured many a goodly tome, till his patrons began to betray symptoms of squeamishness; next he tried the drama, but the experiment did not succeed; then he gave his jaded Pegasus a spur, and to it he went again in the field of romance; and then—what then?—Why, as we have said before, time will show.

We cannot stop to analyse the waters of St. Ronan's Well, for they are not worth it; but we will briefly introduce to the notice of our readers Mistress Meg—not Merrilies, but—Dods, the fair priestess of the spring:—

She had hair of a brindled colour, betwixt black and grey, which was apt to escape in elf-locks from under her mutch, when she was thrown into violent agitation—long skinny hands, terminated by stout talons, grey eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad though flat chest, capital wind, and a voice that would match a choir of fish-women. She was accustomed to say of herself in her more gentle moods, that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, is vouched to have been heard from the kirk to the castle of Saint Ronan's.

The scene of this novel lies in the vicinity of the decayed little village of St. Ronan's, now supplanted by a rising town, which originated in the discovery of a medicinal spring, on the southern borders of Scotland. Francis Tyrrel, the unacknowledged son of the Earl of Etherington, by a private marriage with the orphan Marie Martigny, is enamoured of Clara, sister of the last Mowbray, of St. Ronan's. Valentine, son of the Earl of Etherington by his second marriage, succeeds to the title and estates. From vicious motives, Valentine persuades Tyrrel to a clandestine marriage with Clara; but, finding cogent reasons for changing his views, he endeavours to personate and to supersede him, but is detected and nearly killed. Clara, persecuted by her brother, who has been ruined by Valentine, becomes desperate, and dies in a state bordering upon insanity. Tyrrel's legitimacy is discovered; Valentine is killed by Mowbray; and Tyrrel, tired of the world, flees from society, no one knows whither. Thus the reader rises, not only with a painfully oppressed heart from the perusal of a repulsively tragic tale, but with a sensation

of disgust, and almost self-hatred, at the villanies of human nature.

The materials, it must strike every one, are of the most common-place description. The style is careless, vulgar, and ungrammatical; and the only redeeming qualities of the work are to be found in its very lively and spirited sketches of character. Besides the redoubtable Mistress Meg Dods, the hostess of the ancient inn at St. Ronan's, we have Sir Bingo Binks, a sporting baronet. Touchwood, an eccentric old gentleman in want of an heir; Lady Penelope Peufather, a *bluc*; Winterblossom, a *cognoscente*; a lawyer; a quack doctor; the master of a skipper, and his wife; a fighting Highland officer; a sentimental clergyman, &c.

It is intimated that, from the same ever-flowing spring, we are immediately to be treated with "The-Siege of Ptolemais, as a specimen of his General History of the Crusades, a work by the Rev. J. Cargill, Minister of St. Ronan;" and also with another novel, in April.

A Tour through the Upper Provinces of Hindostan; comprising a Period between the years 1804 and 1814: with Remarks and authentic Anecdotes. By A.D. 8vo. pp. 291. London: C. and R. Rivington, 1824.

THIS is the production of a lady; and from the very lively manner in which she has sketched the scenery, habits, and manners of the country through which she passed in the course of her tour, it does her great credit. The subjoined anecdote we select as affording a fair specimen, we apprehend, of Hindoo Christianity, notwithstanding the loudly-vaunted efforts of some of our Missionaries:

A singular circumstance occurred, in consequence of the arrival of some Missionaries while we were at this place. These gentlemen had been holding forth in the bazar, and having gathered together a numerous assembly of the people, particularly remarked *one*, as being more attentive than the rest (a corn-factor, of respectable appearance); when, going up to him, the Missionary asked if he had been convinced by the arguments he had heard in favour of the Christian religion? After a moment's hesitation, "What will you give me," said, the native, "to become a Christian?"—"The blessings of our

holy religion will reward you," replied the Missionary.—"That will not do," returned the native, "but I'll tell you what—if you will give me a lac of rupees, and two English ladies for my wives, I'll consider of it." The Missionary was indignant; and but for the timely interference of the mayor, matters might have taken a serious turn.

At Lucknow, our fair author was introduced to the Nawaab, Sadut-Ali, a man whose manners, taste, and extraordinary accomplishments appear to be in full proportion to his wealth and the magnificent style of his living. He is not only conversant with the English language, but he writes English poetry with a degree of ease, correctness, and even elegance, which might shame many of our Cockney scribblers. One of his little pieces we have been so much pleased with, that we shall transfer it to our poetical department, where it cannot fail of being regarded with interest.

This truly pleasing and unaffected volume abounds with amusement; a portion of which we should be most happy to impart to our readers, would our limits allow.

Salmagundi: or, The Whim Whams and Opinions of Laureolat Langstaff, Esq., and Others. By the Author of Knickerbocker's History of New York, Sketch Book, and Bracebridge Hall. 8vo. pp. 329. London: Tegg, 1824.

THIS is "the earliest production of a writer, who has lately attracted much attention in England, and whose matured writings place him in the first rank of living authors." We understand, however, that in its composition he was assisted by two of his young countrymen, Mr. Verplanck, a barrister, and Mr. Paulding, author of "*Koningsmarke*," a singularly humorous American novel, which, within the last two or three months, has excited much notice in England. "*Knickerbocker's History of New York*," "*The Sketch Book*," and "*Bracebridge Hall*," have been so generally read, and so deservedly admired, that the announcement of any production from the pen of Mr. Irving, their author, could not but be received with pleasure; yet we frankly confess, that we were by no means prepared for the rich treat which the present volume has afforded us. It is true, that, in the first flight

of a writer so highly gifted by nature, we expected both genius and talent; by way of set-off to these, we expected, also, to meet with much of the puerile, the crude, the flimsy, and even the ridiculous: in the former, we have been delightfully gratified; in the latter, we have been as agreeably disappointed. In these "whim whams and opinions," there is more of the spirit, more of the fresh, varied, and lively tone of the "*Spectator*," than in any work we know. We cannot describe the book by any single epithet; for it is at once light and eccentric, droll and whimsical, humorous and pathetic: it is, in fact, a *Salmagundi*. The respective notices of the Cockloft family—the characteristic sketches of Tom Straddle, the little man in black, &c.—the playfully, yet keenly, satirical letters of Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan—and the beautiful moral tact that pervades the work, are all admirable in their way. We have rarely met with a volume, the perusal of which has given us so much pleasure.

Memoir of the late Mrs. Henrietta Fordyce, Relict of James Fordyce, D.D., containing Original Letters, Anecdotes, and Pieces of Poetry. To which is added, A Sketch of the Life of James Fordyce, D.D. London: Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1823.

THIS is as charming a *mélange* of amusing incident, and light and graceful chit-chat, as we have for a long time met with. Dr. Fordyce, it will be recollected, was one of the respected friends of Dr. Johnson, and particularly known as the author of sermons, addressed to the gentler sex. Neither he nor his lady seems ever to have been scorched by the fire of love, though, doubtlessly, they were much cheered and comforted by its genial warmth. The history of their courtship and marriage, as detailed in this memoir, is very curious. Miss Cummyng, protected by the Countess of Balcarras, contracted an intimacy with the sister of Dr. Fordyce, at a dancing school, at Edinburgh. Some of her letters were shewn by Miss Fordyce to her brother, who, it appears, became instantly enamoured of the fair writer. A correspondence commenced between them, and lasted two years, without a meeting of the lovers. At length, when the lady was first

blest with a sight of the Doctor, she was delighted to find in him a living representative of Cicero, with whose bust and writings she was familiarly acquainted. Their attachment, thus *classically* cemented, was not, however, immediately brought to a point. The lady gave utterance to many prudish "not yet," "no occasion for precipitancy," &c. and "procrastination," that "thief of time," seemed to throw the lover's anticipated happiness to a teasing and indefinable distance. At length, by a pleasant stratagem on the part of Lady Balcarras, Miss Cummyng was all at once surprised into a wedding. A gay and full dress party was formed, the object of which the fair Henrietta was not apprized of, till the very evening that was to make her a wife ! The parties having assembled round the altar, in the chapel belonging to the mansion—

The Dean of ****, who had been engaged to perform the ceremony, began, and continued to pronounce the words with impressive solemnity till the Doctor had to say, "With my body I thee worship," when he substituted the words, "With my body I thee honour." The Dean repeated "worship;" the Doctor repeated "honour." Three times the Dean reiterated "worship;" and as often the Doctor, in a voice which inspired awe, repeated "honour." The dignitary paused; a momentary red suffused his cheek; but he proceeded, and the ceremony was concluded.

It is pleasing to know, that a marriage so singularly effected proved as singularly happy.

The book we very cordially recommend to the attention of our readers.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1824. London: Longman and Co., 1824.

WE are very glad to observe the successful progress of this work, the eighth volume of which, now upon our desk, presents us with the lives of Earl St. Vincent, Lord Keith, John Kemble, Lord Hopetoun, Sir D. Pack, Mr. Nollekens, Dr. Hutton, Mrs. Radcliffe, Dr. Jenner, Dr. Baillie, General Doumourier, Mr. Angerstein, Lord Glenbervie, Sir Henry Raeburn, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Bloomfield, &c. Several of these lives are very ably written; and, altogether, the volume we think is in a superior style to that of any of its predecessors. We are

pleased also at the improvement of omitting the customary analysis of biographical works, and neglected biography, which, as they were of minor and uncongenial interest, has agreeably afforded a more extended space for original information.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan. 12mo. 3 vols. London: 1824. J. Murray.

THE *Memoirs of Anastasius* must be yet fresh in the recollection of our readers. This is a production of the same school; and, we doubt not, by the same author, Mr. Hope. We have indeed seen it ascribed to Mr. Morier; but the resemblance of style, manners, and moral tone, is too strong, too striking, too vivid, to be the result of imitation. The fresh impress of originality is visible in every page, in every line. We have room neither to sketch the fable, nor to offer extracts; yet we wish to convey some idea of this extraordinary book, which cannot be read without a deep and lively interest. Hajji Baba is the son of a barber of Ispahan; and, writing his own Memoirs in the first person, he relates, with much spirit and vigour, his multitudinous adventures, in the almost innumerable characters of itinerant, quack, captive, menial, dervise, executioner, merchant, lover, rogue, envoy, &c. &c. &c. In these different characters he sees much of the world; visits Bagdad, Constantinople, Curdistan, Georgia, Tehran, and many other regions; meets with many curious characters, whose portraits he sketches with great felicity and truth to nature; relates a world of pithy anecdotes, and poignant tales; and, altogether, displays one of the most brilliant and varied pictures of Asiatic morals, manners, and customs, that can be imagined. His description and history of Asker, a Persian poet, are excellent. The catastrophe of his love adventure with Zeenab is perfectly appalling, but we dare not touch upon it. The despatch of a Persian Vizier, converting an unsuccessful skirmish with the Russians into "a good substantial and bloody victory," is all that we can venture to make free with. "It is beneath the dignity of the Shah," observes the minister, "to kill less than his thousands and tens of thousands. Would you have him

less than *Rustam*, and weaker than *Afrasaib*? No: our kings must be drinkers of blood, and slayers of men, to be held in estimation by their subjects and surrounding nations." The Mirza, or secretary, afterwards says:—

I have written (reading from his paper) that the infidel dogs of Muscovites (whom may Allah in his mercy impale on stakes of living fires!) dared to appear in arms to the number of fifty thousand, flanked and supported by a hundred mouths spouting fire and brimstone; but that as soon as the all-victorious armies of the Shah appeared, ten to fifteen thousand of them gave up their souls; whilst prisoners poured in in such vast numbers, that the prices of slaves have diminished one hundred per cent. in all the slave markets of Asia.

Bravo! Buonaparte himself, in all his glorious bulletins, could not have beaten this. The Vizier remarks, that "if the thing be not exactly so, yet, by the good luck of the Shah, it will, and therefore it amounts to the same thing;" and the Mirza qualifies the affair by quoting a well-known passage in Saadi—"Falsehood mixed with good intentions, is preferable to truth tending to excite strife."

We have room only to repeat our entire conviction, that Mr. Hope, and Mr. Hope only, can be the author of this work. It exhibits the same sarcastic irony, the same evil features of humanity, by which the *Memoirs of Anastasius* are so pre-eminently distinguished.

St. Johnstoun; or, John Earl of Gowrie.

3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh: MacLacklan and Stewart. London: Baldwin and Co.

THIS is a novel of the Waverley school, with all the faults of its class, and but little of its redeeming power. We have never been able to comprehend how or why one man of talent can condescend to imitate another. No man by imitation ever yet became, or ever will become great. Imitation always excites comparison, and the result of comparison is invariably unfavourable to the imitator; for, admitting what is rarely, if ever, the case, that the copy should be superior to the original, it still must be altogether unpossessed of that freshness which will ever be regarded as one of the characteristics of genius. To imitate the style of a writer,

or of a painter, is to prefer a mere copy of nature to nature herself.

The historical romance of "*St. Johnstoun*" is founded upon certain events which occurred in the reign of James VI. of Scotland, previously to his ascending the English throne. John, the last Earl of Gowrie, a gallant and accomplished young nobleman, the honoured head of the Protestant party, forms the hero of the tale, whose ruin is sought, and ultimately consummated by Patullo, a wily and accomplished Jesuit, the prime mover of the machinery. The jealousy of King James is excited by certain favours, which are ascertained to have been conferred by the Queen, upon Ruthven, the younger brother of the Earl; and, by the artifices of Patullo, and of Rathsay, the slighted lover of Lady Agnes Somerdale, to whom the Earl, though of an opposite faith, is deeply attached, the King is rendered a willing participant in the horrible assassination of the two brothers. The obscurity in which the death of Gowrie and of his brother is historically involved, renders it a fine subject for the glowing pencil of fiction; and were it not for the palpable imitation which these volumes betray, and for certain minor faults, which are indeed so many offsets from the original sin, we should not hesitate to pronounce the work a very clever performance. It displays great variety of character; many of the scenes are extremely well written, and the interest is ably sustained till the moment of the grand catastrophe. All that follows is bad; and it cannot fail of occurring, even to the most superficial reader, that every individual character in the story may be traced, with ease, to its prototype, in one or other of the far-famed Scotch novels. The book, however, is not without a fair portion of merit: to attain a respectable rank amongst his contemporaries, all that the author has to do, is to abstain from the degrading vice of imitation.

Popular Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland. By William Grant Stewart, Esq.

IN another department of *La Belle Assemblée*, we have at different times submitted to our readers *Legendary Tales*, which exhibit the mountain chiefs of Scotland,

and the highest classes of their vassals in pictures that seem to live and move before the mind's eye. Mr. Grant Stewart's very entertaining collection now before us, shews the opinions and manners of the multitude who were humble retainers to those immediate descendants of the heroes that figure in the poems of Ossian; and the author has, with much propriety, superadded the legendary lore and customs of a later period. For its illustration of the superstitious credulity of a dark period, the following little tale will be read with curiosity as well as with interest.

There is, in the vicinity of Torres, an ancient decayed edifice called *Castle Boorgie*, where once lived a rich laird, who had a beautiful daughter. Seemingly possessed of every engaging accomplishment, and the most amiable dispositions, she was the darling of her aged father, whose hopes and joys were centred in her. One spring morning, as her father and herself were surveying the fine prospects commanded by the castle, the immense number of ploughs at work within the compass of their vision happened to attract their attention.

"Father," says this ill-fated, unconscious child, "do we not behold a vast number of ploughs in the widely extended district now spread to our view?"

"Yes," replied the father, "and a pleasant thing it is to look at them."

"What reward will you give me," said she, "if by a single word I shall cause them all to stand immovable as if the cattle were transformed into stones?"

"On that condition," answered the father, "you shall have the most superb and costly gown in the town of Torres."

"It is done," says the daughter. Raising her hand, she muttered an unintelligible sound, and lo! all the ploughs in the district, excepting one, stood stock still and motionless.

"Indeed!" exclaims her father, "you are a rare conjuror, my dear: but how is that plough in the adjacent park exempted from the magical effect of your potent charm?"

"I can easily guess," she replied. "There is in one of the oxen bows a pin of the roan tree (mountain ash), which defeats all preternatural fascination."

"All this is wonderfully fine," said the father; "but pray who taught it to you?"

"My old nurse instructed me," she responded; "and Sir, am I not greatly obliged to her?"

"Undoubtedly," said the father, "and she shall soon have her reward. Oh, my dear, my

only child, comfort and support of my aged head, would you had never been born!"

Summoning immediately a council of his friends, the broken-hearted parent revealed to them the whole circumstances, and craved their opinion as to the measures to be adopted in this case, so deeply lamentable. After due consultation, they decided that as the young lady was lost to all good in this world, the extension of her life could only produce aggravated sorrow and infamy to her friends, while her spiritual interests must be every day more destroyed by accumulated guilt: therefore, that her days should be privately terminated by a private death; and that the hag, the author of her ruin, should be publicly burned, under every ignominious circumstance. To this miserable doom the agonized father was persuaded to assent, and a doctor was immediately called from Torres to point out the easiest mode of taking her life. Bleeding the temporal arteries was the expedient agreed upon, and the innocent victim of a beldame's depravity was taken to a private apartment to undergo the awful operation. On entering the chamber, her father burst into a passion of tears. Observing his distress, his affectionate little daughter also wept and said,

"What is the matter, my dear father? Have you received any sad news? Oh, tell me what is the matter, that I may share your sorrows and dry your tears."

Fearing that the father's courage might fail, under so signal a trial, the friends immediately seized the astonished girl, bound her hand and foot, and placed her in a vat, and the surgeon inflicted on both her brows, fair and beautiful as the brows of angels, the fatal wounds. As the blood flowed, the affrighted victim incessantly cried,

"Do not kill me, do not kill me! What have I done to offend my dearest father? sure I have done no harm. For the sake of my dear mother, who is no more, and for whose sake you loved me so well, do not kill me! do not let them kill me, my dear father!"

The weeping father sunk senseless on the floor, and the unhappy child soon closed her eyes on this world, sighing with her last breath, "my dearest father, do not kill me."

The old hag was then brought out to the lawn in front of the castle, and thrown into a vast furnace of tar and other combustibles, amidst the execrations of an assembled multitude. And it is said, that while the witch was burning, every crack from her infernal body was loud as the report of war cannons.

The shocking death of the child, and the cruel execution of the supposed initiator in *black acts*, are probably facts. Such hor-

rible sentences were not uncommon in superstitious times.

The Pilgrim's Tale; a Poem. By Charles Lockhart. 8vo. pp. 135. Whittakers. London, 1823.

MR. LOCKHART'S prefix is somewhat naïve: he very laudably hopes to improve "in future by the knowledge of his present errors," and he submits "his first production to the public, conscious that he has many friends in the literary world who will very cheerfully find all the fault they can." If this be a first production, as internal evidence seems to prove, we can safely pronounce it to be a work of promise. It is "a wild and wondrous tale." We select, almost at random, the following passage, as a fair specimen of the style:—

The bloomy grape's rich purple seemed to tell
Of many a future, glowing festival;
Hanging like human hopes of promised joy,
That, ripening soon, some blight may still destroy.

The modest rose display'd her softest hue,
Beneath her jewel-vest of diamond dew;
Like a young bashful maiden blushing bright
Through her gemm'd veil, before the bridal night,

And o'er the tomb-entwining cypress, shone
The pensive radiance of the vestal moon,
Playing, as the summit waved in zephyr's breath,
Pure as the smile of innocence on death—
When Isabel and Lera stood to see
The soothing scene from their high balcony.

Fair as the virgin roses in her hair,
And like those silvery flowers, sweet as fair,
Her ivory cheek scarce tinted, like the glow
The setting sun reflects on new-fall'n snow;
Her silken ringlets flowing curl on curl;
Her azure eyes like sapphires set in pearl,
Clad in a vestal robe, around which hung
Her ebony beads and silver cross, the young,
The lovely Lera, silent, stood beside
The hapless Isabel, Langara's bride.

The pervading fault of this poem, as far as language is concerned, is a looseness and incorrectness of versification; and the incidents are so extravagant and astounding, that they would require the energies of a giant to manage them with effect. They form, indeed, a caricature of the horrible. Yet the writer is not without genius, power, and a feeling of the dramatic.

First Steps to Botany, intended as Popular Illustrations of the Science, leading to its Study as a Branch of General Education. By James L. Drummond, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Belfast Academical Institution. 8vo. pp. 339. London: Longman and Co. 1823.

THERE is too much truth in Dr. Drummond's remark, that, in most of the elementary publications relating to botany, the explanation of the Linnæan system is almost the only thing aimed at; the student who trusts to them, erroneously imagining, that when he can distinguish the class and order of a plant he has become an accomplished botanist. The mode of instruction pursued by our author is very different. He gives, in his earlier chapters, a very copious and lucid account of the different kinds of roots, stems, leaves, &c.; thus leading his pupil on, step by step, until he is fully prepared to comprehend, and enter into the merits of, the Linnæan classification, which is then as copiously and as lucidly described. "The plan adopted in the present work," observes the author, "has been to unite to the technicalities of botany, a considerable share of interesting or entertaining information, on many parts of the vegetable kingdom, in the hope that a work so constituted as to be of a popular, and, at the same time, of a strictly scientific description, may be found useful."

It is no more than simple justice to say, that Dr. Drummond has executed his task very ably. The cuts given in the letter-press are numerous, remarkably distinct, and in a style far superior to what is usual on such occasions. Much poetical and other pleasing illustration is interspersed throughout the work, which will be found to constitute a pleasing and eminently useful introduction to the study of such writers as Wethering, Willdenow, Smith, &c. It has a good verbal index. In succeeding editions, we hope to see the contents of the respective chapters prefixed.

MUSIC.

"My Heart and Lute," a ballad, by Thomas Moore, Esq., J. Power, Strand.

"O lovely is the Summer Moon," a song, writ-

ten by Miss Anna Maria Porter; the music by Henry R. Bishop. J. Power, Strand.

The subject of the above ballad by Mr. Moore is by his own acknowledgment, "taken from a melody composed by Mr. Bishop." The melody alluded to is, we believe, to be found in a ballet brought out many years since at the Italian Opera. At all events it is remarkably pretty, and just adapted for the light, airy, and pointed words which accompany it, and when sung with the slightest portion of taste, cannot fail to leave a calm and gentle impression of agreeable feeling behind.

If "*O lovely is the Summer Moon*" bore the name of any one among the middling class of the many vocal composers of the present day, instead of that of Mr. Bishop, we should, from several individually beautiful passages, have been induced to bestow upon it no small portion of praise; but, when put in comparison with the greater number of Mr. Bishop's productions, three of which we have now before us, it must certainly be considered only as one of his second-rates; for, though the melody is flowing, and the harmony correct, they have no redeeming character to raise them above what may be termed common-place.

"*Drink ye to her*," "*The Maid's Remonstrance*," and "*Reconciliation*;" all written by Thomas Campbell, Esq., composed by Henry R. Bishop. J. Power.

Are highly creditable to the respective parties: they are well brought out, ably written, and scientifically set. "*Drink ye to her*" is possessed of merit of the highest order, and embracing much variety; yet, in melody, or at least in subject, it is in some slight degree inferior to the two following. The amplification of the different phrases of the melody is highly beautiful, and worthy of imitation. This may now be considered as a characteristic feature in our later compositions, in 6-8 time. The modulation first into F, and then the return into the original key, are both conducted in the most able manner, particularly in the latter instance. The legato passages in the same part of the song are admirably expressive of the words, and form a beautiful contrast to the other parts.

"*The Maid's Remonstrance*" commences with an introductory symphony

which combines in the most masterly manner, elegance, beauty, and, what is still more rare, the quality understood among painters by the term 'keeping.' The melody is striking, and strongly impresses on the mind the sentiments conveyed by the words. That portion of the music which is set to the words "on my cheek's pale hue," is both characteristic and original. We must object to the accentuation of the words "grow dim," and also to the break in the sense produced by the introduction of the full close. The accompaniment is divided into three parts, and is elegantly and correctly constructed. The words are to us perfectly original in idea.

"*Reconciliation*" is the most classically beautiful of these three elegant compositions, as well in the symphony and melody as in the accompaniment. The passage set to the words

"Let thy lip no longer quiver,
Let thy bosom's heaving cease,"

is both in harmony and counterpoint perfectly unexceptionable; and the passage set to

"But to love thee and to leave thee,"

is very expressive. "*The Maid's Remonstrance*" is beautiful: but this song is certainly, in every respect, superior.

1. *Portrait Charmant, a favourite French Air as a Rondo for the Harp, with an Introduction* By N. Charles Bochsa; Royal Harmonic Institution.

2. *Grand Russian March for the Harp, composed and dedicated to Miss Barnett*, by N. C. Bochsa. Chappel and Co.

M. Bochsa is decidedly the first composer for, and performer on the Harp, that has ever appeared, and as such it is only necessary to mention the above pieces to say that they are highly meritorious in their kind, and adapted in the most masterly manner for the instrument.

1. "*Collection of New Foreign Marches for the Pianoforte*," by the most celebrated Composers. Cocks and Co.

2. "*Classical Beauties for the Pianoforte*," extracted from the choice works of Haydn and Mozart. Books 1 and 2. Same publishers.

In the above collection of marches, with the exception of that by Hummel, we can discover no merits to entitle them to re-

publication in this country. The one by Gollenberg is extremely brilliant, and the whole may serve to pass away an hour for which no better employment can be found.

Of the "Classical Beauties" we are able to speak in every respect favourably. The names of Haydn and Mozart always awaken in our bosoms sentiments of the highest veneration and respectful affection. The present two numbers contain the celebrated movement from Haydn's military symphony, his "*God preserve the Emperor*," with variations, for the pianoforte. This work was originally written as a quartet, and is allowed to be the most finished specimen of that species of composition produced either in this country or on the Continent.

1. *Variations on a Favourite German Air for the Pianoforte.* By J. Moyseseder. R. Cocks and Co.

2. "*Variations to a Theme in the Opera of Jean de Paris, with a Grand Introduction.*" By J. Moyseseder; arranged for the Pianoforte, as a solo, by Gelenck. Boosey and Co.

The melody of the first series of variations is extremely beautiful, and the variations very pretty, but at the same time common-place. The last, *à la Polonoise*, is the best, and may be said to be well worked up.

The second set of Variations opens with a splendid introduction, possessed of much novelty in harmony, and must prove highly effective when in the hands of a good performer. The air is pretty, and the variations are by no means common-place; but almost original in their kind. The first portion of the variation in the minor mode is in three parts, and consists of scientific imitations, which are admirably relieved by the *dolce* passage immediately following. The *coda* of four bars leading to the sixth and last variation is brilliant.

"*Impromptu*" on the favourite Air "*The Bard's Requiem*," for the Pianoforte, composed by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Chappel and Co.

2. "*A favourite Swiss Air*," as a Rondo for the Pianoforte, composed by I. B. Cramer

3. "*Conin through the Rye*," a celebrated Scottish Ballad, as a Rondo for the Pianoforte, composed by Frederick Ries.

The first of these productions was composed, as we learn from the title-page, for

the performance of Mademoiselle Delphine Ichourath, a child of only nine years of age, and played by her at the Argyle Rooms in the most surprising manner; we were present, and can therefore speak from our own knowledge. The piece itself is well adapted for the occasion; it is of no ordinary difficulty, but at the same time very brilliant. The finale strongly reminds us of the last movement of Rossini's Duet, "*All' idea de quel metallo*," from *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*.

Cramer's "Swiss Air" is a very pleasing melody, and possesses all the characteristic traits of the author, who, we are certain, would be still more pleasing and effective were he to introduce a little more variety into his music.

Of Ries we cannot express more than we feel; he is far above our praise. The introduction of the present work is original and beautiful; nevertheless, there is a passage—the last bar of the third stave—wherein the octave of the bass is introduced ungrammatically: the chord being that of 6-4-2; but the four preceding bars possess such sterling merits in the harmony, that it is almost hypercritical to mention a fault, which could have arisen only from inadvertency.

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CHELTENHAM.—The series of concerts at this city, the first and second of which we mentioned last month, have been continued with equal spirit and ability. We wish, however, particularly to notice a French Opera and Vaudeville which were performed for the first time in this country, under the management of Mr. Bochsa and Mr. Woodward, on the 10th January, at the Assembly Rooms.

La Maison à Vendre was the title of the Opera, or rather comedy, which is interspersed with several very pleasing pieces of music by the celebrated Daleyroc.

The story is shortly this: A lady named Dorval (Madame Richbough), residing at a village about forty miles from Bourdeaux, has a house and a small estate, which, not wanting, she resolves to sell, in order to raise a marriage portion for her niece Elise. Ferville (M. Varney), a neighbour, secretly anxious to unite the two houses, but too avaricious to offer a fair price, endeavours, by underhand means, to lower the value of the house in public estimation, that he

may be enabled to make an easy purchase. At this juncture two young gentlemen, Versac (M. Genat), and Dermot (M. Richebourg) having left Paris to visit the uncle of the former, a wealthy merchant at Bourdeaux, arrive at the village exhausted with hunger and fatigue, which the emptiness of their purses, the consequence of prodigal expenditure, had been unable to relieve. In this difficulty the nephew of the merchant, seeing the announcement of "A House to Sell," resolves to present himself as a purchaser, merely in the hope of receiving an invitation to dinner. The name of his uncle being well known to Mme Dorval, as that of a respectable merchant at Bourdeaux, he is received with great politeness. Madame Dorval is anxious to secure so respectable a purchaser. A repast is prepared, of which the travellers with feigned reluctance partake. At this repast Elise, the niece (Madame Genat) is introduced, who, to the surprise of Dermot, proves to be a young lady with whom he had been much enamoured at Paris, but of whose residence he had since been able to obtain no intelligence. Before he has an opportunity of discovering himself, Ferville, learning, with disappointment, that Madame Dorval is on the point of disposing of her house, endeavours to obtain an interview with the supposed purchasers. Versac, discovering the views of Ferville, amuses himself, much to his annoyance, by enumerating the many alterations projected in their new purchase, all of which must prove highly detrimental to his prospect and comfort. Ferville, fearful that the value of his property may thus be entirely destroyed, offers to give Versac the additional sum of 20,000 francs for his purchase. To this Versac readily assents, and returns to Mme. Dorval to close the agreement with her. The lady, having discovered the circumstances of the two travellers, and learning the trick which they were about to practise on her neighbours, refuses to ratify the engagement; but finding that Versac is willing to give the whole sum thus acquired to his friend Dermot, on condition that the latter is allowed to marry the niece, she consents. The estate is then transferred and resold, and Dermot receives the hand of the niece Elise.

The story is carried on with so much ingenuity, and the songs are so well written, and so judiciously introduced, that we are surprised the piece has never been adapted to the English stage. The performers, both as to their acting and their singing (two qualities, which in England are unfortunately very seldom united) were entitled to the warmest praise. They are engaged, we understand, for a

series of French Plays, this season, at the King's Concert Room at the Opera House, where we hope to see them again, and thus be enabled to offer a more matured opinion on their merits.

"*Le Colonel*" was the title of the *Vau-deville*, which turns upon the point of a lady, Elise de Lupan (Madame Genat) assuming the dress and title of Colonel de Gondreville, the husband of her cousin, Madame de Gondreville (Madame Richebourg) in whose company she is travelling without an escort. After many lively incidents, the lady officer is discovered, and all ends very pleasantly by her obtaining a husband in the Colonel's regiment. The performers were in this instance equally successful as before; and altogether the piece went off with charming effect.

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

After a period of extraordinary excitement—of expectation raised to the very *acmé* of enthusiasm—this establishment opened for the season, on the evening of Saturday, the 24th of January, with Rossini's opera of *Zelmira*, a piece new to this country, although from selections it has enjoyed a large portion of celebrity in our musical circles. As an additional attraction, Madame Colbran Rossini, who has been long admired by the first judges on the Continent, was to appear for the first time on English boards, in the only important character of the piece.

The pit was crowded to excess, and indeed there was scarcely a box unoccupied. Rossini, on his entering the orchestra, was welcomed by a cheering applause, and at the conclusion of the opera he was called for, to appear on the stage, where he made his *overture* and retired.

The chief characters were thus personated:—*Zelmira*, Mme. Colbran Rossini; *Emma*, Mine. Vestris; *Ilo*, Garcia; *Antenore*, Curioni; *Polidore*, Placci; *Leucippo*, Porto; *Eacide*, Franceschi.—Instead of being preceded by an overture, the opera commenced with a grand chorus.—Though exhibiting some very powerful dramatic situations, and a *dénouement* of considerable interest, the character of this opera is altogether too serious—at least for the multitude. It is more in the German than the Italian taste; a circumstance which may perhaps in some measure be

accounted for by its having been composed by command of the Emperor of Austria. Its distinguishing features are choruses and concerted pieces, all of which evidently display the fine genius of the author.

Madame Colbran Rossini, who sang with great success at Paris, as far back as the year 1787, is in possession of a firm and mellow voice, though somewhat deficient in power for a theatre so large as ours. With the exception of her shake, her style is rapid and correct; she was very warmly applauded, particularly in the duet *Perche mi guardi*, in which she was ably seconded by Madame Vestris; and she seems likely, we think, to become an established favourite.

At the close of the opera, *God save the King* was given with great effect, Rossini presiding at the piano. Madame Ronzi de Begnis sang the first stanza, and Mesdames Caradori and Vestris the two following. The appearance of the house, whilst the audience were all standing, presented a most striking and brilliant *coup d'œil*.—Spagnoletti, Linley, Dragonetti, Wilman, and Puzzi, were at their old posts; the performer on the hautbois distinguished himself by a display of tasteful execution; and in the whole of the orchestra great improvement was perceptible.

Between the acts of the opera a diversion, under the title of *Honneur aux Dames*, was brought forward with great success. On this occasion, M. Aumer may be said to have divided the interest and attention of the public with M. and Madame Rossini.

In the last new Ballet, *L'Adoration au Soleil*, which relates to the worship of the sun by the natives of South America, the dresses and decorations are of the most splendid description, and the dancers are all eminently successful. The three principal dancers are Albert, Charles Vestris, and Le Blond. The first is evidently conscious of his high talent; Vestris maintains himself in the good graces of the public; and Le Blond, during his absence from London, has acquired new claims to notice. Mme. Ronzi Vestris holds her station in the first rank. The two principal female dancers recently arrived are Mesdemoiselles Legros and Idalise Grenor. The talent of Mlle. Legros is perceptibly distinguishable over that of all the others. Those of an inferior rank are Mesdemoiselles Aumer, Moulin, &c.

The house has been cleansed, decorated, and fitted up in a tasteful though not very expensive manner: the tattered moreen hangings have been exchanged for glazed calico, of a lighter colour, and the fronts of the boxes have been painted a pale pea-green, and embellished with neat scrolles and gilding: the whole harmonizing and causing a very pleasing effect; the *proscenium* is not in good keeping with the rest of the house, it is cold and naked. Of the drop curtain we cannot say much in praise; it is scarlet, chequered with gilt ornaments in star and rose: but poor, stiff, and unimpressive. The other parts have experienced a correspondent amelioration, and the whole seems to have been managed with judgment and liberality.

Altogether the new management may certainly congratulate themselves on the entire success of their first efforts.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The annual feast of scenic display, mechanical feats, &c. has been presented at this theatre with great success.—*The House that Jack Built* has been chosen to embody the efforts of the motley crew of *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, &c. Young GRIMALDI, as *Clown*, evinces much talent, but there is not that self-sufficient gravity in his manner which characterized so conspicuously the feats of his father. Ellar is perhaps the best *Harlequin* on the boards; and the mock consequence of Barnes in the *Pantaloon*, highly delights those who professedly admire pantomime, and serves for some excuse for those whose minds are not so easily gratified in witnessing the folly. As for the plot of this production, no words can speak it, any further than the change so quickly made into *Harlequin et suite*, and a frequent succession of beautiful scenery is presented—tricks are practised that force an inadvertent laugh from some, the loud token of full enjoyment from others, and for the moment, amuse all. The scene of skaters is particularly clever, and the ascent of the balloon well-managed. The system of hatching chickens by steam, and other *satiric* hits are attempted, and in their way are humorous enough. This pantomime has been highly successful, and we have no doubt will meet the speculation of its getting up.

Jane Shore preceded the pantomime, on the ~~the~~ night of its representation; but the impatience of holiday fancies rendered the actors nearly, sometimes even quite, inaudible.

John Bull has been produced. This is a sterling effort of genius, rich in wit and forcible in passion. Cooper played *Peregrine*, and with much force and talent developed the calm, determined feelings of the benevolent man. Connor, as the warm-hearted, eccentric *Dennis Brulgruddery*, fully met our notions of Hibernian hospitality and ingenuousness: there is an ease, a purity in Connor's Irishman, highly superior to much personation of the national character. Fawcett's *Job Thornberry* is a beautiful effort; affection, and honest indignation, by turns subduing and agitating the poor "broken hearted brazier."—Blanchard, as *Sir Simon Rochdale*, was perfectly judicial, on the most excellent terms with his own judgment, and wholly unwilling to be curbed by "father antic the law."—Jones played *Tom Shuffleton* in his best style: the vapouring loungeur was more than personified by the satirizing talents of this gentleman. The likeness may meet an acknowledgment at the corner of every street.—Rayner plays *Dan* with some quaintness.

Miss Chester appeared for the first time since her dangerous illness as the gentle "victim of ungarded sensibility," *Mary Thornberry*. The part is wholly unfitting for her. Miss Chester can never play any thing gentle, or calling for the least development of sensibility. Great personal charms must be awarded to her; but it is a too prevailing error, that actresses, conscious of external ornament, depend upon their execution on the eye and sense, and leave the mind ungratified. This lady is peculiarly culpable in this particular; she would appear more like a fashionable friend of *Lady Caroline Braymore*, than the "lovely, heart-bruised wanderer."—*Lady Caroline* was played by Mrs. Chatterley, who is in this degree of character really clever—she appears at ease, and herself, in the made-up lady of fashion.

Julius Cæsar presented Mr. Young as the stoical dignified *Brutus*. When we reflect how deep was the impression made by its former possessor, we must acknowledge the

effort of Mr. Young, highly as we appreciated his classic powers, were then met our most sanguine expectations. His cool determined purpose, the offspring of reason and of soul, in the slaying of his friend, gave a most beautiful proof of magnanimity and patriotism: he breathed throughout the dictates of philosophy and grandeur of design. Mr. C. Kemble's *Antony* was distinguished no less for its energy and passion than its oratory. Mr. Cooper appeared for the first time as the choleric *Cassius*: Mr. C. is always a most sensible actor, but there is a prevailing monotony, a gloominess in his personations, that greatly detracts from their excellence: his *Cassius* shared a little of this fault, but was in other respects forcible and judicious. Fawcett's *Cæsar* was a chaste effort.

The Duenna has been played, in which Mr. Sinclair sustained the part of *Don Carlos*, which he adorned with all the magic of song. We regret that this Opera has not been produced before; it is one of the best on the stage, and when opposed to the insipidity of the *Cabinet*, gains a nameless charm from the comparison. But SHERIDAN wrote the *Duenna*. Miss PAROD executed the songs allotted to *Donna Clara* in her usual brilliant style.

King John continues to be played to good houses; as does *The Man of the World*, in which Mr. Young gains as much good fame in *Sir Pertinax* as Mrs. Chatterley loses in *Lady Rodolpha*.

DRURY LANE.

The annual feast of pantomime has been produced at this Theatre with more success than has usually distinguished its efforts when opposed to the region of Grimaldi. The incidents turn upon the discovery, by Harlequin, of a *Flying Chest*, constructed by the great eastern magician, *Lignum Vita*. The usual pantomime contest continues till that point is achieved; and then the piece terminates with the nuptials of *Harlequin* and *Columbine* in the Bower of Flora.

The scenery in this pantomime is fancifully beautiful; the tricks tolerably ingenious; but, excepting the "Diorama," by that very clever artist, Stanfield, it must yield the precedence to its rival at the other house.

Jane Shore preceded this, as at Covent,

Garden: but it was honoured with little attention by the audience.

Love in a Village.—Miss Stephens has played *Rosetta* in this opera: and her efforts, united with those of Miss Povey, Braham, and Horn, render a most delightful feast of music. Braham, as *Hauthorn*, is more of the actor than we ever witnessed him in any other performance.—Horn, as *Young Meadows*, should not come in junction with the great Vocalist; Mr. H. is a perfect musician, but there is an untunable harshness in his voice, most ungrateful to an ear into which the liquid melody of Braham has been poured. Knight, as *Hodge*, is the very bumpkin deceiver, the true Lothario in a smock-frock; Dowton, as *Justice Woodcock*, good-humour with the gout personified; and Mrs. Harlowe sufficiently antiquated and circumspect as *Deborah*.

The Merchant of Venice has been represented, in which Kean sustained his accustomed part of *Shylock*. This is one of his best characters; the alternate passions of hatred, disappointment, and revenge, are faithfully: even *poetically* delineated by him. Mr. Archer appeared as *Bassanio*, and read it, as he does every thing, correctly, but there is a measurement in his tones, a precision in his manner, that should be amended. Brown as *Gratiano* was amusing, but not sufficiently *empty* for the trifle.—Liston, as *Launcelot*, was most unmercifully comic: his *soliloquy* convulsed the house with laughter.

Mrs. West played *Portia*. This lady is more the interesting and *relying*, than commanding actress. Her senate scene, though correctly spoken, wanted force and point.

The Beggar's Opera has again afforded an opportunity for the perversion of feminine talent; *Captain Macheath*, the highwayman, the gamester, the drinker, a man giving utterance to the most ungarded sentiments—and their character to be played by a lady!—If she *does* play it, she must forfeit the claim, if *not*, the audience lose the most essential character in the Opera. The *mode*, however, has licensed it; and Madame Vestris, on making her appearance as the *Captain*, met with a very flattering reception. Miss Stephens played and sang *Polly* with unaffected modesty: Miss Cubitt formed the antithesis, as *Lucy*.

Terry and Dowton, as the brother gao-
lers, were amusing in the extreme.

The "tragic play" of *Kenilworth* has been produced. It is an exact copy of the novel; processions are introduced, and Mr. Harley sings a comic medley in the "tragedy." It is a twice told tale; *Varney* is caught in his own snare, the *Queen* is reconciled to *Leicester* and *Amy*, the horses prance in rich caparisons, and so it terminates.

Only the restless desire to produce something in the "show" way, could be the reason for bringing forward such a work as the present. The attempt, though, has been, we are glad to say, unsuccessful. These frequent innovations on the legitimate drama, should meet with some check. Mrs. Bunn, as *Queen Elizabeth*, gave a most historical picture of the stately princess, and was, when the crowding paraphernalia would permit, very effective. Mrs. West, as *Amy Robsart*, was gentleness itself. Wallack, as *Leicester*, looked like a Queen's favourite; the *Author*, it appeared, did not require more.

A new Opera, called *Philandring, or the Rose Queen*, has been presented.

The principal incidents in this Opera are founded upon the feast of the *Rosière*, once so prevalent in many of the villages of Provence, and in some parts of Germany. In this feast, she who was declared by the matrons of the village to be the most modest, was crowned with a wreath of roses, and received a marriage portion. Two old peasants, the one of a merry, the other of a severe character, having each a daughter whom he educated agreeably to his own ideas, each hopes his child may obtain the wreath, and the piece opens on the eve of the festival. The Signior of the village pays his first visit to the Castle at this period accompanied by his intended wife, with Philander and his intended bride. The Count and Philander become uneasy at their flirting propensities, and determined to put their affection to the test, by making love to each other's mistress. The ladies become acquainted with their design, and permit it to be apparently successful. The Count and his friend on this determine to desert them, and to set out in quest of adventures, vowing vengeance against the whole sex. They accordingly assume the disguise of Troubadours, and proceed in

their career of Philandering with the daughter of the jolly peasant. Their ladies follow them in the disguise of Gipsies, and discern sufficient to set off against them a feigned inconstancy. The daughter of the severe peasant then sets up her claim to Philander as her husband, which is at length explained by his proving to be the Count's *protégé*, who had married her under the assumed name of Philander.

The music is mostly selected from Mozart and Caraffa. The incidents are light and pleasing. Liston and Harley are forced into the piece, and make the most of the humour allotted to them. *Philandering* is, on the whole, a pretty vehicle for music, and may take its station with the *Clariss* and *Maid Marians*.

MR. SMART'S DRAMATIC READINGS.

MR. SMART has commenced his eighth season of Shakespearian Readings, at his house in Leicester Square. The tragedy of *Macbeth* formed the subject of his two introductory nights; and, to the admirers of our bard, we can hardly imagine a higher intellectual treat. We should rejoice to see the beautiful art of dramatic reading more warmly patronized in this country than it has hitherto been: it constitutes the very essence of elocution—one of the most graceful and fascinating of human accomplishments; and yet, as far as we recollect, Mr. Smart is the only individual amongst us who has successfully attempted its public display. His reading is not a mere dry, cold, repetition of the text of Shakespeare: on the contrary, the skill and power with which he portrays the varied and conflicting passions of the scene, most clearly evince that, to the philosophy of the human mind, as well as to rhetorical grace, and the art of managing and giving full effect to the human voice, he has paid very close attention. This was additionally shewn by the brief comic reading, in which, after the Play, he very happily introduced a numerous succession of Shakespeare's dramatic characters.

On his third night, Mr. Smart gave, with equal effect, the tragedy of *King Lear*, with the *Induction of The Taming of the Shrew*. We hope for an opportunity of returning to this subject.

No. 184.—Vol. XXIX.

THE FINE ARTS.

Panorama.

Panoramic views have been, deservedly, for many years, objects of great interest and attraction in the British metropolis. There is no other class of painting that can convey to the mind so accurate an idea of any particular scene or country; for, in visiting a panorama, we may almost consider ourselves transported to the very spot, the peculiarities and beauties of which we contemplate.

At the Panorama in the Strand, a view has recently been opened of the "Ruins of the City of Pompeii and surrounding country." Mr. Burford, it appears, in the month of November 1822, immediately after the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius, took drawings for two panoramas; one of which is now open, and the other is shortly to be opened in Leicester Square. Some of the excavations are very remote from the others; consequently, by giving two views instead of one, the details are offered upon a much larger scale than could otherwise have been adopted.

We have read numerous publications of great interest relating to the ill-fated city of Pompeii, but nothing that could so strongly impress the mind with its real character and state. Presuming the painting to be faithful, every spectator must be struck with the freshness of the ruins, and with the high state of preservation in which they appear. The writings on the walls are as clear and distinct as though they had been but just executed; the paintings, the picture of Bacchus and Silenus in particular, in the temple of Venus, or more probably of Bacchus, are as complete, and their colouring is as vivid, as though they had been just left by the artist.

As a mere display of scenery also, this panorama is delightful. Vesuvius itself—the lengthened range of the Appennines towering mountain over mountain—the fine blue expanse of the Mediterranean sea—the distant isles of Capri, Ischia, Procida, &c.—the beauties of an Italian sky—the gracefully festooned vines, with their warmly tinted fruitage—and last, though not least in attractiveness, the groups of happy peasants, form a rich whole to charm and fascinate the eye of the spectator.

P

Diorama.

A second visit to this engaging exhibition has confirmed, and even heightened our very favourable opinion of its merits;* and we find, with no slight degree of satisfaction, that the voice of the public is completely with us on this point. Now that the town is full, and especially when the days are clear and bright, the Diorama is literally thronged with visitants. The proprietors are reaping a rich harvest from their exertions.

Mr. Angerstein's Gallery.

This valuable collection of pictures, purchased by the Earl of Liverpool, at the command of his Majesty, for the sum of 57,000*l.*, is to form the nucleus of a magnificent national gallery, to be fitted up for the purpose, in the new buildings of the British Museum.

The King's Portrait.

Mr. Sams, encouraged by the almost unprecedented popularity acquired by his recently published portrait of his Majesty, has brought forward another specimen of the graphic art yet more striking and beautiful. This, also, is a highly characteristic portrait of our Sovereign, from a drawing of Wivell's, retouched by Lupton. It is remarkable for distinctness, delicacy, and force.

Shakespeare.

Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, has an original portrait of Shakespeare, from which a beautiful engraving has recently been made by Mr. R. Cooper. The forehead, sublimely expansive, resembles that of the bust at Stratford, but the upper lip is much shorter. The eyes are remarkable for their expressiveness. Some of the features differ from those of the other portraits which we have been accustomed to see. In this picture the bard wears a finely wrought doublet and frilled collar.

Canova.

Of the works of Canova, delicately engraved in outline by H. Moses, we have made honourable mention in the *Supplement*

to our last volume. Part XV. of this publication is now before us, and we think it is, if possible, more interesting than the earlier numbers. The group of *Venus dancing with the Graces* is particularly delightful. It is, in an eminent degree, light and airy, graceful and tender. The relief, entitled *Instruction*, is distinguished by a chaste, and almost severe simplicity.

Lodge's Portraits.

This charming work, which has been noticed at length in some of our recent numbers, is going forward with all its accustomed taste, elegance, and effectiveness of execution. The fifth number, just published, contains the portraits of Archbishop Laud; James Graham, Marquis of Montrose; Francis North, Lord Guildford; Thos. Cromwell, Earl of Essex; and Queen Katherine Parr.

Britton's Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London.

This is another publication which we have mentioned in terms of approbation in our last *Supplement*. The fifth number, accurate and highly finished, presents us with views of St. Philip's Chapel, Regent-street, plan and elevation; Bethelam Hospital, plan and elevation of the front; Burlington House; St. Paul's, looking west, with a section of the nave; St. Bride's Tower and Spire, elevation and section; Westminster Abbey Church, sections, &c.; and the Anti-library in Mr. Soane's house, Lincoln's-Inn Fields. In the letter-press, we find notices of Burlington House (by Mr. Britton), St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Philip's Chapel.

Picturesque Tour in Jamaica.

Three numbers of a work bearing this title, with views of public buildings, monuments, plantation seats, &c., accompanied by descriptive letter-press, are on the eve of publication. The work is to be completed in twelve numbers. Mr. Hakewill, who has distinguished himself by a series of views in Italy, is the draughtsman engaged on this occasion: Sutherland, Fielding, and Egerton, are the engravers. From the respectable execution of the specimens, we look forward with interest to the completion of the series.

* Vide *La Belle Assemblée*, vol. xxviii. page 234.

Medallion Portraits.

Mr. Thompson, the inventor of the Medallion Wafers, has published portraits of the King and Lord Byron, in a new style of art. The effect is similar to that of effigies in wax, but sharper, more delicate, and more correct. They are stamped, we apprehend, by means of a die, and are about three inches and a half in length.

Tam O'Shanter.

Mr. J. Burnett, who has undertaken to illustrate the works of Burns, the poet, has, from a painting of his own, presented us with a masterly engraving, the subject of which is from Tam O'Shanter. This is the first of the series. Whilst the Souther is telling the landlord a merry story, Tam,

the hero of the tale, is seen amusing himself with the arch and lively hostess. The points are well given, and the light and shadow of the piece are very finely contrasted.

Myriorama.

A pleasant evening's amusement has just been published under this appellation. The invention, of French origin, has been adopted by Mr. Clark, and brought forward under the auspices of Mr. S. Leigh. Sixteen slips or sections of landscape, on cards, are so contrived as, by transposition and combination, to form the astonishing number of 20,922,789,888,000 variations. It is intended to excite a taste for drawing, as well as to amuse the passing hour.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

BELZONI, the traveller, arrived at Cape Coast Castle, from Teneriffe, on the 15th of October, with the view of penetrating the interior of Africa by the river Benin. He has adopted the Moorish costume, and is accompanied by a native of Haoussa.

An obscure individual, at Blackburn, is said to be in possession of the Prayer Book which was presented by Henry VIII. to his daughter Elizabeth on her confirmation. It is in good preservation, bound in velvet, with the royal arms and roses emblazoned. This curious volume, enriched with MS. notes or mottoes, is conjectured to be the actual token by which the forfeit life of Essex would have been saved, had it been delivered to the Queen.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 7th of January, a communication from Mr. Duppa was read, describing a head of Cicero, on a medal, now at Ravenna, and said to be the only authentic likeness of that celebrated orator. The features are fine, and expressive of the character which history gives of the original. The medal is supposed to have been struck under the provincial government of Cicero's brother or nephew.

A Latin MS. of Milton's, consisting of 735 pages, on the subject of religion, has just been discovered in the State Paper Office.

Works in the Press, &c.

The Pirate of the Adriatic, a Romance, by F. Griffin.

Memoirs of the Fourteenth Century, exhibited in the Life of Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable

of France, with Anecdotes and Conversations of the Black Prince, the Duke of Lancaster, &c.

The Conchologist's Companion, by the author of the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom.

Aureus, or the Adventures of a Sovereign, in two vols. 12mo.

The Albigenses, a Romance, by the Author of *Bertram*, a Tragedy, &c. in 4 vols. 12mo.

A Continental Tour, by Mr. C. Tennant.

Australia, a Poem, by Mr. T. K. Harvey, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Travels among the Arab Tribes in countries east of Syria and Palestine, by Mr. Buckingham, 4to.

Warreniana, a volume of the same class as *The Rejected Addresses*.

A Second Volume of Miss L. M. Hawkins's *Literary Anecdotes*.

Miss Louisa Princeps has issued Proposals for publishing by subscription, in two vols. foolscap octavo, a Prose Translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, to be inscribed by permission to the Right Hon. Julia Lady Petre.

"*Tales of Irish Life*," with Illustrations by Mr. George Cruickshank, 2 vols. Mr. G. Cruickshank is also preparing several designs for a humorous exposition of the Tread Mill.

Letters to Young Ladies on their first entrance into the World.

The 5th and 6th parts of Ventouillac's French Classics, comprehending Voltaire's *Charles XII.* with plates and fac-similes.

The Mother's Offering; or, *Tales in Rhyme*, for children. By a Lady.

Sacred Tactics. By the Rev. T. Boys, A.M. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. In two parts, Royal Quarto.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Woburn Place, the lady of Cornwell Baron Wilson, Esq., of a son.

At Cuerdon Hall, Lancashire, the lady of R. Townley Parker, Esq., of a son.

At Aqualate Hall, Lady Boughley, of a son.

At St. Leonard's, Ingatstone, the lady of Capt. Kortright, of the Coldstream regt. of Guards, of a son.

In Dublin, the lady of Lieut. Colonel Keightley, of a son.

In Manchester Square, the lady of H. Usborne, Esq., of a daughter.

At West Malling, Kent, the lady of Capt. Shaw, R.N., of a son.

At Woolwich, the lady of H. G. Ord, Esq., of a daughter.

At Tanham Hall, Lincolnshire, the Hon. Mrs. Clifford, of a son.

At Congham Lodge, the lady of Sir W. B. Folkes, Bart., of a son.

At Ballancrief House, Lady Ellibank, of a daughter.

The lady of Sir W. M. Milner, Bart., of a son.

The lady of Col. Hugh Baillie, of a daughter.

In Albemarle Street, the lady of Charles Selwin, Esq., of a daughter.

At Forest Hill, the lady of W. F. Riky, Esq., of a son.

At Dogmersfield Park, the lady of P. St. John Mildmay, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.

At Cuchel, Lady Charlotte Street, of a daughter.

On Christmas-day, 1823, the wife of L. Hodgson, farmer, near Mar-ham, Yorkshire, of three fine girls; on the 10th of October, 1822, the same woman had three fine boys.

At Normanby Hall, Lincolnshire, the lady of Sir R. Sheffield, of a son and heir.

In Gloucester Place, Portman Square, the lady of Wm. Thompson, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.

At Bodminster, Lady Grenville Somerset, of a son.

In Baker Street, Portman Square, the lady of C. B. Curtis, Esq. of a son.

The lady of General Sir John Oswald, of Dunkeith, of a son

Lady Mary Hamlyn Williams, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Fermoy, R. W. Myddleton, Esq., Captain in the 71st Light Infantry, to Frances Penelope, only child of Lieut. Col. Watson, of the same regiment.

John Haicomb, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-law, to Margaret, only daughter of Joseph Birch, Esq., of Warwick.

At Marylebone, the Rev. J. Burrow, Rector of Lopham, Norfolk, to Louisa, daughter of the late Sir W. Malet, Bart., of Wilbury House, Wilts.

Louis Fenwick, Esq. of Langton's Lodge, Essex, to Miss Eliza Wedlok.

Charles Lane, Esq., of Bedford Row, to Emily Marin, youngest daughter of J. Thornhill, Esq., of Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park.

At Hayton, Edward Penrhyn, Esq. son of the Rev. O. Leycester, to the Hon. Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Stanley, of Knowsley, in Lancashire.

DEATHS.

At Naples, Lieut. Col. M. Williams, of the Hon. E. I. C. service at Bombay.

The Rev. John Lloyd, LL.B., Rector of Barnack, Northamptonshire.

At Paris, Henry, Earl of Barrymore, aged 54. Dying without issue, all his titles are extinct.

At Havering-atte-Bower, Essex, Miss Balls, aged 63, celebrated for her attachment to goats. she had at the time of her decease *twenty-four*, lodging with her in the house, sharing all things in common.

At Tunbridge Wells, the Hon. Miss Stapleton, eldest daughter of Lord Le Despencer.

In Dublin, Lady Stuarton Howard.

At the Mount, Bury St. Edmund's, M. T. Cocksedge, Esq.

At the Vicarage, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Euphemia, wife of the Rev. T. M'Donnell.

The Rev F. Lloyd, of the Charter House

In Cecil Street, in the Strand, aged 29, Eliza Nathan, the well-known author of "Langreath," &c. &c. in giving birth to her eighth child.

At Nice, the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Alfred Harris, brother to the Earl of Malmesbury.

At his seat in Cornwall, Sir A. O. Molesworth, Bart.

At Benares, Lieut. Colonel J. P. Kehle, of the Bengal Native Infantry.

At her house in Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, the Dowager Lady Sutton, aged 86.

At Turnham Green. aged 59, J. Fainshaw, Esq., late one of the Surveyors-General of His Majesty's Customs.

At Torquay, Devonshire, Sarah, Lady Viscountess Kilcourse.

Joseph Marryatt, Esq. M.P., aged 67.

The Rev. John Shaw, D.D., the Senior Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and vicar of South Tetherwyn-cum Trewen, in Cornwall, aged 73.

At Fortampton Court, Gloucestershire, aged 81, the Hon. Mary Yorke, relict of the Bishop of Ely, and daughter of the Rev. I. Maddox, formerly Bishop of Worcester.

At the house of the Duchess of Marlborough, Cumberland-gate, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Pennant.

Mrs. Kitwood, of Boston, aged 105.

In Albany Chambers, Piccadilly, aged 70, Wm. Osgoode, Esq. formerly Chief Justice in Canada.

At Kingston, Jamaica, the Hon. George Kinghorn.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY 1824.

Works recently published by G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave-Maria Lane.

HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS; or, Tales of the Road-Side, picked up in the French Provinces. By a WALKING GENTLEMAN. Third Edition. In Two vols., post 8vo., 14s. boards.

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"There is a great deal of vivacity and humour, as well as pathos, in these Stories, and they are told with a power of national character-painting, that could have only resulted from long residence in France, and from habits of social intimacy with the unsophisticated and country part of the French community, with whom the English traveller seldom gives himself the trouble of getting acquainted."—*New Monthly Mag.*, April 1, 1823.

The *Edinburgh Review*, No. 76, after an elaborate criticism of the above Work, concludes with the following words:—"Having thus amply allowed the Author and his Book to speak for themselves, we have only to add, that the style is throughout sustained with equal vigour as in the specimens quoted; and we may safely pronounce this Work to be executed in a manner worthy of the patriotic motive which the Author proposed to himself in his composition—the eradication of national prejudices." •

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REMARKS ON THE COUNTRY EXTENDING FROM CAPE PALMAS TO THE CONGO.

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The favors of "J. M. GREGORY SCHIBLERUS," and several others, in our next. The correction, suggested by our valued Correspondent in Woburn Place, shall be attended to. Heaven forbid that her anticipation should be realized!

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MARCH 1824.

Original Communications.

POETRY NO FICTION.—No. I.

Upon my life it's true. — *Major Longbow.*

It has often been alleged against poets and romancers, that, when engaged in feminine description, they indulge too liberally in the awarding of charms that never were, nor ever will be concentrated in one individual, however pure and interesting. Hence the poet "adds a perfume to the violet—gilds refined gold," for the mere beauty of the labour, without any precedence or pattern from the existing world;—his glowing imagination is said to form a picture intensely bright and beautiful, every hue mingling with hue, until the work makes "the sense ache" to look upon it. And where, is asked, shall be found the original of this perfection?—it is a glorious and beautiful delineation of what *should be*; likewise a painful remembrance of what *is not*. It is the creation of a poet's frenzy, when, conversing with heavenly objects, he in the noble madness endows a being with the motives, and actions encountered in his dreams, and gives this to the world as a just copy of many of its inhabitants. There is another charge, that authors, forming *their* offspring so *intensely* virtuous begets much despair and chagrin when we would oppose them with our living intimates and neighbours. But will not the same feeling that delights and receives gratification in the knowledge of ideal loveliness—will it not, from the very principle which actuates all minds of seconding pleasure in his advance, strive to imitate that beauty in reality, which is so enchanting in imagination? It may be said, that allowing this the beauty, it participates in the short duration of the rainbow, as pleasing our mental observation; but does not the painter, from his vivid impression and recollection of the "airy child of vapour," transmit to our senses a lasting imitation on canvas of the offspring of heaven's smiles and tears? Where we feel a want, and are

conscious of a power to remedy the evil, the poverty incites us to attainment. Thus argued, the worldly accusation of non-entity, as applied to the females of authors, must fail in force and truth. It is, besides, a most uncharitable and sickening thought, to look on all loveliness, we become acquainted with through the medium of paper, to be false, and satiric on actual existence—to avow the death of noble impulse—magnanimous devotion—and all the various feelings that adorn and thrill the soul. Every woman is a heroine in *principle*—there lies within her the hidden seed of fire, which the concussion of circumstances strikes forth to save and destroy—illustrating the divinity of her nature, and shewing her terrible and lovely, from opposition and affection. In the hour of trial and of need, the heart of woman is seen superior and more beautiful than that of man: restless, irritable, and arrogant against Providence, the "lord of creation" wavers, threatens, and upbraids, and at last falls into inaction from the storm of his own nothingness; the nature of woman bends like the willow to the storm, and, the hurricane past, assumes its former station, retaining all its primitive foliage, uninjured from the blast. There is, too, a dove-like meekness shewn by woman in the hour of necessity, that shames and stimulates her stronger, weaker lord—brings the olive to the lacerated heart, and, like the Queen of Love to Eneas:—

"Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood
And heard, and saw unmov'd the mourning
crowd.

The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heav'nly art.
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and forms their noble juice.

R

These first infus'd to lenify the pain—
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief
And pierc'd with pity, hastens for relief:
A bunch of healing dittany she brought—

Unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands;
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of medicinal herbs prepar'd to bathe
the wound.

And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart,
Staunch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender
hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd."

Is this a false picture?—How many, wounded, heart-stricken in the clashing wars of the world, have found the "*healing dittany*" at their own hearth-stones! have felt the magic influence of feminine devotion; and, nerved and strengthened by its care, "the willing chief's renewed to war."—Unseen, unfelt, the hands that ministered relief, a divinity probes the hurt, but carries balm with the search.

Away, then, with the coldness and insensibility that would stamp "deception" on the fine open brow of female loveliness—that would think it a syren on the still sunny waves, lit up and sparkling from the rays of imagination—a mere wanton of idea, sporting in the ephemeral bowers of fancy—a dancing sylph, fragile as the butterfly in the green walks formed by creative notion—whose existence is extinct when we would seek it in the rough-trod paths of the living world—who is beset with the light of delusion, who fades when we would grasp, flees when we would woo—a phantom of the sense, no tenant of the heart. From the gay palace to "the mud-built hovel," the assertion may meet reproof and contradiction. It is true, gems are of different value—a flaw, a speck may greatly diminish the general worth; but are there not some, within whose fiery hearts are concentrated the unsullied, never-dying rays of light and loveliness? The encrusted jewel may frown upon the touch; but the very blow that visits it strikes out its hidden wealth, and shames the want of valuation. So with the heart of woman; plea-

sure, fashion, and variety, may cling around its being; but the movement that takes them off, restores the beauty they enshrouded to its first and natural attraction.

I would, then, combat the ungrateful opinion as too frequently indulged. Why should we not, the few fleeting transitory years of our existence, look at the more sunny spots of our creation? why, when there are lovely lands, rich in nature's profusion, clothed in the fruit and foliage of heaven, tenanted with melody, and beaming one burst of animated beauty, should we explore the cold and chilly vaults of earth? Why seek the lamprey on the barren rock, when the loaded vineyard glows within our reach? It is not in our fate, that we should be compelled to the first hard fare, as much as in the viciousness and insensibility of our appetites, that make the bad election. Methinks, he that hunts after the weaknesses and failings of humanity, stands in the same position with the chilly, apathetic crenite, who leaves the lavish lap of juicy Flora, for the bleak and scarping rock; break sullenly from the morris-dance, the beaming happy faces that peer forth for mirth and exercise, to the desolate and howling wildness; tears off the fragrant wreath of May, and invests him with the cowl and gown of hair—holds converse with skull and moonlight—and for what hoping?—

"To merit Heaven by making earth a hell."

The world is rancorous and unfeeling enough, without our own black presagings of deeper gloom; without our denying the existence of some sweet power, from whose genial beams we may gather light and comfort when all else scowl;—and such are they who question the truth of female perfection as narrated by poets. If it were fiction, how man's earliest and dearest anticipations of joy and happiness would be cheated and deceived! how many bliss-fraught barks, loosened from their haven of hope and confidence, would drive wrecking on the sea of life, without one resting-place to furl the sails, and ride in safety on the summer tide!

Coldness and frigidity of heart may smile, and call me visionary; yet, a firm opinion of the beauty and elevation of humanity will strengthen me in the task of

comparison, when I avow, the greatest
 heroine that ever acknowledged the most
 bounteous description of truth and love-
 ness from the brain of poet and romancer,
 may find her reflection in the world's
 glass, and the mirror of history. The
 same devotion of feeling and strength of
 intellect which adorn the *Myrrha* of Byron,

the *Lady* of Scott, and the *Isidora* of
 Maturin, are not of unearthly growth, but,
 like a rose-bush in a wilderness, refresh
 the weary pilgrim in his way; he plucks
 him a flower, and its perfume refreshes as
 he journeys. Time robs its beauty, but
 "the scent of the rose will linger there
 still."

JUAN.

THE OAK CHEST.

(Continued from page 56.)

"I sleep; or in the beauty of yon beam
 These wild eyes trace a being which my thoughts
 Had shaped thus heavenly:—it moves, and yet
 The impure earth it presses not, but glides
 Happy, and robed in holiness: and lips,
 Not as the lips of woman are, but hued
 With more of loveliness, breathe on the night;
 And eyes, not lit by passion, yet more rich
 Than gem-crowned depths, washed by the glittering wave,
 Are bent towards me."

BLANCHARD.

EGBERT gazed in abstraction on the
 receding form of the lovely Julia, as it
 threaded the avenue to the castle—the little
 gate closed—he was alone. Unconscious
 that he was so, he looked towards the
 spot, where vanished all that he held dear,
 the magnet of his life. The chimes of the
 castle-bell awakened him to a sense of his
 situation, and with mixed sensations of
 hope and fear he retraced his steps in search
 of Walter. As he proceeded, the recollec-
 tion of the supernatural being flashed vi-
 vidly across his mind—his heart beat thick,
 and his blood was chilled—it was not fear—
 it was an awful suspense between uncer-
 tainty and action—he saw no danger—the
 visual sense had no assurance of threatened
 steel, or drug—but imagination trebled the
 horror because it was unknown. Still the
 words "Marry not Julia Ruthven" rang
 in his ears, as though the sound would
 absorb all other sense in the fatal echo: it
 was the raven's note to the ardent soul of
 Egbert—the knell that spoke of joys de-
 parted, and rang his marriage-peal with
 grief and misery. "Marry her not" so
 young, so beautiful, so innocent!—and shall
 I, for the empty phantom of a wild dream,
 forego that heaven of virtue and of worth,
 linked with the possession of her, whose
 very being seems embodied with my own?—

No, my heart is guiltless of deceit and in-
 famy—heaven will not torture the unof-
 fending—innocence is the bosom's armour;
 let me but keep its brightness undimmed, un-
 stained, and the united efforts of a hundred
 fiends cannot reach or wound me—guilt
 alone turns traitor to the citadel, and marks
 the entrance."—Thus nerved by self-com-
 munion, Egbert felt a burthen lifted
 from his mind; the beauty of the night
 yielded its influence over the agitated spirits
 of the devoted lover, and Egbert, by an
 involuntary movement, seated himself upon
 the tree where late he had clasped Julia.
 His feelings became subdued and gratified,
 as recollection pictured the unaffected reli-
 ance of the loving girl, and, cheated by
 memory from scene to scene, his tired
 sense fell into slumber.

His mind, not wholly divested of the re-
 membrance of the fearful being, even in
 sleep was busied and companioned with
 mysterious scenes, and strange, unnatural
 sights. He dreamt that his heart's warmest
 wish was about to be gratified in the pos-
 session of Julia; the morning was to pre-
 sent the devoted girl to his embrace, and
 one wide unbroken landscape of happiness
 glowed on his enraptured sense. With all
 the feeling of a young and ardent lover, he
 wooed the beauty of the night to soothe

and chasten the delicious throbs of passion—impart their cool and fertilizing influence to his heated imagination, and infuse the balm of reason to his heart's voluptuousness. He thought he stood within a rustic alley, entranced and subdued by the magic of the night, and the scene of surrounding beauty, and his throbbing soul gave utterance to its longings in the high-breathing strains of poetry. Scarcely had those strains subsided, when a beautiful being rose upon his view, robed in light and divinity. He thought he could trace in the visage of the lovely visitant the features of Julia—but yet an air of heaven appeared to have shed its purifying and chastening power, and nought of earth or mortality remained. It seemed to him as, Julia would be after death, stript of the concomitant grossness of humanity, and arrayed in the brightness of the godhead. He stood charmed and spell-bound by the eyes that darted their pure and passionless beam upon him; and as he gazed, the lips of the spirit moved—but only the lips, it was but the *recital* of events, without any apparent interest in their visitation and consequence.

The tears of night,
The sun shall drink
In beams of light
E'er they shall sink
Beneath the green-sea wave,
But dew shall fall
On grass and flow'rs
When in Night's Hall
The weeping hours
Shall mourn o'er Phœbus' grave

The sun will rise,
Thy knee shall bow
Th' immortal skies
Will hear thy vow
That links thee to the fair;
But sun-beams fade,
And bending knee
Shall skies upbraid,
For destiny
Of horror and despair.

A number of unearthly voices seemed to take up the last words, and "horror and despair" thrilled through every sense of the astonished Egbert. He thought the vision for a moment appeared sensible of human impulse, and as it quitted, looked on him with tearful eyes, and a melancholy

cast of features, that shook him even more than its breathing announcements and prophecy of evil. The shock of his overwrought imagination awoke him, and he held his faithful servant Walter by his side. To his inquiries of what agitated his master, Egbert evasively replied, leaped on his horse, waved his hand to Wilbert Castle, and, striking spurs into his steed, sought by the velocity of physical action to gain freedom from the conflicting circumstances that harassed his mind. For two or three hours he journeyed onward, unconscious whither, and bereft of decision of aim or purpose. His servant, knowing it would be useless to attempt any remonstrance with his master in his present mood, silently followed, naturally and wisely concluding, that the swiftest runner must become tired; and that a young cavalier, though in love, and as he thought not so sane as Socrates, must sooner or later feel the return of appetite, in which particular poor Walter could have most sensibly sympathized. Egbert, however, even outwent the philosophical calculations of his servant, who followed him, passive as the after-created Sancho Pança; and it was nearly sun-set before Egbert broke silence, and, more touched by the wants and fidelity of the poor fellow who followed him, than his own necessity, desired him to seek a place of refreshment and lodging for the night. This request was extremely tantalizing to the hungry squire, who, at the time it was made, was journeying over a wild and desolate heath—with no sign of human habitation or resting-place, as he said, for a hare. Walter humbly intimated to his master, who had thrown the reins on his tired horse's neck, that such mercy to the animal was extremely untimed, inasmuch as it would most probably compel them to spend the night on the heath, coldly and supperless; adding, that, as it was equally for the benefit of the horses with themselves that they should get shelter for the night, a little compulsory gallop might obtain for them what was needful. Egbert's charity being not so blind as to imagine that this intimation of Walter's flowed from no other source than care for the horses, smiled as he endeavoured to spur his wearied animal onward. After half an hour's painful ride, they were agreeably surprised at finding themselves at the

entrance of a neat little village. Its appearance of contentment came forcibly over the heart of Egbert, and dismounting, he gave his horse to the guidance of Walter, and wandered carelessly by the cottages, that seemed inhabited by the beings of simplicity and happiness. He felt his heart expand, and the kindest feelings took possession of him as he contemplated the little humble dwellings, where lowliness appeared to cement their inmates as one large family. Whilst he was engaged in this reverie, a rustic procession passed by him, and entered a cottage some few paces from him. His appearance attracted the notice of the villagers; and as he was reflecting on the happy, careless faces of the holiday-makers, an old man accosted him: with a heartiness and sincerity of manner, poorly compromised by polish of diction and hollowiness of purpose, he invited Egbert to his cottage: he said it was his daughter's wedding-day, and the procession was the bridal train. Egbert consented, and Walter coming up, also received a homely invitation to the cottage.

Much rustic confusion, and many unsuccessful attempts at politeness and etiquette, attended the entrance of Lord Egbert at the cottage; but his free and unrestrained manner soon dispelled the chilly diffidence which his first appearance had inspired, and the inmates of the cottage were once more nature's children. Walter was amazingly clever and condescending; his *mauvaise honte* by no means obscuring those few gifts which nature had given him, and the faculties which a shrewdness of observation and travel had ripened into (in the estimation of the peasants) a perfect genius. A great din was made among the visitants, for the arrival of the village parson was announced with great ceremony, and an apparent consciousness and valuation of the honour about to be derived from his reverence's condescension.

The parson entered, and of course, after the usual salutations, Lord Egbert was the first object for the minister's attention. Egbert found him a man wholly free from that dogmatic and decisive method, which may be considered by some as a demonstration of talent, but which, in fact, is more generally substituted for want of resource of argument and reasoning faculty. The

villagers, accustomed to the wonderful working powers of their pastor, imagined him from that very talent as "himself alone"; they could scarcely believe that any one was either capable to or justified in saying, *aye* or *no*, if opposed to the *dicta* of his reverence.--What, then, was their surprise in witnessing debates, in which the poor curate made but a sorry figure when opposed to the arguments of a young man, who had carried in all scenes of the world a strong and retentive mind, capable of discussing their circumstances, when really applied, and of retaining their effects when ceasing in action!

Amongst the numerous subjects discussed, the existence and agency of supernatural powers were presented by Egbert. The eye of the minister fell fearfully upon him as he spoke, and his countenance was contrasted into an aspect frightfully at variance with the placid look and calm demeanour it bore the previous moment. The parson seemed as though some vital principle of his faith had been invaded—as though the secret of his life had been rudely questioned, and broken upon: he answered not, and Egbert saw too well the unpleasantness of the subject to press it farther.

The feast and merriment of the evening by degrees regained their sway, and the parson shortly departed, after having blessed the newly-married couple, and bidden farewell, though in a subdued and confined method, to Egbert. The evening was spent in rustic hilarity, until the hour of twelve warned the sober visitants to bed. Walter, charged by his master, proceeded to the little inn of the village; and Egbert, having promised a future return, shook the hand of his homely host. As he proceeded in his way to his lodging, he was aroused from his meditation by a person tapping him on the shoulder—he turned round, and beheld the parson.

"Young man," said the minister, in a voice of greater solemnity than he had hitherto spoken—"I have watched your departure. I would speak with you."—"Willingly," replied Egbert. "What, my good sir, are your commands?"—"There are feelings," continued the minister, "which may be engendered by the circumstance of a minute, whose power shall absorb and consume the being of their pos-

seer—the eye may shine with seeming placidity—health and contentment may tint the cheek with a lie, and the tongue may wander idly and merrily in the maze of worldly folly—but within, a gnawing, restless, everlasting action shall usurp all power of thought, all attempt at joy. Such a man am I, although the poor villager lifts up his eyes to heaven, and prays to be as happy and unruffled as his pastor. Alas, they know not the being whom they envy: they know not that within his bosom lives a fire, which, though it rages, will not consume, but as it agonizes, sustains vitality.”

Egbert, alarmed at the manner of the curate, besought him to collect his reason, nor suffer himself to be the prey of such violence and passion. He thought for a moment of the quiet, meek, and courteous pastor of the cottage, imparting contentment from his own apparent possession; and now, nerved and agitated above humanity, his eye shot a dreadful and bewildering glare, his cheeks were lengthened, and (his hat having fallen off) the passing breeze tossing his grey hairs from his forehead, he looked like an unearthly messenger, or one whose impious crimes were punished by the possession of a restless and a fiend-like spirit, torturing its master, and tempting others to a partition of evil. Egbert wished for a moment to depart, and yet an irresistible power held him motionless.—The old man observed this, and resumed—

“Fear not, young man—the tortures within me cannot be shared from my temptation—I must stand alone in agony—I want no fellowship in crime. If you will listen a few brief moments, and possess courage to hear, I will unfold to you what it is that devours me thus, what feeling it is that consumes me up, and makes me a wretched, miserable, loathsome old man.”

The parson for a moment seemed to gain his wonted serenity, and placing his arm through Egbert's, they proceeded in silence onward. The night was lovely, and such a one in which meditation feels her wing re-strengthened, and takes a daring and a god-like flight to the skies and stars, where the full soul may ease its pantings in the freshening air, dilating on beauty and eternity.—They walked on until they came to the village church-yard; they crossed its stile. Egbert thought he felt his com-

panion shrink as they passed a grave particularized by a black tomb-stone. He was not mistaken; that was the grave at which the old man shook and trembled, and an unearthly hue passed over his brow, as his eye met the rising hillock, within whose bosom mouldered away the relics of a once loved and loving being.

“There—there!” cried the old man—“is the interpretation of my miseries—beneath that grassy mound—there read the answer of all these shocks of heart and misery of sense. Oh! I have seen the village girls sit calmly on its breast, and pluck the daisy from the bed—the young gamboling school-boy leap from it in rivalry of expertness, and oh, how I have wished that I could even pass it, without feeling my heart struck, as though its wasted and loathsome inhabitant had smitten it! Judge, then, young man, what is my fate, to be obliged, to feed a weary life, to pass that grave as I journey to the pulpit! How fit am I to deal forth the blessed gifts of love and charity, when a scourging fiend has whipped me from that spot, and leaves me writhing from its torturing infliction! Oh, that I could fly its terrors—that I might be permitted in some willerness to build me up a hut, my penance to seek the scarce and heat-blasted herb to sustain me—and the cool stream of the waste to renovate my scorched body—but it cannot be—inexorable fate compels me hither! and here, until I become one of the blessed inhabitants of these quiet chambers, misery is mine—a blighting and a ruinous misery.”

Egbert besought him to be calm, and whilst he did so his wonder was greatly excited at the apparent expansion and power of faculty as evinced by the old man. The parson proceeded.

“Do not think, young man, from the readiness which I have shewn, or I may say the compulsion I have exercised to make you a hearer of my story, that my griefs are vulgar or fantastic; but, surrounded by people, the unsophisticated, uncultivated beings of nature, with them I could hold no communion, nor from the artless and uneducated world could I gain a friend, whose fellowship should soothe and relieve me. I noted your spirit at the old man's cottage, and I did, believe, from the first moment of its discovery, you possessed a fearless

and a noble disposition; one that would not quail from misery, or uncharitably condemn it. For a transient instant my bosom felt a joy in the thrilling anticipation of this hour—even of this, although it shakes me near to dissolution; but from the conflict I gain a fierce delight to know there is one faithful on my side; one who can feel a noble valuation even of the fallen. Thus assured, I will no longer keep you impatient, and, if I can, will restrain my wandering and troubled passions within the task of narration.

The Clergyman's Story.

Being from my earliest days intended for the profession in which I am now engaged, great pains were bestowed to cultivate those parts which my parents imagined greatly tended to the study of divinity. In pursuance of my task, I entered the college of Salamanca, where I witnessed all the profligacy and attainments of the students—saw many noble spirits waste their summer hours beneath the lamp of dissipation, and blunt the sense of application with the delicious draughts of riot. I loathed this scene, and the companions of it: and this feeling of disgust endeared to me one, who, shunning alike the baneful and specious walks of fancied pleasure, sought in solitude to taste and strengthen the accorded faculties of man—which, cultivated or neglected, raise him to a God, or sink him beneath the brute. It was on one summer's evening, when walking through one of the avenues of the college, I saw Perez leaning against a pillar, his head raised to the heavens, and his arm stretched forth as though he was invoking the presence of celestial night. His present appearance, united to a previous observance of him, struck me forcibly; he seemed to me one pure and elevated spirit among the crowd of gross and heartless beings with whom I was companioned;—from that hour we became friends—not in the casual, worldly sense of the term, as it is applied to every-day associates, who, should they meet our funeral in the street, would pass it unconcerned and pangsless; but friends of one heart, one soul, one mind—like a well-tuned and harmonious lute, the breathings of our wishes were consonant and melodious—the thought of one but the response of the other.

Those who have known what it is to have such a friend, to feel the happiness of singling forth one being from the great herd of mankind, of investing him with every trust of heart and freedom of thought, they alone can know his value and can sympathize for his loss. And here, young man, I would advise you not too hastily to form opinion of companionship; try the depth of his soul with experimental line of question, before you anchor all your hopes; for if not well and truly sounded, your bark rides upon a rolling sand; the first riot of the waves breaks up your hold—you drift upon the conflicting waters, rudderless and hopeless. All, as wishing to ape or affect the possession of the noble and brilliant gem of friendship, seek fellowship with some one; but true friendship, though as valuable as the diamond, is likewise as scarce; men find a worthless pebble, and then our weakness places the foil; invests it with unnatural brightness; the shock of accident destroys the cheat, and leaves it dull and rayless. Don Ferez was my friend: his existence was one vast wave—but with its threatening it likewise shewed its nobility; impetuous to a quibble if imagination fancied a breath of injury, yet subdued and harmless as a hushed babe if generously undeceived or satisfied. We vowed not an union of soul: men who really feel, cannot protest—they act; the movement of a hand, the glance of an eye, is an assurance that it greets a kindred palm, and reflects back the beautiful brightness of recognizing souls. So was it with us. Don Ferez had formed an attachment with a young and amiable woman; but her friends, unsatisfied with the fortune of my poor Ferez, were opposed to the completion of his wishes in the possession of his Isabella. Disgusted with their gross avarice, Ferez determined awhile to sacrifice his better feelings in the search of wealth, as being the only means to satisfy his heart's dearest and most ardent longings. I never saw Isabella before the departure of my friend. Never shall I forget our separation, as I stood upon the deck, amid the extravagant noise and bustle of the preparing seamen, which at any other period would have stunned and harassed: but Ferez, whilst his heart's distillation stood in his eyes, made a world around us, far from the business of life and matters of

existence, even though he then spoke more on their necessity, than at any other period of our acquaintance. "Farewell!" he said—"the world compels me then to mix in its heartless crowds—teaches me to dimple my cheek, and throw an acquiescing light within mine eye, when my heart from a hundred channels shall bleed for the prostitution of sincerity, and the confinement and degradation of all that makes nature estimable, and signalizes it above the brute. Oh, my dear friend, why was I not born in an uncultivated region? Why did I breathe in the land of refinement? Far away, where civilization had never trod its scathing foot, I had been blessed and happy—happy in the indulgence of my own free thoughts and uncircumscribed action. The morning sun should have gilded my bed of leaves or furs, have called me forth to sow my corn, or seek subsistence on my native heights. In the pursuit, the only enemy I should have dreaded would have been the leaping tiger or the hissing snake; but, assured of their dispositions, I had walked warily, and might have escaped;—but in the world, who shall point out the civilized creature of prey, or the specious clinging serpent, who tears and stings by precedent, and practises under law the blessed propensity of making the most of him they seize on? My day's work being finished with the sun's, his sloping course had warned me to my hut—where some unsophisticated Isabella would have greeted my return; would have wiped the drops from off my brow, and presented the cocoa draught to refresh my wearied spirits. Then, happy in the possession of some dark-skinned friend, I had watched with him the last dip of the sun, as, throwing a cloth of gold upon the level deep, he sank like a monarch to his rest—have wondered whither he went, and what was the power that should arouse his glowing fires in the East; have watched the coming stars, and, my calendar the moon, questioned their first being; then turned away in a happy uncertainty of all, save that a something living in my breast appeared of kin to the glowing fires above—the vast blue dome they shone through—the heavy heaving deep below, and the immortal mountains of my clime. Then, then, my friend, I had been happy; and this alone is happiness—uncultivated felicity—civil-

ization. I have seen the young buds of the wood look more beautiful from nature's lovely negligence, and I have viewed the heavy flaunting pride of the rich man's tulip-bed, squared and fashioned into beauty, and mine eyes have turned away weary from their glaring hue, and reposed with tranquillity and pleasure on the modest leaf of the uncultivated violet. And how can I, my friend, with these feelings, stem the eddying tides which the world's sea creates? alas! I shall be foundered—wrecked, like a poor paper craft, that in mine infant school-boy days I have launched into the wide ocean, and watched with vain and trembling hope the return of that which never more returned. Yet will I try—nor sit ignobly down, pining myself away in gloomy solitude;—if I must fall, let me die in the world's loud battle roar, better than like a winter tree, drop leaf by leaf, to challenge with my naked form the wind's assault and the tempest's ire. But gold is the prey—gold is the sound which lives in the world's shout—nothing but gold: why then should the wretch be despised who oversteps the wide license given to all in its pursuit? He does not prove himself more daring with his rapacity—robs in the open face of day with honest shame, whilst others work, and, like the silk-worm, spin in darkness their meshes to entrap the wealthy game. But, my friend, I'll get this gold—and, my native Spain, I will return to thee, a purse-proud Don; ask boldly for my bride—who shall deny the rich traveller—Isabella shall be mine—farewell, my friend—think of Perez, but think of him as he was to thee in the college of Salamanca; do not destroy the picture of disinterested beauty, by introducing Perez to thy imagination armed at all points, seeking the mart, quibbling with merchants, folding like the boa the unsuspecting dealer within my folds; glutting on him, then dropping him drained and worthless, or straining with my equal the hard fight of a few ounces of silver:—do not see me thus; but as I am; before the infection has well taken root, and changed my outward bearing as it would my mind. Farewell: if that I be selfish and over-reaching, yonder proud father has corrupted my young and ardent nature; has made me mask my true countenance in a begrimed and filthy visor. Farewell; if that I can return

spotless, I will—if not, the sin is not with me. Remember, at all hours, and in all places, our secret!" Perez embraced me—the sails were hoisted: I stepped into my boat; the ship sailed onward, and I saw the hand of Perez wave for some minutes; then placing his finger to his lip, and raising his eyes to heaven, he disappeared from my

sight. I knew too well the solemn meaning of the movement. I gained the shore and saw the bark that bore as noble a figure as ever gave virtue entrance, recede into a speck. I wept as it was lost to my sight, and once more felt myself alone in the world.

(To be continued.)

FORTUNATE BUT NOT HAPPY.

WHEN the first division of the British army arrived at Marmorice Bay, in Greece, on their voyage to Egypt, A.D. 1800, the soldiers of the 42d and 92d regiments were accosted in their vernacular dialect by an aged Turk; and as he contemplated the gaze of mountain warriors, his venerable countenance became agitated, and tears covered his cheeks.

An officer addressed him in the Gaelic language, inquiring if this was his first acquaintance with the national costume of Scottish Highlanders.

"Come to my house," he replied, "and you shall know what I have been. Now I am a General of Artillery, and have served forty years under the banners of Islam."

Leave was immediately procured from the Commandant of the Division, and Mr. M. accompanied the Turkish General to his residence, where he was welcomed in the energetic phraseology of kindness and courtesy, with which the Gaelic language so abounds. A rich variety of fruits in season, of choice sweetmeats, and cakes, were in a short time presented, in superb china dishes, placed upon embroidered napkins; tea and coffee soon followed; and when the repast was cleared away, and the servants withdrawn, the General carefully shut the doors. He then anxiously closed several gilded pannels, formed like window shutters to exclude any sound that might have transpired through screens of flowered gauze, which at short distances surrounded the apartment, behind carved lattices, that were constructed to admit a free circulation of air. Having attended to these precautions, the General placed a cushion near Mr. M., and seating himself, all his features laboured with emotion. Mr. M. felt a painful, an embarrass-

ing sympathy in this evident distress; and to break the ominous silence said,

"How fortunate are you, General, to possess this magnificent habitation in so fine a country!"

"Fortunate, but not happy," was the reply; "and when I have told you the leading events of my life, you will perceive I make but a just distinction in these terms. In the district of Kintyre, Argyleshire, I was born the son of an industrious farmer. My parents deserved a more dutiful son. They toiled hard to gain the means of bestowing on me a liberal education; and justly required my assistance in their work, after my school business was over for the day. This reasonable command I evaded, or boldly refused to obey; and on the morning when I made myself a fugitive, I was very insolent to my worthy mother, because she urged me to rise at the same hour with herself, to help her in collecting seaweed for manure, till it should be time to learn my lessons for school. I had seen my father go out a few minutes before my mother came to rouse me, and, presuming on his absence, I gave way to my indolence and ill-temper. My mother was provoked to speak in a strain of unusual severity; she almost uttered a malediction, and it soon fell on my devoted head. I do not blame her—I condemn myself. Of all my secret pangs, there are none so excruciating as the recollection of my disobedient and irreverent behaviour to her that bore me into the world, nourished my infancy at her bosom, and reared me to an age, when filial gratitude should have restrained my unhappy perverseness. Though many are the years since I left the blessed Isle of freedom and security, I often delight myself by applying to the incidents that con-

minute my reveries some opposite quotation from the immortal bard of Avon. Indeed it was in Turkey I first perused his works, and when I met with the character given of Richard the Third by his mother, my face glowed with shame, as I appropriated the sentence, that 'wayward and tetchy' was my course of youth. In a ferment of wrath, I got up immediately after my mother set off alone to her work. I was yet more enraged to observe she had left neither breakfast nor dinner for me; but I forced the lock of her pantry, and helped myself to a large provision of bread and cheese, the last food I received in my own country. I should have told you, that my temptation so peremptorily to refuse the little assistance demanded by my mother, was, that I might hasten early to a little meadow at a short distance from the school-house, where several of the elder lads met to amuse themselves with our national game, the *cæmag*, till the school-master blew a horn to claim our attendance. I believe I was not more quarrelsome than other boys; and indeed I was so strong, so imperious, and at the same time so able and willing to aid my school-fellows in their tasks, that, though several gentlemen's sons were among the scholars, I was on most occasions supreme dictator. On this ill-fated morn a trifling dispute arose between me and a young man older than I. Which of us gave the first blow I cannot pretend to affirm; the dreadful catastrophe confused my memory—and if I could have called my victim to life, by determining this question according to truth, that most anxious wish of my heart would have been denied by distinct recollection. Very few strokes were exchanged, when, perceiving his strength beyond mine, I dashed my head against his chest; blood flowed from his mouth, and, before we were alarmed for the consequence, he expired. I left his corpse with my comrades, who, all aghast, stood around, petrified by horror. I fled, and happening to bend my involuntary steps to a harbour within view, my dismay was relieved by finding an Irish vessel hoisting her sails. As I was no stranger to some of her smuggling crew, they accepted my services, knowing I was tolerably expert as a sailor. At Cork I heard of a ship bound for Constantinople. I was glad to remove

as far as possible from the scene of unmeditated homicide, and, confiding my master to the captain of the smuggler, he gave me leave to make the best bargain I could with another employer. I almost immediately found encouragement to reside in Turkey. Though averse to manual labour, I had been an attentive scholar—arithmetic and mathematics were indeed a pleasure to me; and my ability as an accountant procured me a lucrative situation with a trader to the Levant. This merchant handsomely recommended me as a confidential person to his brother, who held a public office. War with Austria was expected, and my constituent happening to learn I had some knowledge of gunnery and fortification, I was transferred from a civil to a military department. My father had bought an old treatise on engineering, which became my favourite recreation during the intervals of school hours; I had it in my pocket when I absconded, and that book made my fortune. I introduced some improvements in the Turkish artillery, and step by step have risen to the rank I now hold. In the commencement of hostilities between Catherine the Second of Russia and the Porte, I was entrusted to purchase warlike stores in England. At Sheffield I met a young north Highlander, acting as clerk to an artisan for a trifling salary. I offered him a better appointment; he accompanied me to London. He was a very handsome, genteel, and insinuating lad. My person was tolerable, and I had taken pains to acquire a polished address. I had money at command; kept a carriage, and my credentials from the Turkish Government introduced me to good society. R. shared all my advantages, and I really believed him deserving of my friendship. He was captivated by a pretty, elegant, lively girl, and her elder sister made an indelible impression on my heart. They were members of a family well connected, though not affluent. There were eight daughters; six of these had been married to gentlemen of large fortune, through the adroit management of their mother; but her *match-making* devices had become so notorious, that young men of property seldom ventured within the sphere of her incantations. About the time we became acquainted with our charmers, Mrs. — had succeeded in alluring two old

wealthy Cits to make proposals of marriage, and as no better establishment could be expected, they were accepted. Arrangements were *en train* for the double nuptials when R. and I interfered. The ladies preferred us; but their father urged that his honour was engaged to their previous suitors, and the mother insisted that the seniors were men of known opulence; we were strangers, and perhaps very different from what we appeared. The ladies seemed to acquiesce; but their compliance was only to gain time and opportunity to follow their own inclinations. Not to trouble you with details, I had a vessel hired to convey the arms and ammunition I had purchased, and the most precious part of our cargo accompanied us from London, just in time to get on board, after the marriage ceremony. However enraptured, we could not prevent sea-sickness from mixing a bitter alloy with bridal gratulations, and before we had been three months in this country, we all sighed for the land of 'freedom and security.' My wife was shocked, and almost horrified, to find she had united her fate to a Mahomedan; and R.'s wife was wretched, because he must abjure his religion, or renounce all hope of preferment. Their sorrows were aggravated by discovering that we complied with the laws and customs of Turkey even so far as to entertain several fair Circassians in the Harem. For my part, I loved only my English spouse, the enlightened companion of my understanding, and more attractive than all the beauties of Circassia or Georgia; but several fine women could not be dispensed with, as an appendage of high rank. My amiable, prudent Letitia endeavoured to appear satisfied with her lot; and I always shewed her distinguishing respect, esteem, and tenderness: yet on her death-bed she confessed that her soul languished for the blessed region, where no rival could claim a share in her husband's attentions; and she felt herself and her sister doomed to be wretched for deceiving and disobeying their indulgent parents. R. and his wife did not live in the same concord. I procured him an appointment in the Grand Signior's palace, which often

required his absence from home. His wife doted on him; and though she pined when separated from his presence, she could not restrain her violent temper, but plagued him with upbraidings when he returned. Some officious acquaintance informed her that a favourite Georgian attended him at the palace, and she insisted upon taking up her residence there. While my Letitia lived she soothed her sister's mind, and encouraged her to divert the heavy hours by applying to the accomplishments of her youth. Musical instruments—the pencil—the pen—and a select library I took from London, cheered their spirits, and benefitted their children. When Clara lost her sister, she soon drooped; and broke her heart, I verily believe, because she was fixed in a country where she had no right to complain of her husband's infidelity.

In my Letitia I lost my only true and unalienable friend. R., who rose to importance through my interest, has proved ungrateful. He availed himself of a favourable conjuncture to gain the confidence of Sultan Selim; and I have reason to be convinced, that, jealous of the military reputation I acquired in the fields of Transylvania, his machinations were the cause of my being sent hither at some distance from the seat of royalty. Even my own sons are confederated with R. in opposition to me. He has persuaded them that in heart I am still a Christian, and all Turks value themselves upon contempt and enmity to the followers of Jesus Christ. This grief is the more piercing to my heart, as I must consider it to be a chastisement for rebellion against my own parents. My daughters must be given in marriage, or rather in slavery, to men who regard them as creatures devoid of a soul. They were taught to speak and read English, and their dying mother besought me to send them to England, that they might be admitted to a Christian community; but I cannot attempt to remove them hence. Their brothers and R. have spiced over me; and, spoke I not truth, melancholy truth—in pronouncing myself *fortunate*, but not *happy*?

B. G.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

There is woman's love—bending with the slightest breath of air, not breaking beneath the keenest blast of winter. It flourishes in the warm beam of truth, dies under the cold blight of falsehood. Where is he whose heart beats not responsive to the tenderness of female affection? The stern holds not a being so heartless, but that at times the fond affection of woman must rouse him to feelings, which throw an undimmed lustre over all the darker shades of his soul. He may be cold in his nature—apathy may dwell in his mind—his bosom may be senseless to, and reckless of, all her shining qualities; but there are moments when love will warm the coldest and the most insensible; when its brightness will rouse him from his apathy; when its kindness will soothe his very agonies. Love, in woman, is one unclouded ray of dazzling light—the intense glow of the summer's sun; no clouds obscure its loveliness, no storms can chill its ardour, no shades can dull its brilliancy. It shone at first, it shines now, and it will shine for ever, in one unbroken, splendid beam of celestial beauty. Were I required to name the moment when I would consent that my hopes of joy should fail, I would say, the hour when woman's heart shall cease to beat for love: love, pure, faithful, unmingled with the baser feelings of human nature. I am a man, but I can speak of man's love only as a summer's cloud. It is seen, it strikes upon the eye in all the brilliancy of abstract beauty: but it is a mere vision—it has no substance; it is a shade that floats upon the surface, mixes with the other fleeting visions of life, and is seen no more! If it be marked with greater strength in man, how does it shew itself? It proves its force, like the storm-cloud, by the destruction of what it was meant to cherish. It drives love's weak vessel—a woman's heart—amongst those rocks and breakers, which, to touch upon, are sure destruction. Man is truly the creature of passion—the finer touches of human nature are strangers to his soul.

Cold, insensible, and selfish, what is love to him beyond the influence it may hold over his prospects of pleasure or of passion? It is only in woman's heart that the flower of love finds a native soil. In the heart of man it may flourish for a while as an exotic; but when the care of the cultivator is withdrawn, when it is no longer watched with careful anxiety, it droops, withers, and dies.

These reflections were the consequence of a meeting, as romantic as it was interesting, which I had the other morning in the Regent's Park. It was early—Aurora, with rosy fingers, was just opening the curtains of Sol's splendid bed; his beams shone upon the clouds, but they reached not to the earth. I had taken advantage of the first fine morning that had broken upon my slumbers since I had been dwelling in one of the Alpha Cottages. With ardour I hailed the lovely prospect. The trees were budding; the birds were chanting forth their merry lays; the Park shone in all the brightness of a delightful season. I rushed forth ten years the younger for the brilliancy of the scene. I reached the summit of Primrose Hill. I saw the spot where poor Scott received the wound which changed a happy wife to a mourning widow, and an affectionate family to unprotected orphans. Alfred the Great and his band of patriots arose before me, as the triumphant conquerors of the enemies of their country's liberty. No trophy marks the field of their victory, no monument is erected to commemorate the fall of those who died in so glorious a cause. The barrow, if there ever were one, has long since been levelled with the "smooth green turf." Yet the heroes have one memorial which nothing can efface—the heartfelt gratitude of a free nation.

This, too, was the spot where Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey fell, a victim to the popular fury of the Catholics; and the memory of even this comparatively modern circumstance is sinking fast into oblivion.

On the declivity of the hill, now, instead of Green Berry Hill, corruptly termed Barrow Hill, some houses have been erected, thus assisting to bury in obscurity, if not in oblivion, the awful fate of a man who lived and died guiltless of any crime, but that greatest of all crimes in the eyes of an insatuated sect, the strict execution of his duty.

On the western side of Primrose Hill is another and a smaller eminence, the summit of which has been, beyond the memory of man, bare of all vegetable substance. The popular tradition is, that there two brothers, enamoured of the same lady, met to decide by arms to whom she should belong. Ridiculous idea! that a woman's heart would consent to receive a master from the point of a sword, or trust its hopes of happiness to the blind arbitration of a trigger! Both died at the same time, each by the weapon of his adversary! Here was a melancholy proof of the dark influence of love on the heart of man. Would it have operated thus in woman?—no!—for with her love is an unceasing flow of tenderness.

Whilst my mind was filled with these images vividly rising in an overheated imagination, I returned towards the Park. I beheld the sun rise in all its splendour; no clouds intercepted its brightness; it was such a morning as seldom beams over an English landscape, except in the imagination of a poet, or in the eye of a painter. My steps were suddenly arrested by the accents of a female, who, in the most soul-thrilling tones, repeated the stanzas which have acquired so much celebrity from the sentence by which they are preceded in *Queenin Durward*:

Ah, County Guy,
The hour is nigh.

I saw her standing upon Macclesfield Bridge, her slight form leaning gracefully upon the iron rail-work, and her eyes fixed upon the water below. There was a wild vacancy in her eyes, which told too plainly that madness was in her brain. A pallid cheek, generally the indicator of heart-felt sorrow, was in her case doubly eloquent. Her head beside her; but such was her mental distraction, that she heeded not my presence. I laid my hand upon her

arm, and asked her what she sought so earnestly in the water below?

"A respite from sorrow," was her reply.

"What sorrows can be thine? Scarcely can thy young life have seen eighteen summers, and has sorrow already so deeply shaded its hours? If practicable, I would gladly alleviate thy distress."

"Ah! sir! you are kind; but there is only one who could soothe my griefs, and he is not here. Ah! County Guy!" As she uttered these words she sighed deeply.

"He loved you, then?" and observing that she was in deep mourning, "and is no more!" I added, "Poor girl! thy grief is deep, and time can be thy only remedy."

"Ah, no! he is not dead; but he has left me to mourn in secret over my woes."

"Come, cheer up—think not of him: he who could forsake one so lovely is not worthy that you should regret him. Let me lead you home—will you trust yourself with a stranger?"

"Oh, yes! for strangers are always kinder than our friends. But where is County Guy? He should perform that office for which I am now obliged to a stranger."

"And whither shall I lead you? where is your home?"

"My home! I have no home—home comprizes all we love on earth—all on earth we hold the dearest—all that gives joy and pleasure to the heart; but mine—mine is desolate."

Whilst she was speaking, a young lady came round the Park railings, from the inner circle, and approaching the poor bewildered maid, exclaimed—

"Louisa! my dear sister, why will you thus wander forth alone? Come, mamma is so uneasy! how can you leave us thus?"

"Is she your sister?" said I.

"She is, sir: why do you inquire?"

I briefly informed her of what had passed between us; and subsequently I learned the particulars of her melancholy story. I cannot, however, repeat it with the simple eloquence of that young girl, the soul-touching plaintiveness of whose mournful voice vibrated through every fibre of my frame.

It appeared that her elder sister, the object of my first attention—had, by some chance adventure, whilst at school in Kent, conceived a deep affection for a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who professed an ardent attachment to her. Personal interviews proving impossible, letters alone could impart their thoughts, their hopes, their fears. To prevent discovery, they assumed fictitious names—he chose County Guy, and she Isabel St. Clair. Their correspondence continued for some time after Louisa had left school; but her youthful lover's passion had subsided, and he had long since

ceased to hold "converse sweet" with the once-worshipped idol of his heart. Soon after the cessation of his epistolatory effusions, Louisa's brother, as a brother, whom she had dearly loved, and her brain had failed beneath the accumulation of grief so violent.

Such was the short sad history of poor Louisa! May it prove a warning to every youthful fair who honours it with her perusal, not too deeply to engage her affections, until certain that the object of her love is worthy; not to engage too readily in a clandestine correspondence, from which nothing but sorrow can spring.

W. H. L.

MISS M. TREE.

FROM ALBINA IN LONDON TO THERESE IN THE COUNTRY.—No. 1.

KNOWING your partiality for the Drama, and the interest you take in its distinguished children, the present subject affords me the happiness of administering to your admiration, with the pleasure of self-gratification, in the unrestrained praise of one whose beautifying pictures of the stage meet a corresponding loveliness in private life.

I have seen many actresses, whose efforts appeared as they were ordered for the evening, and without that spontaneous flow of nature which can only constitute acting. A confinement, a restraint of power, or an over energy, taking one's faculties by surprise, has destroyed much of the delusion of the scene, and made us sensible that the being with whose woes we should have sympathized, or whose gaiety should have exhilarated, was only, like an ingenious piece of mechanism, or the music of a snuff-box, touched by the spring of circumstance. The sentiment or smile was given or looked in place, and it subsided into almost momentary unconcern and coldness. The sunbeam for an instant glances its vivifying beam around—lights up every particle into a brilliant holiday; a cloud intervenes, and the landscape looks more uncheering from the remembrance of its late radiant investment. It has been asserted that, in order to delineate faithfully the pas-

sions, there must be a responsive feeling in the practitioner. The axiom is just, and more forcibly so in the early histrionic student. Impulse is more alive to the throbs of fancy—the sympathy is doubly nice; but custom and experience, as they ripen and sober the imagination, correct and chasten down, or, I may say, blunt the attendant physical sensation. First impressions are ever the greatest: hence, the actor, preparing for a new part feels an additional call upon his powers by the novelty of the circumstance; expectation exists in his auditors, and he must meet it. A frequent repetition of this scene, though it may be productive of no loss of beauty, attunes the first feelings into a settled tone, equally powerful on the sense of others, without being so great in its vibration on the heart of the master: still the first and great principle of acting exists, that of delineating from impulse.

Miss M. Tree, as a singer, commands with a bewitching magic every thrill of the human heart. Her tones are of that compass and beauty, that to attempt their description I must borrow the aid of poetry, as only capable of reaching that flight of praise which her mastery of song inspires. I think a hundred harmony must have visited the sense of the poet in the follow-

"Hearst I not sounds?—sounds like the richest
tunant."

O'er, striving waters, when the sense is fill'd—
And, scarce above the instrument of song,
I felt my soul departing, and the death
Of that loud voice a hundred echoes mourned!
'Twas not of earth, and yet it sprang amidst
These ruins!—Then a solemn tone was heard,
Smooth, as the silence into which it died,
Whispering of life, and breathing o'er the heart
A thrilling mockery, as if the hand
That ruled that world of melody, and gave
Its lightest pressure to the strings that soothe
The soul of love, and speed its spirit through
This air of beauty and of night, had sunk
Unconscious, by the side of some sweet form
Born of the moonlight—and as chaste as it."

For myself, I have been so enthralled in
the melody of Miss Tree, that my mind
has, from subduing power, been incapable of
prompting an open demonstration of my
pleasure, and I have sat in silent abstrac-
tion, whilst the arena of the theatre has
echoed with admiring voices—have felt, at
her breathing of "*Home, sweet Home,*" a
double valuation of my health, peopled
with the delightful images which her music
conjures to the sense, and endears to the
heart. There is a thrilling melancholy in
her breathings, that constitutes the feast of
harmony, the soul of song.

As an actress, Miss Tree eminently dis-
tinguishes her characters with that perfect
of tone and feeling that beautify her vocal
efforts. Her *Clara* is, perhaps, one of the
loveliest portraits of the stage. It is a con-
centration of every thing valuable and ap-
pealing in woman; meekness, modesty, de-
votion of mind; yet the pride, not of re-
sentment, but of strength against the spe-
cious arts of bad opposing passions, renders
her *Clara* intensely affectionate, yet beauti-
fully decisive. She endows her with the
heart-liberal gush of early love, whilst the
being to whom her soul's wealth is devoted
appears worthy the feeling. The undeceived
girl, awakened to a sense of his deceits who
was her chosen, endows her passion with
the strong correcting influence of virtue;
and though she may not alter love's signet,
she would rather her heart's laceration
should remain from the force of the first
impress, than administer to its throbbing
towards the specious medicine of guilt.

Having in the early part of this informed
you of those requisites which are (in my
opinion) indispensable for the actress, I
shall, in the pursuance of acquainting you
with those who meet and who need those
principles, remit to you in my next a few
observations on Miss Chester.

ALMA.

THE CATARACT AND THE ROCK:

A CALMUC TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Chan, *Ussen-Debes Kertu* was grieved at
the visible triumph of evil over good; and
in his melancholy musings he fell upon the
distressing thought, that evil was the origin
of all things, and the ruler of the world.
Nothing could soothe his mind; and not
even the caresses of his beautiful wife
Zootshi could dissipate the sorrow that
wrying his heart. At last a hermit came
from a distant part of the desert, and re-
quested to be admitted to the Chan.
"Come with me to a well known place,"
said he; "I will cure thee of the melan-
choly which oppresses thee, by proving
that, sooner or later, good will triumph over
evil." He led the Chan to a cataract,
which fell from a tremendously high and

wild rock. "What thinkest thou of this?"
the hermit asked the Chan, pointing to the
cataract and the rock. *Ussen-Debes Kertu*
was silent, and remained plunged in his
usual gloom. The hermit took his hand,
and leading him round the rock, he called
his attention to the enormous piece that
had been torn off, the many fissures, and
the large chasm in the middle, all of which
had been effected by the falling of the
water. "This granite," said the hermit,
"has been standing for 1000 years; it has
been as large as it is now; but the weak
drops of water have frayed and broken
through it; nay even the small particles of
the falling spray have done half the work."
Know, *Ussen-Debes Kertu*, continued

the pious man, "know that this cataract and that naked rock are the emblems of good and evil. In the course of time virtue will wash away, overthrow, and crush vice. Man must be according to the power given to every individual, a torrent, a drop, a particle of spray, in the cataract of virtue. Let the man be who he may, let his exertions against the rock of vice be ever so weak, he will contribute towards the

destruction of evil. Go back, and be of good cheer. Know and believe, that virtue and vice are two eternities. But the day, the eternal, interminable day of virtue will come, and then shall darkness vanish before "the rays of the great luminary of truth."

Ussén-Debens Kertu felt the truth of the hermit's words, became cured of his melancholy, and commanded this event to be engraven on the granite.

THE FATE OF PAULINA.

(PART THE FIRST.)

Of all the gloomy passions which debase the mind of man, revenge is the darkest. The longer it is delayed, the more deeply it rankles in the heart. If foiled, it is thereby only urged on to deeper and more cruel schemes of gratification. It pervades every thought, it gives an interest to every hope. In some bosoms, revenge, if once excited, will never cease but with existence.

Called by business from Switzerland to Naples, I had traversed Milan and Tuscany, and had just entered a narrow defile of the Apennines. The clear blue sky spread its brightness around, and the sun rolled triumphantly through the vast expanse; while the lofty cypress trees which ornamented the pass concealed the weary length of its winding road amongst the precipitous rocks. I had not proceeded far, when my attention was attracted by the sight of a young female, rather elegantly attired, standing by the side of one of those crosses which are erected in Catholic countries to mark the scene of murder. She was placing a willow and cypress garland upon the rude monument. Her appearance was singularly wild, and in a situation so romantic it had a strange effect. Her countenance, I thought, indicated mental derangement. I stopped to observe her. Having strewed some wild flowers on the spot, she turned towards the village which lay in the smiling valley beneath. I alighted, gave the reins of my mule to my attendant, joined the lady, and walked by her side. I spoke to her, and her answers, though somewhat incoherent, had a sweet shade of melancholy, which

gendered them more interesting. As we passed through the village, every one seemed to regard her with an eye of compassion: the very children withdrew, as though their young hearts were susceptible of pity for her sufferings rather than of terror from her madness. She approached a respectable house, and an old lady, who proved to be her mother, came out to receive her. From her I learnt the particulars of the succeeding narrative.

Francesco Furioso had lived with his aged mother nineteen years, unstained by crime, and uncensured for folly. Life had hitherto brought him no trials, and his vicious qualities, free from excitement, had all that time lain dormant. In the same village lived Enrico Belfiori and Paulina D'Argentini. In childhood, these three had been playmates: the boys had studied together; and on their approach to man's estate, their friendship seemed knitted in the firmest bonds of affection. The fair Paulina was a favourite with both, and both had already begun to sigh their tales of love. She listened to Enrico with pleasure; but there was an undimmed something about Francesco with which her heart could not sympathize. She admired his talents, and acknowledged the gracefulness of his figure, and the sparkling intelligence of his eyes; but there was in them an expression which she could not behold with pleasure. He saw and felt that he was not her favoured lover. He at first endeavoured to conquer the consequent chagrin; but his passions then first began to assert their empire over his reason and his virtue; and,

after a slight struggle, they triumphed, too fatally triumphed.

A party of young friends assembled to celebrate Paulina's eighteenth birth-day. The two friends had been invited. Paulina on that evening wore a miniature of herself. Francesco proposed to her a walk on the terrace under the garden wall. As Enrico had not yet arrived, all others were alike to her, and she consented. In the course of their walk, Francesco solicited her permission to wear that miniature for her sake: she excused herself, and they continued to discourse on indifferent subjects. Returning towards the house, they perceived Enrico approaching. Francesco once more requested the picture. She answered, "No! indeed I cannot give it to you, and as I have something particularly interesting to say to Enrico, I must leave you, Francesco, to wear the willow garland; and as for this foolish picture," added the thoughtless girl, "you cannot have it—some days since I promised it to Enrico;" and she glided to her favoured lover. Francesco followed her with his eye in sullen silence. He gazed upon her: he saw that her eyes, which to him had just been listless and vacant, were now beaming upon his friend with warm affection and endearing kindness. This wrought upon his moody soul, and soon roused all the darker feelings of his heart, which broke out in a half-muttered curse upon her whom he had once fondly, dearly loved. "I will," said he, as he marked her fondness, "I will prepare a willow garland, but you shall wear it, and wear it twined with the mourning cypress, too! What, live to be rejected by a simple girl—and unavenged?—No: my revenge shall be gratified—my injured breast shall be soothed—the fire which rages through my brain shall be allayed—your heart's-blood shall quench its eager thirst. 'The fire of my brain shall never cool till that fair form of thine shall be cold and motionless at my feet; till the icy damp of death shall be on thy brow, and the last convulsive throb of life shall have fled from thy heart. What! be her sport? Oh! madness! madness!'"

His hurried step and murmuring tones, the quick, convulsed quivering of his angry lip, excited the attention of some one, who addressed him on the strangeness of his

manner. He stammered an incoherent explanation, and pleading indisposition, retired.

He went home forming schemes of revenge; some of which he discarded as incomplete, others as impracticable. That night some tears fell from his burning eyes upon his sleepless pillow: they were tears of torturing anguish; that anguish which hopeless love too often and too keenly causes to lacerate the heart; he felt no pity for those who were to be the victims of his vindictive passion. When in the dark recesses of his mind the dun picture of their horrid fate rose darkling, a savage joy played in his bosom, and wanted exultingly around his heart. To his impatient mind the night seemed extended to the length of a polar winter. At length the dawn broke into his chamber—but it brought no tint of heavenly beaming mercy to his thoughts; his heart-strings were wound up to that point of savage ferocity from which they could never relax. Early in the morning he turned his steps to the abode of his friend, whom he requested to accompany him to the cypress grove among the rugged defiles of the mountains, beyond the vineyards, as he had an appointment there. They accordingly set off together. Before they left the house Enrico wished to send a note which he had previously written to Paulina, requesting her to meet him. His man was not to be found. "Heed it not," said Francesco, "my servant waits with my pistols at the entrance of the grove, he can take it." This satisfied his friend, and they reached their destination unobserved. "I see neither your servant nor your adversary," said Enrico; "and I think, according to your account of what passed last night, no man of honour would fail to be punctual." "'Tis true I have been injured, deeply injured, and my revenge is now within my grasp. I have been robbed—robbed of that which man holds dearest to his soul; thou art the robber, receive thy reward," replied Francesco, and as he spoke plunged a stiletto into the heart of the betrayed Enrico, who fell, and casting an inquiring look towards his treacherous friend, died instantly. Francesco for a short time regarded him with gloating satisfaction; then drawing the body aside, he carefully concealed it among the thick bushes and trees

which luxuriated on the spot. He then opened the paper which Enrico had given him: it seemed as though it had been written to meet his sanguinary wishes. It contained a request that Paulina would accompany the bearer to the spot where Enrico waited to receive her. He hastened home, adjusted his dress, and then waited upon the lovely victim of his unquenchable rage to deliver the fatal note. Soon prepared to accompany the ruthless butcher of her lover, she suffered herself to be led unsuspectingly as a lamb to the slaughter. The bright sun shone upon the lovely scene; his noon-tide rays played over the placid bosom of the lake; the leaves trembled upon the breeze, and all around was beauty. Paulina admired that beauty, and smilingly repeated the delightful descriptions of some of her native country poets. *The witchery of her charms, and the splendour of her virtues, alike failed to touch the iron heart of Francesco; he led her, in the midst of her gaiety, to the spot where her lover lay—his pale cheek, and paler brow stained with the livid hue of death. His half-shut glazed eye seemed gazing on her, though unconsciously; and those dark brown locks, in which she had so often winned her lily fingers, were now all clotted with dirt and

goré. Paulina did not faint,—she did not weep,—for her soul was transfixed with horror. She turned an eye of intense suffering towards Francesco; she asked not for mercy, she expected none;—she clasped her hands in mental agony, she sighed a prayer, and waited in silence her fearful fate. He pointed to a willow wreath he had formed, entwined with cypress: "You bade me," said he, "twine a wreath; I have done more, I have twined a mourning garland for you, and have also given you deep cause to wear it. There! look upon the idol of your heart! Where is that beauty now which you so ardently admired? Is that the object of your heart's dearest affection? Perhaps it was his god-like soul you loved! Did I not think it mercy to send thine to join it in another world, this moment were thy last; but thou shalt live, and may years of anguish and torment, agonizing as mine, be thy portion. Farewell! and, if you can, be happy."

So saying, he left the now senseless maiden. Her brain never recovered the dreadful shock. *Often did she wander amidst the deep recesses of the cypress grove, and weep and mourn in solitude over her lover's hapless fate.*

W. H. L.

GENEVIEVE, THE ROSE OF LINDENFELS.

"The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine.
 St Rochus bless the land of love and wine!
 Its groves and high-lung meads, whose glories shine
 In painted waves below,
 Its rocks whose topaz beams betray the vine,
 Or richer rubly glow.
 The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!
 Beats there a sad heart.—here pour, pour the wine!"

The festive song rang through the deep vallies of the Odenwald, where the peasants, assembled after the toils of the day, kept time to the merry music by the jocund dance. It was a beautiful scene; numberless humble cottages were scattered amid masses of rough stone, irregularly piled by the frolic hand of nature; and, placed half way up, or crowning the summit of the neighbouring eminences, the lofty chain of the Bergstresse hills, buildings of a supe-

rior order arose; the church with its tall spire, the pinnaced and ivy-mantled convent, and the turreted towers of a castle. The setting sun had cast a flood of gold upon every object, and lent additional animation to a gay troop of youths and maidens, who tripped it lightly on the smooth green sward; whilst the elders of the village reclined at ease under the shade of the fragrance-weeping limes, smoked, and drank, and gazed with benign-

nant eyes on the sports of the younger part of the community. There were many beautiful girls in the sprightly throng, but none that could compare with Genevieve Lherstema, the rose of Lindenfels, the queen of the valley. Unconscious of her own loveliness, and only intent upon the enjoyment of the hour, perhaps she alone, whilst whirling round in the mazes of the waltz, was unaware of the presence of a distinguished stranger, who stood at a little distance beneath the trees, contemplating the joyous scene with evident delight. Count Demetrius Hardenberg had spent the whole of his short life, after he had quitted the university, in camps and courts, and had never before accompanied his family to the paternal domain, Rodenstein Castle: but now being appointed chasseur to the royal forests, he visited the Odenwald, for the first time, simply attired in a hunting suit of green. He stole almost unperceived on the villagers, and making a sign for them to continue their pastime, without regarding his intrusion, their gaiety was undiminished by his appearance. Genevieve's partner was a young lad, a neighbour's son, whom she always chose in preference to the numerous suitors for her hand, because she was unwilling to encourage their pretensions, and Adrian had not yet assumed the airs of a man. Passionately fond of dancing, she unmercifully continued the dizzy whirl, until the poor boy, breathless and giddy, relaxed his hold, and ere her own eyes were sufficiently clear to distinguish the objects floating round her, she found herself clasped by a more vigorous arm; the firm and true step of her new partner effectually recovered her from her bewilderment, but, borne away by the spells of this fascinating dance, it was some minutes ere she knew that she was treading the measure with a noble stranger. Count Demetrius with infinite dexterity had supplied Adrian's place at the moment of his falling off. Genevieve blushed deeply at this discovery, and would have fled; but a respectful entreaty from the Count, and a strong sense of the honour conferred upon her, induced her to comply with his wishes, and her delicate little feet made circles round him, as he gracefully supported her through the evolutions of the waltz. Never had Genevieve experienced such delight. Young, in-

nocent, inexperienced, her unpractised heart palpitated with a new and strange sensation, as, seated on a rustic bench with the Count at her side, she listened to his warm and tender expressions of love and admiration. The last crimson beam of the sun had vanished, and twilight had clothed the surrounding landscape with its sombre hue, ere the villagers dispersed. Calling Adrian, who was overcome by his evening's exercise, to attend her, Genevieve prepared to return home. The Count accompanied her to the threshold of her father's cottage, and then left her, with a promise of a speedy visit. They met frequently on the village green, at mass, and in the neighbouring woods, and both had drunk deeply of love's most intoxicating draught ere they reflected on the imprudence and the danger of their passion. And yet how happy were those hours when, conscious only of loving and of being beloved, the summer's sun sped gaily away, and the rising moon beheld them wandering through paths brightly chequered with her silver rays, listening to the soft gush of the waterfall as it rippled o'er its pebbly bed. Demetrius was the first who discovered the folly and the madness of his pursuit. He wished to marry Genevieve, and he felt that the bar which opposed their union was insurmountable. The scion of an illustrious house, the prejudices of aristocracy were too strongly fixed to admit of the slightest hope that he would be allowed to raise a peasant girl from her humble station; and Genevieve's virtue, and his own uncorrupted principles, forbade the idea of any other connexion. Rendered suddenly miserable by these painful meditations, the Count sought the lowly cottage of his fair mistress with an altered aspect; he found her tending her bees in the centre of a wilderness of flowers; and raising her blushing cheeks and sparkling eyes at the sound of his well-known step, she was struck by the haggard wildness of his appearance, and the depression which had pale'd his brow. The cause of his mental anguish could not long be hidden from hers—she wept, and was silent. Strongly feeling the necessity of an immediate separation, wretched, yet unable to regret the meeting which had been to fatal to the peace of both, they parted in hopeless sorrow. The whole joy

of Genevieve's life had fled. No longer the pride, the flower of the valley, she drooped and pined in moping melancholy, abandoning her accustomed sports, and shunning all music save the hunting horn, wherein she could distinguish the notes, prolonged and sad, which were breathed from the bugle of her beloved. But the lovers had not yet drained their cup of sorrow. Rodenstein Castle became the scene of great festivity, on account of the marriage of the heir with the Lady Magdalene, of Helmstadt; and at the entertainments given in consequence of this event, Demetrius, having caught the eye of a court beauty, Agatha, heiress to a barony in the Duchy of Hesse, her guardian proposed a match to his parents, which was joyfully accepted by the Count and Countess of Hardenburg. Rumour soon bruited the news throughout the Odenwald, and Genevieve, confined to the sick couch of her only surviving parent, who was wasting away by slow degrees, felt her affliction doubled by the gossip of the villagers, who were continually bringing some fresh report of the wealth and the charms of the bride. Her gentle heart could not refuse a wish that Demetrius might find felicity in his new engagement, though the idea that she was so soon forgotten, and that another supplied her place in his fickle bosom, overwhelmed her with grief and despair; whilst her unhappy and faithful lover, compelled to endure the society of a woman he disliked, sickened at the sight of splendour which only mocked his misery, as it offered its paltry distinctions as the price of his peace of mind. Anxious to escape from the new fetters which his father's ambition had imposed on him, he explained the state of his affections to the proud Agatha. Angry and indignant, but solely bent on the accomplishment of her wishes, she smothered her resentment, and held him to his engagements. Genevieve hurried her father, and only waited for the celebration of the nuptials of Count Demetrius, to seek the holy shelter of a convent's walls. Desolate and miserable as she felt, the hours seemed to fly with unwonted rapidity as the dreaded period approached; she could neither rest by day nor sleep by night, and relinquishing her accustomed sports and occupations, she was no longer to be seen in her garden,

turning the tendrils of the vine over the rustic paling, or seated at her cottage door with her wheel. In her wanderings amid the Bergstrosse hills, she frequently caught a view of the brilliant illuminations of Rodenstein Castle, and often cowered under the rocks as the gay train of hunters and huntresses swept along the valley, cheering on the dogs, and spurning the dust with their horses' hoofs as they roused the wild boar from his lair, and startled the eagle in his lofty aerie. But mirth and jollity were soon at an end in Rodenstein: on the night before the day appointed for the marriage, the inhabitants of the castle were thrown into confusion and dismay by the arrival of a troop of soldiers, bearing the imperial mandate for the arrest of a convicted heretic, supposed to be concealed by the young Count, and commanding the presence of Demetrius at the Diet assembled at Worms. The unfortunate object of their search, taken by surprise, was dragged from his hiding-place, and his generous protector accompanied him as a prisoner to the city, wherein the bigoted enemies of the doctrines of Luther were armed with fire and sword against all those who clung to the new opinions for conscience sake. It was in the infancy of the reformation. The convulsions which agitated the greater part of Germany, had not yet affected the quiet seclusion of the Odenwald, and Genevieve participated in the general horror produced by the alleged apostacy of her beloved. At first she treated the report as an idle invention, and momentarily expected to hear of his triumph over his accusers; but as the proofs of his participation in the creed of his tutor, whom he had long screened from the ecclesiastical power, became too strong for doubt, she prayed earnestly to her patron saint for his return to the religion she revered; and when at last she was convinced that he had obstinately alienated himself from the bosom of the church, her detestation of his crime was overpowered by the terror which she entertained for his life. Body and soul appeared to be placed in equal jeopardy. Renounced by his parents, abandoned by his plighted bride, every relation and friend shunned communication with him, fearing to excite suspicions that they were sharers in his religious sentiments, which might

lead them ultimately to become sharers in his fate. Demetrius was treated with great rigour, cast into a dungeon, and threatened with the rack. Climbing to the summit of Melibocus, the king of the Bergstresse hills, Genevieve disregarded the splendid view which opened before her, to fix her eyes on the distant city of Worms, whose lofty cathedral caught the rays of the sun as it rose on the banks of the blue waters of the Rhine; but the prospect of his prison increased her agony, and she returned to her cottage to weep and pray. The fatal day for his last trial approached. Frantic at the idea of the fate which too probably awaited him, she hastily collected the few valuables which she possessed, and hurrying to the neighbouring monastery, threw herself at the feet of the Prior, entreating him to send one of the most learned and pious of the brotherhood to the unhappy apostate, in the fond hope that he might yet be induced to repent his error, and read his recantation. The Prior, pleased with her devout petition, and interested by her beauty, dispatched a monk celebrated for his austerity, the most rigid and intolerant member of the community, upon this bootless but charitable errand; and Genevieve's hopes revived. He returned, however, without making the slightest impression on the mind of the Count, who professed himself to be ready to die at the stake for the cause which he had embraced. But, though unsuccessful in his arguments, he did not retrace his steps without bringing some

consolation to the bosom of Genevieve. Certain political events had induced the Emperor to relax in his persecution of the Lutherans; the proceedings at Worms were suddenly checked; and those prisoners, ~~among~~ whom was Demetrius, who had not received sentence of death, were allowed to be at large, though still threatened with the vengeance of the church. Pale and worn, by the effects of long confinement, the Count returned to the Odenwald; but his incensed parents closed their doors against him; the peasants, whenever they encountered him, shuddered and fled; and the priests thundred out anathemas upon all who should dare to hold communion with him. "Forsaken by heaven and by man," exclaimed Genevieve, "I will not abandon thee; in thy adversity, in thy affliction, and even in thy guilt, my love must still remain the same;" and with that enthusiasm and unchangeable devotion which is the characteristic of true affection, she offered to accompany him, in poverty and in exile, whithersoever his altered fortunes might lead him. They fled to a state protected by a prince of the reformed religion, and Genevieve felt that, in seeking to regain a lost soul, she had been rewarded by a clearer knowledge of the great truths of Christianity than she could have hoped to obtain under the guidance of the superstitious pastors of the Odenwald. United by the most sacred ties to her beloved Demetrius, the husband and the wife knelt together at the same altar.

Original and Fugitive Poetry.

SONG.

ADDRESSED TO SARAH.

Alone! alone! unchangingly
 My heart, my soul still turns to thee;
 Though busy day
 May call away
 My thoughts to fame or fellow-men,
 When fades the light,
 The silent night
 Beholds each thought thine own again.

 My thoughts of fame they fleet away,
 As glow-worms fade when breaks the day;

As that plant* dies
 In Eastern skies,
 When morning's splendour gilds the plain;
 For when the night
 Doth meet my sight,
 Each thought, my love, 's, thine own again.

HENRY.

* "The *Asagawa* is a magnificent flower before sunrise, but which immediately afterwards fades and falls."—*Temple's Illustrations of Japan*.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT NIGHT.

THERE'S something sweet in sitting thus
alone,
Thinking of hearts, alas! which beat no
more—
Till fancy peopleth with their voice, the
moon
The night-breeze makes, as with the poplar
hear
It passing struggles;—on the pebbly shore
Seated at night, when winds and waves were
still,
I've thus the dark stream, whispering ever-
more
While lapsing to the ocean, heard—at will;
Would I could wake such strains as now my
spirit fill!

I listen to the wind—it speaks, of days
Of youthful study and of youthful bliss,
When the wild, deep-rooted thirst of praise
Was wakened first on such a night as this—
When wandering forth from sports I well
could miss,
I saw the bright round moon in purest sky,
Listening the sea's blue wavelets curling kiss
The silver shore, which to my raptured eye
Stretched glittering far and wide in heaven's
bright panoply.

Gods! there is inspiration in the night!
Unknown, uncherish'd in the busy hour,
When all things walk abroad by common light,
And bound upon the turf, or crop the flower
Of day; now purer thoughts exert their
power

With simple, perfect, undistracted way:
Night stifles those rude cars that would
our

Our senses, and drives away
Those noisy, sluggish drones, who waste our
hours by day.

Now muster round the awful shades of those
I might have loved, alive—and worship, dead;
And each great spirit, as it flitting goes
Back to the world of night, a thrilling dread,
Severely pleasing, leaves. I bow my head
To all and each of this immortal throng;
Hoping—vain thought! that when my earthly
bed

Receives me, then this mighty train among
I too may walk, a sprite immortalized by song!

THE INCOGNITA.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF AN
UNKNOWN LADY.

Upon her cheek the eye may trace
The lineaments of heavenly grace;

A tender blush of rosy light,
That wins, and then detains the sight!
It is not brilliant—no, nor gay,—
It is not Pleasure's dazzling ray,—

It does not wildly flash and burn,
Like rich wines in a sparry bowl;
But softly beams and shines, as roll

Clear waters from a crystal urn.
It makes, albeit he strive in vain,
The gazer turn to gaze again.

It seems to speak a pensive tone
Of childhood's happier moments flown;
Of loss of hopes—too dearly prized—
Dreams of delight unrealized—

And all the warring fears that wring
A woman's heart in love's first spring!

O'er her fair brow her chesnut hair
Descends, and makes a twilight there;

As softly shadowed and as sweet
As that when light and darkness meet.

On that pure tablet Grief hath laid
Her hand, but not one furrow made;

On that unsullied leaf, as yet,
No impress of her seal is set.

From those rich tresses to the view
That dark eye takes a darker hue;—

While—glazy—brilliant—there the mind
Sits like a deity enshrined;

Within its pupil works a spell
Which fills the heart, we know not why,
With scenes in which our thoughts must
dwell,

Of vanished hours of bliss gone by!
We gaze—and grieve, and still we gaze

Upon that soul-appealing token,
And mourn that Time can never raise

One flower like that his touch hath broken!
W.

THE WIDOW TO HER ORPHAN BOY,

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

SWEET Babe! unconscious of my woe,
As thus I watch thy placid sleep,
A mother's burning tears will flow,
A mother's anxious eyes will weep.

I think on all that *thou* may'st be,
I think on all that I have been:
And shuddering mem'ry sighs to see
The griefs that throng life's bitter scene!

Here, as my lonely evening hours
Beside thy couch pass slow away,
Memory would cull the few bright flowers
That deck'd my life's unclouded day!

Soon are they number'd—and for me,
Few are the blossoms that remain;
My wearied soul longs to be free,
And pants to quit its earthly chain!

There was a time when my young breast
(That never sigh'd for Fashion's toys)
Deem'd it would be too sweetly blest,
In tasting calm, domestic joys.

That time is past—and my sad heart
Has seen its brightest hopes betrayed;
Has felt Affliction's bitterest smart,
And mourn'd the shipwreck it has made.

When others win the blessing hearth,
And gaily crowd the winter fire;
Far, far remov'd from social mirth,
I wake the Poet's mournful lyre.

And when the Summer's glowing ray
Bids hearts as well as seasons shine,
Far from all social joys away,
I watch the evening beams decline!

And scenes of woe, and misery,
Throng crowding o'er my darken'd brain,
Till my worn soul longs to be free,
And sighs to quit life's galling chain!

ON THE SEPARATION OF LORD AND LADY BYRON.

A FRAGMENT.

The meteor-blaze that fires the sky,
Is only sent to flash and die;
The scene that cheers the joyous heart,
Bears on its front the words, "We part!"
And all our passing blessings seem
The shadow of some empty dream,
That meets the fancy and retires—
That kindles, and, alas! expires.

Oh! who would seek the various bowers
Where Genius spends the listless hours;
Where momentary brilliance gleams,
And passion deals in curst extremes;
Where joy delusive beams around,
Where wilder'd extacy is found;
Where madness often dwells, and where
The shroud is wove for fixed despair?—
Within those bowers there's little rest,
Beneath those shades how few are blest!

An Eastern bride was not more fair
Than she who met Lord Byron there:
The freshest vines around were spread,
And roses strew'd their bridal bed,
And Hope appeared in visions bright,
And care was hidden from their sight.
Old Science came, with locks of gray,
To bless his daughter's wedding-day;

And Fancy, as the spot she passed,
Whispered, "This scene of joy shall last,
And floods of classic light shall roll
From mind to mind, from soul to soul."

I said the passing hour seem'd blest,
That flowers o'erspread the couch of rest:
They now lie withered, and, and dead;
Hope soon withdrew, and Pleasure fled;
When in a voice like funeral knell,
Lord Byron bade his bride "Farewell;"
Fled from that peaceful couch of rest,
And sought the troubled ocean's breast.

Behold that cheek, that brow of care,
The firm grasp'd hand, the bosom bare;
What agony is there express'd,
Can Byron on the cold earth rest?

Stay, sweet illusion, stay; once more
That form, that voice, that look restore.
Methought upon a tower I stood
Which overhung the raging flood;
When, as I viewed the restless swell
With sullen joy,—down—down I fell;
But e'er I reached the midway air,
An angel with dishevelled hair,
And heaving bosom, held me fast;
Upon her brow one glance I cast.
Oh! 'twas serene—it struck my heart!
She said, "for ever we must part."—
From my cold grasp she strove to sever,
And said, "forget me—oh! for ever."
Stay, sweet illusion—stay—once more
That form, that look, that voice restore;
She's gone—I saw her bosom swell
With inward grief—"farewell, farewell!"
This aching heart will never let me
Obey her mandate—"Oh! forget me."
He smote his heart, his eyes beam'd wild,
"Nor can I e'er forget my child."

'Tis midnight: still yon mourner sighs,
Sleep has not closed her lovely eyes.
Her child how often has she prest
Upon her solitary breast;
Her hair fell gently o'er that child,
The mother's shriek was loud and wild!
For, shaded by those ringlets fair,
She caught the father's likeness there!
"My love, my lord," her tears she dried,
And strove the breaking heart to hide;
But what aloud she dare not speak,
Is writ upon her brow, and cheek;
And in her babe's unconscious ears
A name is whispered oft in tears.

* Oh! Forget me," a poem attributed to
Lady Byron, after her separation.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1824.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1. MORNING DRESS.

A HIGH made robe, with pelérine cape, of light Murray-coloured sarsnet. The robe is shorter than the petticoat, and is made *à la tunique*, with three rows of plaiting down the sides, *en dents de loups*: the tunic is rounded off in the same way as a curricie robe. Up the front of the petticoat are *chevrons*, formed of *rouleaux* of Murray-coloured satin; each point finished by a small bow of satin ribbon, with short ends; the outward points of each chevron terminate by an elegantly wrought button and tassel. There is very little fulness in the mancherons, and the trimming at the cuffs is very simple, consisting only of one bias *rouleau* of satin. The dress is surmounted at the throat by a triple frill of fine lace. The head-dress consists of a cornette of the same material, with full-blown roses, divided by an escalop ornament of lace.

No. 2. BALL DRESS.

Round ~~dress~~ of fine net over celestial blue satin, trimmed at the border with two separate flounces of broad blond, of a rich pattern, ornamented with bouquets of full-blown roses, with yellow narcissus blossoms. The body is made in the most simple style, being of net over blue satin, and only relieved by stripes of white satin, and ornamented round the bust by a falling tucker of blond. The sleeves are short, and are slightly embellished with red roses. The hair is arranged in the antique cameo style, and confined by strings of pearls. A pearl necklace, consisting of many rows twisted, fastens in front with a diamond snap. The ear-rings are each formed of one large round pearl. White satin shoes with pearl rosettes, white kid gloves, and

carved ivory fan, complete this truly elegant and classical costume for the ball-room.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It, a few months ago, London was a desert, it is now a splendid crowd; and the eye becomes dazzled amidst the throngs in Hyde Park, while it wanders delighted through the beautiful and elegant costumes displayed at the Opera House, and rests with pleasure on the fair and well dressed forms that embellish the evening party. The liberality of husbands and fathers are now put to the proof: balls, routs, musical parties, follow each other in gay and splendid succession; and what husband and father can withstand the seemingly just demand of "Give me a dress fit for the ball-room; and do give a ball, that I may display my beautiful dress."

The pelisses, which seem as if ushering in the approach of Spring, are, when of silk, of light colours; but have generally a satin stripe, as if to mark that, however mild the weather, the month of March is often a formidable one, that has generally some appearance of the wintry season; these pelisses are therefore of a close, wrapping kind, fastening down the front of the skirt, and made as plain as possible. Dark blue cloth pelisses, trimmed with sable, and beautifully braided, are still retained by our fair pedestrians; while the Andalusian wrap, and elegant Parisian cloak of figured *gros de Naples*, lined with white satin, still maintains its favoured station in the carriage: it is, however, now seldom seen trimmed with fur, but broad

facings of satin, a shade lighter than the cloak, is the more appropriate finishing for the season; in mourning, the facings made of French grey on black satin, as we saw on a lady of title and distinction very lately, had a very beautiful effect.

Velvet bonnets are still worn, yet we may venture to pronounce them on the decline; figured satin and figured *gros de Naples* are preferred, and coloured silk bonnets are very prevalent. We do not admire the fire-coloured silk bonnets, though adopted by some very distinguished females; they are unbecoming to all complexions: to the fair they impart a yellow tint by their refulgent hue, and to the brown beauty, they overcome the animated colour bestowed on her by nature, and give a very unpleasant fierceness to the eyes: these bonnets ought to be lined with white, to be becoming; but that lining seems to be, we know not why, universally exploded. There is but little change in the forms of the bonnets since last month; nor do we look for any very decisive novelty in this article till the spring is more advanced. Plumage is more adapted than flowers, particularly on black bonnets; but the bonnet is placed very backward, and flowers appear on each temple, underneath. Veils are still in favor.

Slight sarsnets, of some modest and unobtruding colour, have succeeded to the dark chintzes, for morning and home de-labille: poplins of a bright geranium, and other striking colours, are much admired in half dress; the body made only partially low, with a Swiss stomacher, and the flounces in festoons. Evening dresses are very often of white muslin gauze over white satin or *gros de Naples*; four French tucks of pink satin, set at equal distances, form the chief trimming at the border of these dresses; the short sleeves and white satin body are delicately ornamented with rose buds, and the *tout ensemble* forms a charming dress for young ladies, either single or married. Never, we believe, was gauze more in request for evening parties; some richly striped, others in splendid, embossed patterns, which, over pink or Burgundy-coloured satin, form an appearance truly superb; the borders are very lightly trimmed. Amaranthine-coloured taffety, and gossamer satin of the same resplendent hue, are

also favourite candle-light dresses; they are finished at the border by *rouleaux* in festoons, and the bust richly finished in the Indostan style, with the ornaments each terminating by a small leaf of the lotos. The Arcadian robe is a favourite dress for the ball-room: it is of gauze, with stripes of satin, rather broad, the border trimmed with *rouleaux* of white satin, *en festons*, slightly scattered over with very small roses. The robe discovers partially the white satin slip underneath, which is trimmed at the border with a narrow flounce of rich blend. The gauze robe is partly open in front, and fastens on the left side of the belt with a pearl buckle, while a small bunch of roses appears to catch it up half way down the skirt, and unite the flowing sides of the robe, which is of the same length as the petticoat, short enough for dancing, and this fastening is just beyond the left knee; the body is of white satin and gauze, and is slightly ornamented with flowers.

The elegant little home coronettes are composed of beautiful blond; and have no other ornament than a branch of the rose tree, placed on one side. Caledonian caps, Mustapha turbans, and opera hats with superb plumage, are in high and general estimation; a most superb turban of white satin forms an elegant head-dress for the opera or full-dress party; it is of white satin, sumptuously adorned with strings and tassels of pearls; from the left side droops a beautiful long plume of white ostrich feathers, which slightly turn back at the ends with a curl. The turban of rainbow Arachne net, pinned up in the Arabian fashion, is, either with or without feathers, a charming and becoming evening head-dress. Combs of brilliants set in the form of flowers, and those of polished steel diamond cut, are much in favour with ladies of rank; while a sweet simplicity of head-dress is observed by the very young, especially at balls. The hair is finely arranged in clusters of small ringlets, amongst which are seen, peeping out, very small roses: to young ladies with fine hair this is a most becoming head-dress.

Many rings are worn on the fingers, and no finger now is exempt, as used to be the case with the third finger on the right hand; the bracelets consist of various

coloured small beads, wrought in beautiful patterns and appropriate devices; the clasps or fastenings of silver, in filigree work: but the favourite articles in jewelry, for full dress, are pearls; the ear-rings finely clustered, and the necklace consisting of two rows of large pearls with a convent cross depending, formed of the same valuable materials.

The favourite colours are Amaranth, grey lavender, ponceau, and spring green.

Cabinet of Taste,

ON MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Now is the time that the Parisian balls have commenced; and really they come on in such rapid succession, that people of a certain class have no time to think of any thing but dancing. If, on her first awaking in the morning, any familiar friend enters the chamber of a lady, she will find the *soubrette* displaying a new robe, and a jeweller waiting to be admitted, with patterns of unvalued elegance.

Yet before I lead you to the ball-room, let me first inform you, according to established order, what is the most prevailing out-door costume. The spencers fasten in front with brooches of polished steel; the pelisses are made with double collars, and when the weather is chill, a tiptoe of marten's skin is sometimes worn over them. Blouse pelisses are made very full and wide; a rosette with long ends seems to fasten the belt. The mantles have still pointed collars, though there are a few ladies who continue to wear them round. A mantle of blue velvet, lined throughout with white satin, has excited universal admiration.

Hats of grey velvet, ornamented with *rouleaux* of satin, are much worn in deshabille. In the morning, a lady of fashion generally puts on a white crape bonnet, lined with rose colour, with a quilling of blond or *tulle* at the edge; the bonnet is bent down in front, and has a large white satin cockade placed on one side. Young persons wear hats of white plush silk, with

a large bow and four ends; these are the chief novelties in the hat department.

Silk dresses are trimmed with silk fringe the same colour as the dress, and large rich cordons of silk ornament the body and sleeves; the fringes are twisted, and are remarkably beautiful as to workmanship and design: on velvet or satin their effect is admirable. At the revival of *le l'Angaise*, one of the most distinguished dresses consisted of a blue silk gown, on which were embroidered vine-leaves with their tendrils: in the front of the dress these leaves formed two rows, from the sash to the border; on the corsage were ornaments representing horse-shoes, and these ornaments were wound round the sleeves. Dresses of white, or coloured crape, ornamented with a different but suitable colour, are very fashionable for young persons; the ornaments consist of puckerings, platings, and rosettes, with the body and sleeves trimmed to correspond. Those ladies who laugh at dresses trimmed with gold lace, nevertheless ornament their evening dresses with *bouillons of tulle*, finished by gold binding, and relieved by a trimming of roses with gold foliage.

Toques of Francis I., of white or ponceau velvet, are very favourite head-dresses; they are ornamented with a large rose-coloured feather, fastened at the stalk by white marabouts, which are themselves fastened by blue feathers. Blue velvet, elegantly introduced among the tresses, entwined with pearls, forms a favourite head-dress for the ball room; silver ears of corn are added; the head-dress, altogether, is brought low on the forehead, and represents a *bonnet carban*; the hair on the summit of the head is formed into elegant bows, and is adorned with pearls. Dress hats are of black or coloured velvet; a cordon of gold, *en chaîne*, encircles the crown, that fastens in a bow on one side, the ends of which fall over the ear; three long white feathers, drooping like a weeping willow, with a button of gold or of diamonds at the stalk, hang over the other side. Turbans of coloured velvet are fastened under the chin with a band of the same material; they have streamers of massace gauze and gold; and have a point on the forehead, *à la Marie Stuart*.

Robes net *à l'antique*, in silver, are

among the novelties in jewellery; one single row of very large pearls forms the most fashionable necklace; though some wealthy ladies pride themselves on wearing two rows, equally large, of these intrinsic articles; and, one round large pearl is now reckoned more stylish for ear-rings than the Cleopatra pear pearls, lately so much sought after.

As the key of a writing box is rather troublesome to carry, when a lady has neither pockets nor reticule, our fashionists enclose it in a little box of crystal, with a gold lock and key; and these are hung to the neck-chain, or to that of the watch.

Carved cedar fans are much in request for general use; they are usually painted in small fancy figures, to answer the colour of the dress, but at particular dress parties the fans are made of feathers, as in the days of Charles IX. They are composed of coloured marabouts, and the handle is of ivory, amber, or mother-of-pearl.

The favourite colours are ethereal blue, hortensia, auricula-brown, and flame colour.

Now, as I began with balls, I must offer a few remarks on them before I conclude. It is now the season for balls of the most distinguished kind; both sexes dance better than they did last winter; country dances seem likely to become very fashionable, those of the newest are composed by Rossini. Flowers form the chief head-dresses for the ball-room: but a charming trimming has lately been invented for the

borders of dresses; stiffened gauze, properly prepared, is cut into palm-leaves, and every palm-leaf are stuck artificial roses, set very close together; the roses, or, to speak properly, only the petals of roses, are beautifully shaded. The dress is of white tulle, and two rows of this elegant trimming is laid on the border, the row at bottom being of larger palms than that above; the sleeves are very short, and are trimmed in a correspondent manner. At one of the most distinguished balls in Paris an open turban, very elegantly pinned up, formed one of the most favourite head-dresses; and what was particularly admired was the Peruvian *coiffure*, formed of red feathers, currant-berries, and a bandeau of diamonds. Those young ladies who only wore their own hair, without any other ornament, had their tresses wreathed round their heads in five large plaits, with three tufts of curls on each side of the face. Three ladies had wreaths of flowers placed on one side; the flowers were of Trocadero colour, i. e. a mixture of flame colour and orange-red. The feathers of the toucan is used for trimming ball-dresses. This bird is remarkable for having on its neck every shade of orange yellow; a trimming of these feathers costs three thousand francs. Among other novelties for ornamenting the head is a plume made of the feathers of the cockatoo; it is of bright though rather pale yellow, and is very becoming to a brunette. It is generally placed in an open turban, called a Trocadero.

Monthly Miscellany;

CONTAINING

A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND
FOREIGN DRAMA, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC
INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

In offering to our fair readers a series of literary notices in a narrative form, we promise ourselves the pleasure of bringing before them a greater number of new works within a more circumscribed space than we have been hitherto enabled to record the appearance of. In adopting this plan, we shall not resort to any thing like classifica-

tion, preferring to take the respective publications just as they may happen to occur.

Lady Morgan's long promised work, "*The Life and Times of Salvador Rosa*," in two octavo volumes, has just reached us, but, at so late a period of the month, that we can only glance over its pages. The subject is of itself so attractive, that

even from an unknown pen it could not fail of exciting attention; from a writer, therefore, of established reputation, like Lady Morgan, it will be eagerly sought for, and perused with all that avidity with which we seize upon the productions of old friends. At present, we can do little more than announce its appearance, but that alone is important. The style, we may venture to say, is somewhat too florid: its freshness and vivacity, however, more than atone for this fault; they bring "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure," before us. We need not say a word more in recommendation of the book.

Passing to "*Prose by a Poet*"—a singular title—we notice two of the most elegant little volumes of the day. The work is generally attributed to Montgomery, and we have not the felicity of being acquainted with any writer upon whose authorship it would not reflect credit. One of the graceful and beautiful essays of which it is composed is entitled "*Pen, Ink, and Paper*," and it is perfectly original in its character. The author sits down with a fair sheet of Bath post before him, to write a piece for a lady's portfolio, but without one solitary idea upon which to expatiate. Innumerable are the points which successively present themselves, and are discussed, but none of them proves satisfactory. At length—

Pen, ink, and paper are still before me, as at first; and neither copies at school, a letter full of maternal solicitude, billets-doux, dispatches, nor challenges have been produced. I look again at the ink, in which the elements of all knowledge are blended indistinguishably, and I think, 'if I were a poet!' Why nothing in the world is easier than to think one-self a poet; and next to it, nothing more common than to be thought so by others! Ay, but to be a poet—why, to be sure, that is quite a different thing. Well, but if I were a poet, how could I illumine these blank leaves, and adorn them with imagery more imperishable than the sculptures of Greece? If for example! I were Scott?—impossible! Campbell?—next to impossible! Byron?—more than impossible! Make what you will of the phrase, it is not a thousandth part so absurd as the thought. Well then, if I were Southey?—No. Wordsworth?—No. Bloomfield?—No. Moore?—No. I was so disheartened by these negatives, that I durst not hazard another if; but it was my good fortune to fall immediately into a brown study,

when, to my astonishment and delight, the afore-said personages, one by one, came into the room, and sitting down on the very seat which I had occupied,—how I happened to vacate my seat I know not, any more than by what spell I was replaced in it, at the end of two hours; each in his turn made use of my pen, ink, and paper. Oh! if I could copy what they wrote,—what only one of them wrote,—I should make these pages the most acceptable that were ever presented by me to the public; but I could not have passed them for my own, without hazarding the fate of the jackdaw who borrowed the peacock's feathers. Nor will I plume myself at their expense in another way, by foisting impotent imitations upon my good-natured readers, to gain spurious credit, under the sanction of great names.

In the most fanciful and agreeable style imaginable, Sir Walter Scott, the "Great Unknown" as his shadow, Southey, Campbell, Bloomfield, Moore, Wordsworth, and Byron, are successively introduced; after which a loud but hesitating succession of raps at the door dissipates the whole phantasmagoria. A poet comes in—the author looks up, and recollects himself!

We merely open the outer portal to our readers—the exhibition is all within. There is great variety in these volumes: some of the articles are of a character purely imaginative; some are of a moral, political, or religious tendency; others are light, airy, and playful; but all are agreeable and interesting.

To announce "*The Albigenes, a Romance*," in four volumes, from the pen of Mr. Maturin, is to inform the novel-reading world that a rich and animated treat awaits them. Mr. Maturin has perhaps the finest imagination of any writer of the age; too frequently, we admit, impaired by extravagance, irregularity, and perverted taste; but still it is eloquent, powerful, commanding, and deeply interesting. If the work before us exhibit all the faults of the writer, it also exhibits all his beauties in a very eminent degree.

From its title, it will be readily imagined that "*The Albigenes*" is an historical romance, founded upon the sufferings of an unfortunate sect in the thirteenth century. It is a tale of knight-hood and of arms, commencing with that portion of the Crusades against the followers of Waldo, which took place in the year 1216. The story,

wild, fearful, and mysterious, in so exceedingly complex, that it is impossible for us, within our limited space, to sketch its outline. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that, with many extraneous points, it embraces the adventures of the two sons of the far-famed Count Raymond of Toulouse, supposed to have been lost in their infancy; and that, after innumerable hazards, by flood and field, by sorcery and love, they are discovered, exalted to their native rank, crowned with glory, and rewarded with beauty. Notwithstanding the improbabilities of this wild and glowing fiction, a most intense interest is excited and sustained throughout.

"*Translations from the German and Original Poems,*" by Lord F. Leveson Gower, reflect high credit upon the taste and genius, as well as upon the exalted station of the noble writer. We select the following—the *Grave*, from *Salis*—not because it is the best, but because it is one of the shortest in the volume.

The grave all still and darkling lies
Beneath its hallow'd ground,
And dark the mists to human eyes
That float its precincts round.

No music of the grave invades
That dulc'd and dreary way;
And fast the votive flow'et fades
Upon its leaving clay.

And vain the tear in beauty's eye—
The orphan's groan is vain:—
No sound of clamorous agony
Shall pierce its gloomy sign.

Yet that oblivion of the tomb
Shall suffering man desire,
And through that shadowy gate of gloom
The weary wretch retire.

The bark, by ceaseless storms oppress'd,
Rins madly to the shore;
And thus the grief-worn heart shall rest
There, where it beats no more.

"*Female Friendship, a Tale for Sundays,*" the heroine of which is a young lady placed from infancy in a school near London, under circumstances of a somewhat mysterious nature, is by the respectable and pious author of the "*School for Sisters.*" The intention and execution of this tale are excellent; it is written with great simplicity and purity of style; and, to the higher classes in schools, and young persons

generally, its tendency will be at once to amuse and instruct, to please the fancy, and improve the mind.

A very curious book has been handed to us, under the title of "*A Grammar of Infinite Forms, or the Mathematical Elements of Ancient Philosophy and Mythology,*" by William Howison. We know not how to describe the work, in a few words, better than by saying, that the author regards mathematical abstractions as constituting the foundation of every thing in nature. For instance, according to his theory, the entire system of Grecian mythology had a mathematical origin. The principal divinities were only names and indications of the principal mathematical powers; and the minor personages were so many representatives of the varied modes in which those simple elementary powers were combined. To an inquiry so singular in its nature, the author has brought a due portion of learning, ingenuity, and ratiocinative power. To the lovers of speculative research, his book will form quite a study.

"*Patience, a Tale,*" by Mrs. Howland,* will take its rank with the other valuable productions of the same judicious and interesting writer. Its highly laudable object is to portray the beauty and utility of the Christian virtues, patience and humility. After the many specimens of Mrs. Howland's talents already before the public, it seems scarcely necessary to add, that, on the present occasion, she has been quite successful.

Mr. Cooper, the American wizard—why should not the Americans have a wizard as well as the English?—has produced another very spirited novel, under the title of "*The Pilot, a Tale of the Sea.*" Abounding with improbability, it exhibits some powerful sketches of character, with some rich traits of dry and comic humour, principally of a nautical stamp. The chief male *dramatis personæ* are American officers and seamen; and the principal adventures arise out of dangers in storms and battles on the sea, and in the attempts which are made by two American vessels to carry off the inmates of St. Ruth's Abbey, the seat of Colonel Howard, a staunch

* For a portrait and biographical sketch of this lady, vide vol. xxvii. p. 145.

loyalist, who had retired from America, and settled on the north-east coast of England. There is much freshness and originality—much also of nationality—about these volumes; and we do not wonder at the avidity with which they are sought for in the United States. They are well deserving of perusal, even in England.

Most of our readers will recollect—and all who have seen must have admired—“*The Rejected Addresses*,” which were published some years ago. Something upon the same plan, but by no means so effective, is a volume entitled “*Warreniana, with Notes Critical and Explanatory*,” purporting to be written by the “Editor of a Quarterly Review.” In the form of puffs of Warren’s Blacking, we are presented with burlesque imitations of the respective styles of Mr. Gifford, Washington Irvine, Wordsworth, Hogg, Leigh Hunt, C. Mills, Southey, C. H. Townsend, Barry Cornwall, Blackwood’s Magazine, the New Monthly Magazine, Lord Byron, Coleridge, The Times and John Bull papers, and Sir Walter Scott. In some of these imitations, there is much smartness and effect; some are deficient in resemblance, and some are objectionable for their coarseness. By way of specimen, we shall quote the commencement of “*The Dream, a Psychological Curiosity*,” in which the reader will be instantly reminded of the opening of Coleridge’s *Christabelle*:—

Ten minutes to ten by St. Dunstan’s clock,
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock.
Cock-a-doodle doo,
Cock-a-doodle-doo.

If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,
Jesu Maria! he’ll catch a sore throat.

Warren, the manufacturer rich,
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch,
To St. Dunstan’s clock, though silent now,
Sheweth her chorus of how, wow, wow
How for the quarters, and now for the hour;
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower;
But when, like a ghost all-arrayed in its shroud,
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in cloud,
When the moon, sole chandelier of night,
Bathes the blessed earth in light,
As wizard to wizard, or witch to witch,
Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch.

Buried in thought O’Warren lay,
Like a village quon, on the birth of May,
When the tones of St. Dunstan’s clock,
The mastiff bitch and the crowing cock;

But louder, far louder, he listed a roar
Loud as the billow that booms on the shore;
Rang, bang, with a pause between,
Rang the weird sound at his door, I ween.
Up from his couch he leaped in affright,
Ope’d his grey lattice, and looked on the night;
Then put on his coat, and with harlequin hop,
Stood like a phantom in midst of his shop;
In midst of his shop he stood like a spirit,
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter, with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand;
I guess ’twas frightful theme to see
A lady so scantily clad as she,
Ugly and old exceedingly.”

“*First Love, a Tale of my Mother’s Times*,” in two volumes, is a simple, well written tale, of much interest, and correct moral feeling.

The Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, a lady of considerable literary celebrity, has lately produced a romance in two volumes, entitled “*The Outcasts*,” which has been very ably translated from the original German by Mr. George Soane. It is a work of a high order—of the same class, indeed, as the historical Scotch novels; and, what renders it the more remarkable, the scene of action lies in England, and it is founded upon an eventful period of English history. The commencement is just before the death of Edward VI., when Mary, Elizabeth, and the Lady Jane Grey, were claimants of the crown. Lady Jane; her husband, the young Lord Guilford Dudley; her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland; and Catherine, the widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, are amongst the chief characters of the piece. The sacrifice of that devoted saint, Lady Jane, is very finely portrayed. The historical spirit is extremely well sustained throughout; and, considering that the fair author is a foreigner, it is perfectly astonishing with what freshness, vigour, and fidelity, she has traced the manners of the times. If the work be not equal to the best of the Scotchman’s, which some will question, it must be allowed to take its place in the very next rank.

We next notice *Peter Schlemihl, from the German of La Motte Fouqué, with the Plates, by G. Critchley*, &c. &c. &c. have, just above, paid all due homage to the fair sex, by noticing a

production of the Baroness de La Motte Fouqué before that of her husband the Baron; who, in ushering "Peter Schlemihl" into the world, has convinced that world that no ideas however crude, no story however supernatural, no caricature however extravagant, can possibly be too crude, supernatural, or extravagant for a German, to make a book of. And yet, with all its absurdity and incongruity, the prolific genius of the author has contrived to render it not only interesting, but, from its originality and oddity, to rivet the attention of the reader to the transformations and mystifications with which it abounds. This fragment (for the story cannot well be said to have either plot or keeping, beginning or end) having for its heroes one Peter Schlemihl and "a grey man," describes the former as *selling his shadow* to the latter; who, being an imp of the lower regions, with true demoniacal feeling puts it contentedly *into his pocket*, well knowing that Peter's loss of the said shadow would be a source of inexpressible misery to him! And thus it turned out: for, at length, proceeding from lesser miseries to greater, and undergoing every sort of vexation, and every vicissitude of fortune, he becomes not only *shadowless*, but *pennyless*; but, having "renounced the devil and all his works," a better genius presides over the fate of Peter for the future,—at least, one who is willing to indulge his curiosity to the utmost; and he is accordingly equipped with a pair of seven-leagued boots, with which he strides over mountains, plains, and oceans, visiting every part of the globe with all the expedition of a *Hercules*. This tale of "Peter Schlemihl" may be an allegory, for the purpose of conveying some useful moral, and we dare say it is—but what that moral is we confess we have not yet *exactly* discovered. However, it is preposterously marvellous, and therefore wonderfully entertaining to all *poor lovers* of the German *diable*.

All who recollect the delightful story of "*Althan and his Wife*," by Charles Ollier, will rejoice in the announcement of another volume from the same pen, under the title of, "*Jocunda, or the Tempter, a Romance; with other Tales*." Altogether there are four tales in the volume. The first, from which it takes its title, is based on the su-

pernatural; and, though wild and terrific, is rich and fanciful, beautiful and interesting, in an extraordinary degree. "*The Contract*," another of the stories, is written in a style of the humblest simplicity; yet, like the homely sketches of Crabbe, it finds its way to the inmost recesses of the heart: it is deeply, painfully affecting. Why does not the author expatiate in a wider field?

We had almost forgotten to mention "*The Sweepings of my Study*," a highly amusing volume for a leisure half hour, by the compiler of "*The Hundred Wonders of the World*." This is a digested collection of anecdotes, many of them original, and the whole of an entertaining stamp—delectable to relieve the ennui of a dull ride, or a pippish morning, when nobody comes to say, "How do you do?"

This month, we shall notice only one more publication: "*Joseph and his Brethren*," a *Scriptural Drama*, in *Two Acts*, by H. L. Howard, which has been some time before us.—Full as the sacred volume is of pathetic incidents, and overflowing as it does with the sublimest passages, it contains no story more complete in all its parts, or abounding more with the impassioned eloquence of nature, than the affecting narrative which Mr. Howard has here constructed into a scriptural drama; and, by a judicious exercise of that license which custom has sanctioned in dramatizing historical events, he has heightened the colouring of some of the most prominent portraits, adding thereby to the brilliancy and general effect of the picture, without materially detracting from its fidelity. To detail the well-known incidents which necessarily constitute this drama would be superfluous, and to exemplify our author's style by extracts is incompatible with that brevity to which our limits confine us; but we cannot dismiss the volume without acknowledging, that the manner in which the author has portrayed the conflicting and opposite sentiments of the different actors in this scriptural drama, evinces a perfect competency to the task he has undertaken, and shows that, while he possesses the ability of unfolding the various passions of the human mind, he is capable of successfully awakening the feelings of his readers.

MUSIC.

1. "*Carla Spora, amici Agli*," Aria composed in Italy for Ma^{re}. Ronal di Begris, by Sig. Doniacchi. London: Boosey and Co.
2. "*In quel modesto asilo*," Duetto Notturno per Soprano e Tenore, composto da Valentino Castelli.
3. "*Ai quel Concerto*," Romance, from the Opera of Loebalde ed Isolina, composed by Morlacchi. Same publishers.

"*Carla Spora*," is by a composer whose name had been to us unknown. He may have written much; and the freedom from error with which this is composed, gives us reason to believe that such is the case. It is, however, possessed of no portion of excellence that can make us regret the lateness of our acquaintance. The compass and difficulty of the composition are such as to require a far greater portion of extent and flexibility of voice than are bestowed upon the generality of singers.

The "*Duetto Notturno*," reminds us of the style of Blangini. We do not, indeed, consider it an imitation of that elegant composer, but it awakens in our minds the same feeling of calm delight which his productions generally inspire. The melody is pretty, the arrangement is judicious, and the execution is by no means difficult.

"*The Romance*," by Morlacchi, is a beautiful melody, in an elegant and pleasing style: and it will be found effective by the introduction of the slightest portion of expression. It is by far the most meritorious of the three pieces we have mentioned.

"*Brush and Forces Pyralis Ars*, adapted as Familiar Rondos and Variations for the Piano-Forte." By Joseph de Pinna No. 1. to 5. Clementi and Co.

In this work M. de Pinna undertook but little, and that little has been very imperfectly performed. At no page in which we open the book can we discover a freedom from error. Consecutive fifths and octaves are indeed avoided; but the counter-point is bad, on account of the omission of notes essential to and characteristic of the chord. For example: in the first page of "*Je suis sorti de mon pays*," not to mention the octave of the bass, which bears the chord of the sixth, being given in the treble in the third bar of the last stave, we have, in the next bar, the discord of $\frac{4}{2}$ with-

out any resolution, and the interval of a false fifth unresolved in the second bar of the melody. These errors abound in almost every page. With regard to the omission of essential notes, the following will be more than sufficient to convince our readers that we have not made the assertion without reason. In the second bar of the second stave of the second page of "*Hermosa y Buena Quevedo*," which, by the bye, is a beautiful melody, we have a bass constructed upon the chord of the seventh, on the dominant of a naked seventh followed by a naked false fifth in similar motion, which proceeds into an octave upon the seventh of the dominant. The titles designate them as familiar rondos: so the epithet they may certainly lay claim. The principal merit of the work consists in the construction of the preludes; yet, on turning to Planxy Connor, we find, in the last bar, only one of the preludes—we should say a chord—formed of g a b c d and e. This is intended as a chord of suspension; but its want of resolution, and other defects of management, incline us to withhold the slight portion of praise which we should otherwise feel disposed to award.

"*Tetrachore, Choeur des Pèruches plus belles et plus estimées, tances des Opéras et Ballets, composé par Rossini, Weber, Gyllenberg, Mozart, Beethoven, et autres célèbres Maîtres, à mis en piano le Piano-Forte*," par Fiedoroff, Czerny, Kitz, Pich, &c. No 1. to 5. London: Weid and Stodart.

The first number consists of the celebrated hunting chorus from the *Freyshatz*, which in the score is accompanied by four horns in different keys. The arrangement of it for the Piano-Forte is very well executed.

The second number consists of two pieces from the same celebrated opera, *and* the chorus immediately after the introduction to the first act, and the dance which follows it. The arrangement possesses the same merit as the first number.

The third number contains the tenor cavatina, in the first act of the *Freyshatz*, and Enlita Eliza, a chorus from the *Ellenbetta* of Rossini, both highly arranged for the Piano-forte; though, in the last bar of the first piece of this number there is the

omission of a c, which is necessary to perfect the chord.

The fourth number, containing the pretty little chorus of the Bridesmaids, in the Freyschutz, and the finale of the overture of the same Opera, is at least equal to the preceding.

No. 5 is a *Pas de Deux*, arranged as a rondo by Moscheles, and it evinces the same genius which his works invariably display. In the third stave of the second page there is a palpable imitation of the style of Rossini in one of his celebrated crescendos. This, however, is very agreeably relieved by an elegant passage of his own, which immediately follows it. We must notice an error in the engraving, in the last bar of the fourth stave in the first page, where the last note, a D sharp, ought to be an F: there are also, in the third stave of the third page, several c's substituted for a's in the bass. These errors evidently arise from the carelessness of the engraver; but now that they are pointed out, we hope they will be corrected. If the succeeding numbers possess equal merit with those which have already appeared, this work will be one of the most pleasing, and at the same time one of the most excellent selections with which we are acquainted.

Introduction et Grandes Variations sur un Thème Original pour la Flûte, composées par Charles Keller, de Fumme, avec accompagnement de Piano Forte, arrangée des Parties d'Orchestre, par FRIED. HOFFMANN. London West & Stodart.

We have seen but few productions of the above composer, but those which we have seen prove him to be a musician of no ordinary talent. Some of his waltzes which we recently met with, left an impression so favourable on our mind, that we can safely recommend them to our readers. The present arrangement is effected with the utmost justice to the score, and in the most judicious manner for the instruments for which it is adapted.

ITALIAN OPERA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The opera of *Zelmira*, with all its real beauties and great merits, has soon lost its attraction. It has obtained that sort of success which our neighbours call *un succès d'estime*! but it was too serious to bo-

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come a favourite with the generality of the subscribers and frequenters of the Opera House. After six representations, it was evident that a relief was wanting; and the managers, with great judgment and taste, had recourse to another work of Rossini's, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the masterpiece of his early genius. It was performed on the 16th of February, and was received with universal applause. MME. VASSARI made her first appearance in the character of *Rosina*, and she acted and sang with great ability. SIGNOR BENETTI made his *début* in the part of *Figaro*. His voice is a *baritone*, and he sings in tune and with great correctness. He has an expressive countenance and a good figure, and his acting is easy and spirited. GARCIA, as *Count Almaviva*, was in fine voice, and displayed admirably his great skill and science. DI BERNIS, in the character of *Bartolo*, shewed himself, as he does whenever he appears, a very clever actor. PORTO performed the part of *Basilio*, and in the conversant pieces his deep tones produced a very good effect. Upon the whole the excellent music of this Opera has seldom been better executed than in this last revival, and the merit of this fine original production has never been more justly appreciated.

A great event has taken place during the month in the vocal department of this theatre. MADAME CATALINI has at last accepted an engagement, and she is shortly to appear in the new *l'anelito per la Musica*. She is to perform afterwards in the *Clemenza di Tito*, or some other opera of Mozart; and in the course of the season she is also to perform again that great character of *Semiramide*, in which she was first introduced to an English audience, and in which her Siddonian acting, and her wonderful powers, made such a deep and delightful impression.

We hear also, with pleasure, that ROSSINI is to compose for her, not only some dramatic arias and pieces, but also some *cantatas* and sacred songs, or hymns, which she is to sing first in the concerts that are announced at the Opera House for Lent.—We understand, also, that the great composer, who is enraptured with the voice and talent of MADAME CATALINI, is to accompany her, when the season is over, in

her provincial tour, and that this rare combination of musical forces is to be displayed in new meetings and festivals, which several towns have resolved to establish next summer, for charitable purposes.

There has been hitherto very little change in the ballet department. The insignificant divertissement of *Honneur aux Dames* has been wisely withdrawn. The ballet of *Adoration au Soleil* is now given between the two acts of the opera, as a divertissement; and the *Noce de Village*, which last year was only a divertissement, is now given as a ballet, after the opera. Such slender compositions ought now to make room for some works more worthy of the chorographer himself, as well as of the elegant stage and eminent talents which are now at his disposal.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Kean has repeated *Macbeth*, *Richard*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*. The first is, we think, the least successful of this gentleman's efforts; there is not sufficient dignity and strength of purpose throughout. We are aware that *Macbeth* is carried along by the tide of circumstances, with the powerful aid of ambition accompanying; yet he should not be wholly subverted by the agency of accident: the struggles of conscience, native nobility of mind, and natural kindliness, are not so powerfully maintained as we think they should be. Of his *Richard*, it were trite to speak: it possesses the same beauties and defects as at its first presentation. *Sir Giles Overreach* is a performance *sans tache*—terribly passionate and overpowering—the leap of the tiger, and the speciousness of the slumbering snake.

Mrs. Bunn played *Lady Macbeth* with much talent—her sleeping scene particularly.

Munden has played *Old Dornton* in the *Road to Ruin*; the performance makes us feel that the stage will, for some time at least, lose *Old Dornton* when Munden quits it.

The Hypocrite has, since the visit of his Majesty, become very popular. Oxberry has sustained the part of *Mawworm* during the absence of Liston with great humour and originality. He has also played *Justice*

Greggy, and with the same appearance of judicial voraciousness which so much pleased at the first revival of *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. Oxberry is the very judge who "would hang the guiltless rather than eat his mutton cold."

The notices of this theatre must be very general; nothing has appeared of any novelty, if we except the bringing forward *Lodoiska*, and illustrating Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* with music. The first was a most unsuccessful effort, and we imagine was produced but in order to make out the engagements of melo-dramatic assistants, horses, &c. Old scenery and bad acting prevailed throughout.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, that beautiful production of Avon's bard, disguised by managerial folly and rapacious speculation as an opera! Why were not the horses introduced? This is really a grievous evil to the lovers of the purity of Shakespeare; the rich comic scenes are disfigured and broken by the introduction of songs, which, in order to be well executed, are given to persons any thing but Shakesperian. We have Miss Stephens in the part of *Mrs. Ford*—the arch, perplexing, Falstaff-teazing *Mrs. Ford*. None can appreciate the efforts of Miss Stephens more than ourselves: but even perfection can be made intrusive; the vivacity and spirit of the *Wife of Windsor* cannot be compromised for the execution of two or three airs, equally pleasing in any other place. If we have music, acting must be totally subservient to it, more especially at this theatre. Miss Cubitt, as *Mrs. Page*, made the transformation of Shakespeare more lamentable than any other person in the Opera. It was forwardness without spirit, and an attempt at fascination wanting the success. Miss Povey was the only lady who could pass in *Ann Page* without making her appearance palpably intrusive. Mrs. Harlowe, as *Dame Quickly*, was just reproachable.

As Doctor Johnson exclaims, "*Falstaff*, imitable *Falstaff*, how shall we describe thee?" Downton, as *Sir John*, whilst he made great amends for the violation of consistency in the other parts, afforded matter of regret for the want of worthier associates. Alas! where were the amorous old knight's tormenters? where the revengeful fair ones? We could not discover. Wallace

played *Ford* in good style, as did *Harley Slender*, and *Sherwin* mine *Host of the Garter*. Mr. Braham played *Master Fenton*, introducing several songs.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, we think, cannot be played long in this manner. Certainly should not.

COVENT GARDEN.

King Lear has been played with decided success. Perhaps there is not so great a line of distinction between the representation of any other character in the drama, as in the acting of *King Lear* by Kean and Young. In the former, passion takes its highest range, and threatens the "poor old king" with instant nothingness. This is nature, and it is not: for man, though in the most unswayed and lawless state of being, bred in authority and attended with adulation, must be subservient to the hand of time, which chastens as it corrects violence; hence the headstrong and fiery in youth, are made but the imperative and querulous in age; therefore *King Lear*, as played by Kean, endowed with such energy of passion and strength of purpose, may be equally true to the copy, nature, in an earlier view. His *Lear* is doubtless surprising and beautiful, but it is not the aged *Lear*; it is not the monarch gradually tamed and broken by time and unkindness to a state of comparative passiveness—he rides upon the storm to the last "every inch a king," and never permits his nature to be subdued, but only wounded.

Mr. Young's portraiture is wholly different. His first scene indicates his physical imbecility, and partial unfitness for the cares of royalty; with fatherly fondness breaking through the laws of policy, to bestow his power with his possession, only retaining to himself "the name of king." His disappointment, at the simple professions of *Cordelia* was fondness mistaken in its dearest retreat, but only shewing its regret in subdued vexation, the pride of a king breaking through and sustaining him. His after interviews with his unkind daughters evinced more sorrow that his affections could have been mistaken in their natures, than revenge for their duplicity; and his curse, "hear, Nature," torn from him by conflicting circumstances, in its termination,

"—that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

told the agony that rent his heart from the visitation of ingratitude. His scenes with *Edgar* were equally felicitous, as was his recognition of *Cordelia*. Mr. Young's *King Lear* strongly partakes of that classic taste and elegant description which ever characterize his efforts, and have rendered his name a watch-word to all striving after a polish of manner, and chasteness of style, seldom sacrificing the tone of character for momentary effect. Of Mr. C. Kemble's *Edgar* there can be but one opinion—elegant and gentlemanly in its commencement, and more than meeting all our highest and most fantastic notions of "poor Turlygood, poor Tom."

Miss Lacy played *Cordelia*, and in some parts acquitted herself with judgment and feeling; but we do not, from other efforts of Miss Lacy, imagine *Cordelia* exactly suited to her powers.

A new farce, called *The Poachers*, has been produced. In these days, when we hear speak of projected farces, we expect a set of bad puns to cheat a laugh, also putting the well known question of "why do you laugh?"—a tolerable shew of situation, with the never-ending personages of an old avaricious, hard-hearted guardian, a rebellious young lady, an adventuring military captain, with a bronze-faced valet, who by the aid of egregious disguises, ladder-ropes, and garden-walls, attain the end of their wishes by finishing the piece.

In *The Poachers* there is nothing of this, and yet it is bad; silly in its purpose, equally silly in its denouement.

If this piece has any thing to recommend it, it must be incident, for language it has none: mere tea-table chit-chat without its harmlessness. The situations are, to say the least, indelicate, and would, in many cases, have procured the condemnation of worthier associates than offered by *The Poachers*.

The play-bills are "false as dicers' oaths,"—like party journals, they can extenuate and "set down in malice" to cheat opinion, and decoy custom. Hence we see advertised an "historical play" with no history at all; and an opera with nothing operative. With these assurances we expect

nothing until we witness it, and we attended the first representation of "*Native Land*," free from all glowing dreams of anticipating realization of promise. We were the more delighted. The overture is Rossini's, and the vivid and wanton genius of the great master vibrates in every note; he rules the realms of sound with captivating sway—caters to the ear its most luscious banquet, and bears away with him our imagination in his daring flight; shewing to us, like Byron's *Lucifer*, stars and worlds of brightness and of beauty. It was most rapturously enjoyed, as were many efforts of the evening.

The story, which is the least part of *Native Land*, is this: *Aurelio di Montalto*, a young Genoese nobleman, betrothed to *Climante*, is, whilst fighting his country's battles, taken by the Tunisians and condemned to slavery. His letters to his family and mistress are intercepted by the villainy of *Giuseppo*, an old senator, and he is liberated only by the conquering *Tancredi*, whom he accompanies, disguised as an Algerine, to Genoa. By the will of *Climante's* father she is compelled to marry within a certain period, or forfeit all her vast possessions. This time is nearly expired, when *Aurelio* returns, who, from circumstances, questioning his mistress's truth, refuses to discover himself. *Climante*, however, in order to keep her faith with *Montalto*, whom she imagines dead, prevails upon *Bondina*, a female relative, to assume the garb of a cavalier, to woo her, and, as a last resource, to marry her. *Montalto* being apprized of this, is introduced, still disguised, by *Tancredi* to *Climante*. After a variety of incidents, *Montalto* is discovered; and his mistress, in revenge for his suspicion of her faith, assumes the tyrant and inconstant for a time, but of course at last relents, and the lovers are united.

With this opera, as it ever should be, the music has been considered paramount to every other effort; and it is likewise so well ordered, that the songs are not introduced to break any interest that may be awakened by the story, but every thing is well timed and pleasing. The first air by Sinclair is a sweet piece of music, and affords him opportunity for the display of his beautiful falsetto, whose harmony was never more touching and delightful than on

this occasion. A song in which he recounts a story of *Montalto's* death was finely executed by Mr. Sinclair, yielding ample scope for his fine volume of voice and perfection of science. Duruset acquitted himself of the little allotted him with more than usual success. Cooper, as *Tancredi*, the Genoese conqueror, looked well and nautical: more we imagine was not required, for nothing more could be effected with it. He was, as a sailor, of course, noble-hearted, generous, brave, with all the other sea-faring virtues. Farren, as *Giuseppo*, was as much Farren as the part would permit. *Giuseppo* is but a very, very faint outline of much boldly-coloured, full-flashed villainy, an old avaricious senator—a *Skurlis* in power. Hawcett, as the flippant servant of *Aurelio*, was as self-sufficient as "my lord's gentleman" generally is, and kept the house in good humour.

Miss Paton was most brilliant in the execution of her allotted music. She sang a very sweet air, "*Julio told me, when we parted*," accompanying herself on the harp with decided success; and her bravura was one of the best efforts of the evening. We never remember to have witnessed this lady in finer voice. We have expressed our dislike of the custom which presents ladies *en homme*, but the fascinating playfulness and the mind's archery of Miss M. Tree, as the feigned *Cerlio* (the bridegroom elect of *Climante*) make an exception: she was the very spirit of vivacity, the imp of fancy, and the child of thought. She gave a song, "*I'm quite the lady's man*," in a style that, if there is real magic in the sportiveness of woman, would dimple the cheek of *Francis Bacon* into a smile of approbation. Miss Love, as *Zanna*, played in her usual style of comedy, which is always pleasing, even from its familiarity. Miss Beaumont looked lovely, and was every thing that the author would allow her.

We rejoice at the production of this opera; it is so unlike any thing of late. *Clari* is pleasing because Miss Tree plays *Clari*; and *Cortez* has been played, on account of the horses; but *Native Land*, independent of all stage effect, is in itself a good opera.

The scenery, by Grieve, is most beautiful, particularly *Climante's* palace by moonlight.

MR. SMART'S DRAMATIC READINGS.

We have derived great pleasure, and we think we may venture to add improvement, from the continuation of Mr. Smart's Shakesperian Readings. He has given in succession, since the date of our last publication, scenes from *King John*, with *The Taming of the Shrew*; *The Merchant of Venice*, with *Queen Mab*; *Henry IV.* with the *Seven Ages*; and *Othello*, with *Shallow*, *Silence*, *Falstaff*, and *Recruits*.

We were particularly pleased with the spirit, point, and effect, with which he gave *The Taming of the Shrew*. The judicious mode in which it was curtailed, without breaking the connexion of the story or impairing its interest, was highly creditable to Mr. Smart's taste. Indeed, his little exordiums, connecting narratives, and perorations, are alone sufficient to prove him a man of superior talent.

THE FINE ARTS.

British Institution.

The exhibition season has commenced with the opening of the British Institution in Pall-Mall. A first glance at the multifarious contents of this new national gallery, in which

Black spirits and white,

Blue spirits and grey,

are mingled in wild confusion, produces no favourable impression. A cold, tawdry glare of unmellowed reds, whites, yellows, and glittering greens, offends the eye, which long seeks in vain for repose. The unfavourable impression, however, gradually wears off; and although, upon examination, we find many staring productions which ought never to have been admitted, we find also many pictures to admire and be delighted with—many pictures which reflect high credit upon the respective artists, and upon the country which has given those artists birth.

As we intend to devote a second notice to this institution, our remarks will, in the present instance, be desultory and concise.

In the historic and poetic departments there are few, if any pieces, that can be termed great or noble; though of a secondary rank there are many that may be deemed highly respectable. Of productions decidedly historical we have yet observed none that we prefer, in point of general

merit, to "Colonel Blood's Attempt to steal the Regalia from the Tower of London" (No. 121), by H. F. Briggs. It is firmly and vigorously painted, with a fine energetic display of character; and all the accessories are in keeping with the principal figure. The drapery of Colonel Blood has great merit.

"The Death of Socrates" (No. 77), by William M^cCall, is a hard, cold picture. Firmness and resolution are depicted in the countenance of the illustrious Heathen—we almost blush to call him so—but it is utterly deficient in that calm and holy tranquillity which historians lead us to expect.

A subject of more modern date is contemplated in the "Defeat of the Turks under the command of Ali Pacha (in his attack on the Republic of Suli) by the Souliotes, in the Defile of Klissura" (No. 103), by Denis Deighton. In this production the scene is wild and terrific—all is life and action—the fierce conflict of blood is full before us. Some of the characters—the black in particular—exhibit great force and power. The costume of the Turks, as well as of the Souliotes, appears to be well preserved. The piece is not without its faults, but on the whole it is a meritorious effort.

In what may be termed the poetry of the art, the Exhibition has far more to boast. Westall's "Cupid and Psyche" (No. 112), which has already been seen at Somerset House, is a fine specimen of drawing, colouring, and pencilling. It is truly beautiful. Hilton's "Comus, with the Lady in the Enchanted Chair" (No. 37), is another delightful and almost fascinating picture.

On a smaller scale, "Iris and her Train" (No. 23) by Howard, is also very attractive. The composition is fine, the forms are graceful, and the colouring is charmingly vivid and soft. Perhaps it might be objected, that some of the

Gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play in the plighted clouds,

seem, by their apparent plumpness and solidity, more allied to earth than air.

Sir William Beechey's "Venus chasing Cupid for having lost his Bow and Arrows with Ganymede at Hazard" (No. 56) is a good picture; but it has all the tawdriness of colouring by which the efforts of Sir Wil-

them are invariably distinguished; and, in the lady goddess herself, we discover none of that voluptuous, soul-thrilling beauty which ought ever to beam forth in the form and features of the Queen of Love.

Arnold's "*Atalanta and Melcager*" (No. 88) displays much richness in all its parts. The figures are remarkably distinct; the animals are very spirited; and, although the canvas is full, every object is completely developed. The colouring is also entitled to great praise.

Singleton's "*Valentine*" (No. 113) from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V., Scene 3, is painted with great truth, spirit, and effect. The author's conception appears to be most correctly embodied.

Another Shaksperian subject, very respectably handled by the same artist, is (No. 62), "*A Scene in the Midsummer Night's Dream*," when *Bottom* tells *Titania* that he has "an exposition of sleep come upon him," and the lady exclaims—"Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms." The colouring of the whole is rich; and the light, transparent, gossamery robe of *Titania* floats most gracefully on the air.

Landscapes and Views are very numerous; but at present we have no room to dwell upon them. Barnett's "*View of West Cowes near East Cowes Ferry, Isle of Wight*" (No. 58) is a mellow, warmly-painted, pleasing production. It presents a fine evening sky; and the effect of the water is remarkably good.

In "*Sheep-Washing*" (No. 25) by Stark, the trees and the water—especially the former—are finely painted; but the figures are deficient in energy, and activity: the scene is altogether too much in repose.

J. Ward's "*View on the Thames, Moonlight*" (No. 9), and "*Evening, a scene on the Thames*" (No. 31), are both good: in the former, the appearance of the moon in the sky, and of her reflection in the water, is very pleasing.

Constable's "*Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Grounds*" (No. 46) is, from its graphical exhibition of the sacred structure, extremely interesting. The details are minutely preserved, without any hardness of outline. In attempting to be brilliant, however, we think the artist has rendered his trees and sky too gorgeous.

In the conversational, domestic, and miscellaneous classes, the number is great, and, of course, the degrees of merit much varied. Some of them are admirable specimens of the art, such as would do honour to any age or nation: we shall notice them hereafter.

The smaller attempts in sculpture—only nine in the aggregate—we have not yet had an opportunity to examine. "*Arethusa, a Statue in Marble*" (No. 387), by J. Carew, will inevitably force itself upon the attention of the spectator.

The King's Portrait.

Another finely engraved portrait of his Majesty has appeared, with extraordinary claims to notice. It is in mezzotinto, by Charles Turner, from the celebrated painting of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. It is a strong and living resemblance, in person and feature, of our Sovereign at the present period. This print is a three-quarters; and we understand that a whole length, from the same original, is now engraving in line, by Ruden.

Mrs. Hannah More.

From an original painting of Mrs. More, by Pickers-gill, some time ago exhibited at the Royal Academy, W. H. Worthington has engraved a very fine print, which conveys a perfect and characteristic idea of the living original, at a very advanced period of her life. To the admirers of Mrs. More and her writings it will prove a valuable acquisition.

Bone's Enamels.

The publication of Mr. Bone's Gallery of Eminent Characters connected with the age of Elizabeth, is now drawing towards a close. A whole-length portrait of Queen VIII., and another of Queen Elizabeth, from a painting by Zucchero, are amongst its latest additions.

A splendid copy of *Diana and Actæon* from a Titian belonging to the Marquis of Stafford, has also been recently finished by Mr. Bone.

Gems of Art.

Two Numbers of exquisite engravings under this title, have been published by W.

B. Cooke. In the Second Number we find — Meditation, by W. Ward, A.R.A. from Sir J. Reynolds; Chelsea Reach, by Lupton, from T. Girtin; Holy Family, by S. W. Reynolds, from Procaccini; Distant View of Rome, from Tyrol, by S. W. Reynolds, from Gaspar Poussin; and Moonlight, by S. W. Reynolds, from Cuvp.

Neale's Churches.

The First Number of *Views of Collegiate and Parochial Churches in Great Britain*, from drawings, by J. P. Neale, engraved by J. Le Keux, with historical and architectural illustrations, has just made its appearance. The design is excellent; and, judging from the present number, we look forward with confidence to the execution of the whole.

Canova.

The *XVth* Part of the Works of Canova, in Outline, by Moses, has been published since our last: it is equal in beauty and excellence to any of its predecessors.

Select Views in Greece.

The First Number of a work under this title, to be completed in six numbers, with

six plates each, is now before us. The design is truly classical. In plates five inches in length and three in breadth, we have Views—of the Parthenon, as it now exists; the Parthenon, as it would appear if restored; Athens, from the Hill of the Museum, the Temple of Erechtheus; the Temple of Minerva Polias; the Acrocerataean Promontory, &c. The work is illustrated with Greek and Latin quotations, with English translations. Historical notices, howsoever brief, would prove a very acceptable addition.

The Donkey Race.

A donkey race is a droll thing at a country fair; but, if the subject of this notice had not fallen in our way, we should never have thought of mentioning such an affair in the pages of *La Belle Assemblée*. A lithographic sketch, coarse it is true, but excessively whimsical, has just been published by W. J. Partidge, at which, from its exceedingly humorous effect, it seems impossible to look without laughing. We scarcely know to which we ought to award the palm of merit, the asses, or their equally grotesque riders. "*The Donkey Race*" strikes us as an admirable nursery print.

Entertaining Varieties.

I tell Dress at the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century—The upper garment of Agnes was an open robe, reaching to the feet, of transparent white gauze, edged with silver roses, covering a dress of white satin made to fit tightly to the body, and fastened with diamond clasps, the long train of which was bordered with rich silver embroidery, and allowed to sweep its folds as it fell upon the floor, in imitation of the tail of a peacock—that bird giving its name to the dress, in which she was performing, and which, at that period, was most approved for elegant and mystic movements. The numerous ringlets of her bright and luxuriant hair fell like a veil over the polished neck and shoulders of Agnes, while it was prevented from encroaching on her features by a band set with diamonds, that sparkled in her dark hair like stars in a deepening firmament. The Earl of Gower was habited in a close dress of pale blue velvet, slashed in the Spanish fashion with

white satin, and ornamented with rich gold figured lace. His hose were embroidered in the clocks with gold, and his shoes decorated with diamond rosettes, which were again matched at the knees—his middle was circled by a broad belt of filagree work, from which hung a small rapier, the hilt of which was studded with precious stones of great value, and in his hand he carried a hat of white beaver, the original material of which was merely distinguishable through a net work of gold, with which it was covered. This hat was further ornamented by a lofty plume of white ostrich feathers, and looped up in front with a chain, composed of small brilliants, passed over a diamond button, of such lustre and value, that it put to scorn the royal jewels, and those of the whole court, and was in itself a fortune. A mantle, lined with costly sable, the outside of which, to correspond with his dog-belt, was of embroidered blue velvet, was thrown over his shoulders,

fastened in front with a brilliant clasp in form of a wreathed serpent, and over the collar of this mantle fell deep lace points, leaving the throat bare.—*St. Johnstown; or, John, Earl of Gaurie.*

Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Macauley.—The following humorous account of the first interview between these literary ladies is from "Memoirs of Mrs. Frances Sheridan," a work now on the eve of publication—"Mrs. Lefanu, of Dublin, then a fine intelligent girl of between nine and ten years of age, used to give a humorous account of the first interview between these literary ladies. Mrs. Macauley introduced herself by complimenting Mrs. Sheridan upon her novel; Mrs. Sheridan, as in duty bound, replied by complimenting Mrs. Macauley upon her history; and the manner of both gave Miss Sheridan the idea that neither of them had read the works of the other. Mrs. Macauley did not appear to her to have any of those charms so profusely ascribed to her by a female biographer: neither was there any thing of that levity or extravagance of dress imputed to her by one of the other sex. Mrs. Macauley struck Miss Sheridan as a plain woman—pale, tall, cold, and formal; with nothing reprehensible in her manners, nor any thing peculiarly fascinating in her address."

Miss Hannah More.—The following circumstance relating to Mr. Thos. Sheridan, the celebrated rhetorical lecturer, when at Bristol, about 63 years ago, is related in the same volume.—"A copy of *Verses* upon Mr. Sheridan, by a very young lady of that city, was handed to the Orator: who read them, liked them, and prophesied favourably of the poetic talents of the fair author. There is something interesting in the first efforts of youthful genius, particularly in a female, which lays hold of the mind, and inspires a fond partiality, not to be afterwards renewed by more laboured and finished productions. Mr. Sheridan on this occasion, however, proved not to be blinded by self-love, or propitiated by flattery, for the muse whose first lisping accents were in his praise at the age of timid and blushing fifteen, has since approved herself honourably to the world in the numerous and valuable productions of Miss Hannah More."

Mr. Thomas Sheridan's Opinion of Women.—Of the virtues of women in general, Mr. Sheridan had a very favourable opinion, and he was often heard to observe that, in the distressing vicissitudes of his fortune, he had met, in his female friends, with more generosity, more disinterestedness, and far greater steadiness of attachment than among men. The female heart did not grow cold at the aspect of calamity,

and the sympathies of woman were ever ready at the call of unmerited distress.

Fatal Report.—While Louis XII. was at Genoa, he became the *Intendus* (the term then used for the modern one of *Petito*) of the beautiful Thomassina Spinola. After his departure a constant correspondence continued their connexion. Proud of having a king for her *intendis*, attached sincerely to himself, Thomassina gave herself up to her passion with all the fervid love of a woman and an Italian. The news came to Genoa that Louis was dead; a report spread by the many rejected lovers of the royal mistress. It proved a fatal one, for when the letters, delayed by chance, of the *Intendis* arrived, the young and lovely Thomassina was a corpse! The Republic, which had often benefitted by the correspondence carried on with the monarch, erected a superb mausoleum to her memory.—*L'Hermite en Italie.*

French Superiority.—Montesquieu had parted one evening from Lord Chesterfield, whom he met during his stay at Venice, not a little discontented that, while the latter allowed the French people the superiority in wit, he denied pertinaciously their superiority in good sense. Late at night a Venetian came mysteriously to his house, and though a stranger, asked a private interview on the plea of business the most important. As soon as they were alone, Montesquieu was greeted with the pleasant intelligence that the state inquisitors had taken umbrage at his residence in Venice, and that very night that his papers were to be examined, where, if any thing obnoxious was discovered, his arrest was instantly to follow. The stranger then departed, loaded with thanks for his timely intelligence; and as soon as he was gone, Montesquieu set about destroying all papers that were the least likely to give offence. His rest, however, was undisturbed by any nocturnal visitors; and the next morning, when recounting his strange adventure, and congratulating himself upon his fortunate escape to Lord Chesterfield, he was somewhat surprised to have his recital received with a burst of laughter, and the exclamation—"Well, was I wrong in refusing to acknowledge the superiority in good sense, since even the most distinguished men have completely shown their want of it?"—"How is that?" rejoined the President.—"Without doubt with a little good sense, you would have reflected that no stranger was likely to risk his life merely to warn you; besides that, had a government, whose very soul is secrecy, made such a determination, no one would have been informed of it." Montesquieu gave up the argument.—*L'Hermite en Italie.*

A Domestic Tyrant.—General Menou, during his campaigns in the East, married a beautiful Egyptian. He was for some time in Italy, where the inhabitants overwhelmed him with flâpes. One, a ball, in particular, yet dwells upon Italian memories; it began on a Sunday, and was kept up with unabated spirit till Wednesday. The musicians were exchanged when tired for others, and the ladies took it by turns to snatch intervals of rest, and to arrange their dress. But, in all these entertainments, his Egyptian was never allowed to appear—confined with even more than Asiatic jealousy; which occasioned a whisper that the General was not quite so amiable at home as he was out. One evening, however, she was permitted to witness a comedy by Mdlle. Raucourt's company. The piece was *The Domestic Tyrant*. In one of the most furious scenes, she said with the greatest naïveté, to those in her box, "Ah! that is so like the General!"—*L'Hermite en Italie.*

Rossini assassin.—Cottouigno, the principal physician at Naples, told me, at the time of the extraordinary success of the *Moïse*, "Among other praises which may be bestowed on your hero, include that of being an assassin. I could quote you more than forty attacks of brain fever, or violent convulsions, to which young females, too doatingly fond of music, have been subjected, from no other cause than the prayer of the Hebrews in the third act, with its superb change of tone."—*Life of Rossini.*

Music and Galvanism.—The same philosopher, for this great physician Cottouigno was worthy of the title, thought twilight necessary to the full effect of music. Too strong a light, he said, irritated the optic nerve, and the optic nerve and the auditory nerve could not be excited at the same time. "You have your choice (said he) between two enjoyments; but the human brain cannot bear both at once. I suspect the existence of another circumstance (added Cottouigno) which belongs rather to galvanism. In order to experience the most delicious sensations of music, we must insulate ourselves from every other human body. Our ear is, perhaps, surrounded with a musical atmosphere; of the nature of which I can say no more than that it is probable such a one exists. But to enjoy musical pleasures in perfection, you must be, in some measure, insulated, as for electrical experiments; and there ought to be an interval of at least a foot between you and the nearest human body. The animal heat of an extraneous body appears to me to be destructive of musical delight."—*Ibid.*

Despatch in Printing.—The new novel, *Pe-veril of the Peak*, was received from England in New York on Monday at ten A. M., and was No. 185.—*Vol. XXIX.*

printed, published, and sold, on Tuesday, within twenty-eight hours after the same was received. Another English copy of the same was received per the Custom House, New York, at twelve o'clock on Wednesday—at one o'clock forwarded to Philadelphia by the mail. In Philadelphia it was printed on Thursday, and on Friday 2,000 copies were put up in boards by six o'clock in the morning. The English copy of Moore's *Loves of the Angels* was taken out of the Custom House in New York on a Monday, in February last, at eleven o'clock A. M.; was immediately sent to Philadelphia, and 250 copies of the work printed were received at New York on Thursday following, by eight o'clock A. M., and the same copies were sold and circulated that afternoon.—*American Newspaper.*

Tranquillity of Nature.—The day was grey, still, sober, and mild, without sunshine or shower. The winds were asleep, and almost also the waters; the birds were mute, but not without mellowness, and they shook the crystalline drops from the impearled leaves, as they busily pruned their wings, like gentle villagers preparing for church in the holiness of the Sabbath morning. The skies were not darkened with any cloud, but the mountain tops were hid in a resting mist, that hung like a canopy, lowered almost to the tufty hills of the little islands in the lake. It was a morning, when the lowing of cows and the bleating of lambs heard afar off, mingling with the bark of the shepherd's dog, seemed tuned and musical;—when doves coo on the window-sills of the solitary maiden, who never listened to any other note of love, and who feeds them with crumbs treasured from her frugal supper;—when daisies lift not their golden eyes, but hang their heads, as if drowsy with some delicious excess;—when bees pass from bloom to blossom in silence;—when the dumb butterfly, that never spreads his wing but to the sun, rests as quiet as the pea flower on its stalk under the leaf that he has made his canopy;—and when the voiceless snail, in his satin doublet, stretches his eyehorns from side to side on the green sward, as if he wist not where to taste first, like a sable-vestured clerk at a banquet. In sooth, a season of quietude and calm, when wary grimalkin, looking out at the cottage door, and fain to pass to her lair beneath the bushes, often puts forth her foot to feel if indeed the soft air be too moist for her furred delicacy.—*The Spaenife.*

American Tea-Party.—A tea-party is a serious thing in this country, and some of those at which I have been present in New York and elsewhere have been on a very large scale. In the modern houses the two principal apartments are on the ground floor, and communicate by large folding doors, which on gala days throw

wide their ample portals, converting the two apartments into one. At the largest party which I have seen there were about thirty young ladies present, and more than as many gentlemen. Every sofa, chair, and foot-stool, were occupied by the ladies, and little enough room some of them appeared to have after all. The gentlemen were obliged to content themselves with walking up and down, talking now with one lady, now with another. Tea was brought in by a couple of blacks, carrying large trays, one covered with cups, the other with cake. Slowly making the round, and retiring at intervals for additional supplies, the ladies were gradually gone over; and after much patience, the gentlemen began to enjoy the beverage "which cheers but not inebriates;" still walking about or leaning against the wall, with the cup and saucer in their hand. As soon as the first course was over, the hospitable trays again entered, bearing a chaos of preserves, peaches, pine-apples, ginger, oranges, citrons, pears, &c. in tempting display. A few of the young gentlemen now accompanied the revolution of the trays, and sedulously attended to the pleasure of the ladies. The party was so numerous, that the period between the commencement and termination of the round, was sufficient to justify a new solicitation; and so the ceremony continued, with very little intermission, during the whole evening. Wine succeeded the preserves, and dried fruit followed the wine; which in its turn was supported by sandwiches in name of supper, and a forlorn hope of confectionary and frost work. I pitied the poor blacks, who, like Tantalus, had such a profusion of dainties the whole evening at their finger ends, without the possibility of partaking of them. A little music and dancing gave variety to the scene; which to some of us was a source of considerable satisfaction, for when a number of ladies were on the floor, those who cared not for the dance had the pleasure of getting a seat. About eleven o'clock, I did myself the honour of escorting a lady home, and was well pleased to have an excuse for escaping.—*Duncan's Travels in America.*

Brandy.—Brandy, the Dutch *Brandewijn*, first occurs about 1671, though *Aqua Vita* continued long after. Pennant has mistaken it for *Aqua Vita*, an invention of Raymond Lully, who died in 1515. Nares says, that *Brantwine* was the old name for *Eau de Vie*, now shortened into Brandy. The English *Aqua Vita* was made and sold by barbers and barber-surgeons. It consisted of lees of strong wine, distilled with powder of cloves, ginger, herbs, &c., or of strong ale or wine, or their lees, distilled likewise with liquorice and annise. The Irish

was U-quehaugh, made of *aqua composita*, i. e. wine of any kind, distilled with spices and sweet herbs, liquorice and annise.—*Fosbroke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities.*

Ostrich Eggs, and Hottentot Cookery.—We made our dinner from the ostrich eggs; each of the Hottentots eating a whole one, although containing as much food as twenty-four eggs of the domestic hen. It is, therefore, not surprising, that I found myself unable to accomplish my share of the meal; even with the aid of all the hunger which a long morning's ride had given me. The mode in which they were cooked, was one of great antiquity; for all the Hottentot race, their fathers, and their grandfathers' fathers, as they express themselves, have practised it before them. A small hole, the size of a finger, was very dexterously made at one end, and having cut a forked stick from the bushes, they introduced it into the egg, by pressing the two prongs close together; then, by twirling the end of the stick between the palms of their hands for a short time, they completely mixed the white and the yolk together. Setting it upon the fire, they continued frequently to turn the stick, until the inside had acquired the proper consistence of a boiled egg. This method recommends itself to a traveller by its expedition, cleanliness, and simplicity, and by requiring neither pot nor water; the shell answering perfectly the purpose of the first, and the liquid nature of its contents that of the other.—*Burchell's Travels in Africa.*

Coals.—This useful fossil was known to the Britons before the arrival of the Romans, who, says Pennant, had not even a name for coals, though Theophrastus describes them very accurately, at least three centuries before the time of Cæsar, and even says, that they were known to workers in brass. Brand says, that they were burnt by the Romans. The Anglo-Saxons knew, and partly used them. Brand, however, observes, that they were not mentioned under the Danish usurpation, nor under the Normans, but were known in the reign of Henry III. In 1202 they were prohibited at London as a nuisance, but used in the palace in 1321, and became common after an important article of commerce. In 1512, they were not always used, because not having got to the main stratum, people complained that they would not burn without wood." The best was then sold at five shillings a chaldron; a bad sort at four shillings and two-pence. Excepting blacksmiths, they were confined in the seventeenth century, under the name of *wa-coal*, to the lower orders, who could not afford to buy wood. They were hawked about the streets in sacks, upon men's backs.—*Fosbroke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities.*

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

A COMBINED expedition, to pursue the discoveries towards the north, is expected to be sent out late in the spring, Capt. Parry in the *Hecla*, and Capt. Hoppner in the *Pury*, to proceed to explore Regent's Inlet; while the *Griper*, Capt. Lyon, proceeds to Repulse Bay, there to remain till the coast is surveyed to the Cape Turnagain of Franklin. Capt. Franklin is to go to Fort Enterprise, and thence, if possible, to survey the coast to Icy Cape.

The African expedition under Dr. Oudney, Major Denham, and Lieut. Clapperton, remained at Bornou up to the middle of July. They had traced back the stream of the Niger from the great lake of Tsad, into which Hornemann traced the river.

The Royal Society of Literature is proceeding with great *elate*. The majority of the associates are already elected, and the whole number (ten) is expected to be elected before the 25th of March. Two papers, read at the Society's recent sittings, have excited much attention; one, on the madness of Hamlet, by Mr. Bowler; the other, on the river Euphrates, by Sir Wm. Ouseley.

On the 10th of February, Jeffry Wyatt and George Jones, Esqrs. were elected Royal Academicians, in the room of the late Mr. Nollekens and Sir H. Baeburn.

The Northern Society at Leeds will, it is understood, open its gallery early in May, with an assemblage of pictures by the old masters, and deceased British artists. Last year the exhibition of the works of living British artists, by this institution, was very successful.

On the 13th of February, the fourth anniversary of the Astronomic Society of London, a numerous meeting of its members took place at their rooms in Lincoln's-inn Fields, when the Chairman, Mr. Colebrooke, distributed the honorary rewards of the Society; viz. the Society's gold medal to Chas. Babbage, Esq. F.R.S., as a token of the high estimation in which it holds his invention of an engine for calculating Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, being the first medal awarded by the Society. A similar gold medal to Professor Encke, of Seeberg in Gotha, for his investigations relative to the comet which bears his name, and which led to the re-discovery of it in 1822. The silver medal of the Society to M. Karl Runker, for the re-discovery of Encke's comet, in consequence of the above investigations. And a similar silver medal to M. Pons, of Paris, for the discovery of two comets, on the 31st of May and 19th of July 1822, and for his assiduity in that department of Astronomy. The council and officers for the ensuing year were afterwards chosen, and then the Society enjoyed an elegant and social dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern.

A new musical instrument, under the name of the Euphophon, and resembling the piano-

forte in form and mode of playing, has been constructed, on a patent, obtained by Mr. W. Pinnock, of the Strand. Its sweet and powerful sounds are continued as in the organ; and it appears to combine several requisites hitherto unattained by similar inventions.

George Colman, Esq. has been appointed Licensor of Plays, vice Mr. Larpent, deceased; and it appears that he has already given great offence in some quarters, by his refusal to license a tragedy from the pen of Martin Anstey Esq., the well-known author of "Rhymes on Art," &c.

Works in the Press, &c.

The Witch Finder, 3 vols., by the Author of *The Lollards*.

In twelve Monthly Parts, with about 100 Engravings, *An Historical, Antiquarian, and Topographical Account of the Ancient and Present State of the Parish and Palace of Lambeth*.

In Eight Numbers, with coloured Plates, *The Life of an Actor*, by Pierce Egan, author of *Life in London*, &c.

Rosalva, or the Demon Dwarf, by the author of *Rhodamaldi*.

The Syren of Venice, 3 vols., by the Author of *Parga*, Knight of Richberg, &c.

Cosmo Gunning, by the author of *The Question*.

Mountain Rambler, and other Poems, by G. H. Storie, Esq., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

The Prophecy, an Historical Romance, by the Author of *Ariel*.

Second Part of George Cruikshank's Etchings, entitled *Points of Humour*.

A Catalogue of the Pictures in England, divided into counties, to appear periodically.

Flora Historica, or The Three Seasons of the British Parterre, with Directions for cultivating Bulbous and other Plants, by Mr. Henry Phillips, author of *The History of Cultivated Vegetables*, &c.

The Charms of Literature, by Mr. M'Phun.

Memoirs of Captain Rock, the Irish Chieflain by Thomas Moore, Esq.

Queen Hynde, an Epic Poem, by James Hogg, author of the *Queen's Wake*, &c.

A German Grammar, on a new Plan, by J. Rowbotham, of Walworth.

Sayings and Doings, by Theodore Hook, Esq.

Abdallah, an Oriental Poem.

Narrative of a Journey to the Mountains of Piedmont, &c. by the Rev. W. S. Gilly.

Narrative of a Short Residence in Norwegian Lapland; *Lithographic Illustrations of a Journey across Lapland*, &c.; and the Second Number of *Northern Scenery*, all by Captain Brookes.

In Monthly Parts, *The Old English Drama*, including the whole of Dobson's Collection, &c.

Biographia Poetica, or Lives of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Cooper. 4 vols. 8vo.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Florence, Lady Burghersh, of a son.
 The lady of Thomas Augustus Jessop, Esq., of a son.
 In Baker Street, the lady of William James, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.
 At Ickwell Bury, Lady Johnstone, of a son.
 At West Coker, Somerset, the lady of Edward St. John Mildmay, Esq., of a son.
 In Essex Street, the lady of the Attorney-General of Bermuda, of a son.
 The Countess of Brownlow, of a daughter.
 The lady of Major R. H. Ord, K.H., of a son.
 The lady of W. Stuart, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.
 The lady of Sir J. Huddart, of a son.
 The lady of H. Dymoke, Esq., of a son.
 At Black Rock, Dublin, the lady of the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart., of a daughter.
 At Powis Castle, the Right Hon. Lady Lucy Clive, of a daughter.
 In Grosvenor Square, the Right Hon. Lady Petre, of a son.
 At Dublin, the Countess of Bective, of a daughter.
 In Lower Brook Street, the Lady of the Hon. William Barrington, of a son.
 The lady of Captain Inglefield, R.N. of a son.
 At Aberdeen, the lady of Captain Arrow, R.N., of a son.
 At Tockington, the lady of the Rev. J. J. Cleaver, Rector of Holme Pierrepont, Notts, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

The Rev. H. Pepys, to Miss Maria Sullivan, daughter of the Right Hon. J. Sullivan.
 At Hephurn Hall, William Henry Lambton, Esq., to Henrietta, second daughter of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., M.P.
 At Ballyhooly Church, Richard Oliver Aldworth, Esq., to the Hon. Letitia Hare, eldest daughter of Lord Viscount Ennismore.
 At St. James's, John Waite, Esq., to Harriett Elizabeth, only child of the late M. Anthony, Esq., of Shippon-house, Berks.
 Rose Price, Esq., eldest son of Sir Rose Price, Bart., to the Countess of Desart.
 E. P. Bastard, M.P., to the Hon. Anne Jane Rodney.
 At Dublin, John Hazen, Esq., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James King, Esq., and niece to Sir Abraham Bradley King, Bart.
 At Liverpool, the Rev. S. Payne, to Eliza, third daughter of the Rev. David Bruce.
 At Polebrook, Northamptonshire, Thomas Welch Hunt, Esq., to Caroline, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. E. Isham, Rector of Polebrook.
 At Greenwich, Joseph Robertson, Esq., of Whitby, to Anne, youngest daughter of George Browne, Esq., of Croom's Hill.
 At Barbadoes, Lieut. C. E. Lardy, to Thomasine, relict of J. Pendar, Esq., and daughter of Gen. Haynes.
 The Rev. G. B. Pollen, to Miss Hall, daughter of Sir J. Hall.

DEATHS.

At Somerton, Norfolk, aged 72, Grace, sister of the late General Howe.
 At Boulogne, aged 79, Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart.
 James Clavering, Esq., eldest son of Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart.
 At Castle Howard, Yorkshire, aged 70, the Right Hon. Margaret Caroline, Countess of Carlisle, second daughter of Grenville Leveson Gower, first Marquis of Stafford.
 At Radborne, Derby, the Rev. E. Pole, LL.B.
 At St. James's Palace, the Countess of Harrington.
 At Cheltenham, aged 75, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart.
 In Southampton Street, Strand, the Rev. John Lempriere, D.D.
 In Queen Anne Street, Sir John Simeon, Bart.
 Miss Martha Harley, eldest daughter of the late Bishop of Hereford.
 At Collon, county of Louth, aged 87, the Right Hon. Margaret, Viscountess Ferrard, Baroness Oriel.
 At Coolen, aged 88, Sir Richard Harte, Knight.
 William Henry Majendie, Esq., aged 35, eldest son of the Bishop of Bangor.
 At Bisham Abbey, General Vansittart, eldest son of George Vansittart, Esq.
 At Blackheath, Mrs. Heise, widow of Lieut. Colonel Heise.
 In Dover Street, aged 89, Margaret, relict of the Hon. General Thomas Gage.
 In Piccadilly, aged 79, Sir William Paxton, Bart.
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 At Bombay, John Hector Jones, Esq., second son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Jones, K.C.B., aged 21.
 In Hill Street, aged 86, Lady Strachey.
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 At Rochfort, Hume Rochfort, Esq., M.P.
 At Stamford Hill, Mrs. Raffles, mother of Sir T. Raffles.
 At Cavendish Hall, Suffolk, aged 80, Georgiana Lucy Mackworth, youngest daughter of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.
 At Malta, Sir Thomas Maitland, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, &c.
 At Florence, Alisia De Stolberg, Countess of Albany, and widow of Prince Charles, the last lay Pretender.
 At Senwick, in Kircudbright, Lady Gordon, of Earleton.
 At Bank Hall, near Stockport, aged 89, John Phillips, Esq.
 At Morden Park, Mrs. Ridge.
 Admiral Sir John Orde, Bart.
 At Gloucester, Caroline, the wife of A. Maitland, Esq.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Accident compels us to defer the Biography of Madame PASTA till our next. Our communications this month have been unusually numerous; but we can only very briefly acknowledge them.

We are glad to hear again from Mr. LANCE, to whom we are desirous of paying every attention in our power.

"J.O.R." is infinitely too *funny* for us. It would be impossible for our readers to follow the daring flights of his wit.

The communication of "H.S.R.," honourable as it is to her filial feelings, is too long and too incorrect for our purpose.

"Poetry no Fiction," No. III. by "JUAN;" and "Letters from ALBINA in London to THRESE in the Country, No. II. MISS CHESTER," have come to hand, but we have not yet had time to examine them.

"The Blue Stocking Club" shall appear.

"Shakespeare's Females, No. IV.," in our next.

"Omeyn, a Tale," our leisure has not yet allowed us to peruse; but, from the known talent of its fair author, we have no doubt of its value.

The same remark we make to our esteemed friend, the author of "Sketches of Society, No. II. an English Squire."

"The War Field, a Fragment," we do not like: it is unequal to the general effusions of its poetical parent.

For her continued favours "B.G." will please to accept our best thanks.

"Notices of the Turks, No. I.," are totally deficient in novelty.

"Lone's Bondage," "Beauty," and "The Tear of Fond Affection," are reserved for future insertion.

We believe we may say the same of "Traditionary Tales from the German."

"Charlemagne and Egilda," from the Italian, we have not yet been able to attend to.

We have not forgotten "The Cousins a Tale."

"The Married Man" shall shortly be allowed to pay his respects.

To "The Russian Maid" we can say nothing till we shall have seen the whole of the tale. what we have seen we do not like; it is dull and heavy.

We shall have the pleasure of communicating privately with the author of "The Carbonari, a Romance of the Appennines."

Also with "GREGORY SCRIBLERUS."

The lines transmitted by "F." shall appear.

"The Court of Solymán the Magnificent, a Turkish Tale," is accepted; but we are apprehensive that, from its length, its appearance must be some time deferred.

Numerous articles are unavoidably delayed from a pressure of matter.

* * * From the reprehensible lateness of its arrival, we are under the necessity of postponing the review of new musical works till our next.

Original Communications.

SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALES.—No. III.

It is with feelings of my utter inadequacy to do justice to the subject, that I approach the character of Lady Macbeth. It is one of almost unmixed horror; so revolting are the sentiments she expresses, so bloody are her resolves, so fixed and resolute is her purpose of attaining the high end at which she aims, by any means, no matter how foul, base, or unnatural; and the whole is so completely at variance with those opinions which we are led to form of the excellence, the humanity, the delicacy, and the kindly nature of females, that it can scarcely be contemplated without horror. It is a prominent portrait of all that is cruel and unnatural. Even Macbeth's guilt is not of so deep a die: he was visited by some compunctions of conscience; he had some doubts as to the expediency of the means by which he was to achieve greatness; he was dazzled and bewildered by the spells and enchantments thrown around him by those wild and mysterious beings, who

"Look'd not like the inhabitants of the earth,
And yet were on it,"

and, even in his worst mood, there was a spirit of gallant bearing about him which forms one redeeming trait—a faint one, I admit—in his character. But there are none of these palliatives in the case of Lady Macbeth: it would seem as if her invocations to the demons who are supposed to be the instigators of her and evil thoughts, the prompters of wicked deeds, had indeed been complied with; that they had

"Unsex'd her,

And fill'd her, from the crown to the toe, top
full
Of direst cruelty!"

Yet this apparently revolting character Shakespeare has invested with the magic charm which belongs to all his portraits: it is in strict and perfect keeping throughout: as the very first speech we are let so

far into the nature of her temper, and disposition, that we should be enabled to appropriate every succeeding speech which is set down for her to the right individual. It is in this keeping that one of Shakespeare's peculiar excellencies consists: his characters are all portraits of individuals, not personifications of passions; each person has his or her own feelings, sentiments, and modes of action, which are perfectly natural and consistent, from first to last; they are, in short, all MEN and WOMEN, and not those nondescript beings which we sometimes see represented under these denominations in our modern tragedies and comedies.

Lady Macbeth first appears reading the letter in which Macbeth informs her of the interview with the weird sisters, their predictions in his favour, and the realization of a part of those predictions by the arrival of "messengers from the King, who all hail him Thane of Cawdor." Having read it, she exclaims—

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised—Yet do I fear thy
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way Thou would'st be
great,

Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou
would'st highly,
That would'st thou heavily; would'st not play
false,

And yet would wrongly win "

"Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid do seem
To have thee crown'd withal."

Here we are at once let into the characters, both of Macbeth and of his wife; and, till the curtain drops in the next scene, both are in strict keeping with characters which we now form of them. In the next scene

we find her heartening on her lord to his scarcely half-formed purpose, infusing "her spirits into his ear," and counselling him so to govern his behaviour, that no doubt of suspicion may arise in the mind of Duncan, who is about to pay his inauspicious visit to their castle. She says,

"Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

The advice thus given she practises: she tells the King—

"All our service
In every point twice done, and then done
double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits."

"Your servants ever
Have their's, themselves, and what is their's in-
compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own."

In these two scenes we have cruelty and dissimulation strikingly portrayed. The next is admirably worked up. It can scarcely be understood, without transcribing, perhaps, at greater length than might be desirable; but the whole is so finely written, that I shall even venture to copy it, as an illustration of the supremacy of Shakespeare:—

MACBETH; enter to him LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,

As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast, was it then,
That made you break the enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males."

In this scene the most fastidious critic must allow, that the character of Lady Macbeth stands as high in dramatic excellence as that of her Lord; and that as much pains has been taken to make it effective, and to deck the guilty aspirations of her mind in glowing and poetical language, as the poet has bestowed on any of his most favourite characters.

We next see *Lady Macbeth* in the anti-room to Duncan's chamber, whilst her Lord is committing the murder: she expresses her fears as to the result, and one only touch of something like humanity is evinced, in the exclamation—

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't."

On Macbeth's return from doing the deed, she ridicules, endeavours to recall his scattered senses, and to rouse his faculties to action; she takes the daggers and places them in the hands of the "sleeping groom," when he has declared "he'll go no more;" and on her return, her devilish nature prompts her to exclaim—

"My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white."

Subsequently she schools Macbeth for

"Keeping alone,
Of sorriest fancies his companions making."

And, not yet satiated with blood, she hints, on his observing that his mind must be full of scorpions whilst Banquo and Fleance live,—“that in them nature's copy's not eterne;” thus prompting him to fresh murders, unknowing that he had already resolved upon removing these “scorpions from his path.” In the banquet scene she again ridicules Macbeth's horror at seeing the “blood-bolter'd Banquo,” exclaiming—

“O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and
starts

(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam.”

Thus far we have seen Lady Macbeth, “bloody, bold, and resolute;” prompting her more hesitating Lord to the commission of those deeds by which he was to achieve his greatness, and preserving her composure and outward fortitude, on occasions of the utmost need. But, had she so died, had this been all we had seen of her, the moral would not have been completed. The poet, to shew how impossible it is for guilt to enjoy that quiet repose which only virtue gives, has written a scene that is indeed a masterpiece, in which we see the workings of a guilty conscience, that cannot be at rest; but, in visions of the night, when the victim of its stings is shrouded from mortal eye, asserts its rights, and vindicates the cause of insulted truth.

I think, from this analysis, it must be allowed, that the character of Lady Macbeth is at least equal, in point of dramatic excellence, to that of the hero of the piece;

and whoever has had the good fortune to see Mrs. Siddons enact that part, must have been struck with its varied and rare beauties.* In Lady Macbeth she has left no legitimate successor: other actresses have performed it respectably enough, and that has been all: but it was Siddons alone who gave to the “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” all the energy, and grace, and dignity, which they require; and, at the same time, not losing sight of the qualities of stern resolution, boundless ambition, and unbridled cruelty, with which the author has invested the character—exhibited the portraiture of a Lady Macbeth, which those who have witnessed will never see equalled; and of which those who have not seen it, can scarcely form an idea from the representations of the ladies who now tread the tragic boards.

In these essays I do not pretend to make any remarks upon, or to offer any illustrations of, the dramas of Shakspeare, taken as a whole: my only aim is, to elucidate his female characters. But I may here be permitted to make one observation, which will apply generally to all his *dramatis personæ*, male and female. The language in which they speak is seldom or never mere declamation; it is, if I may be allowed so to term it, the POETRY OF ACTION. Our modern tragedy writers so wiredraw their ideas, and amplify their language, that, even if they succeed in giving to their play the polish of a fine poem, as a drama for acting, it is destitute of that charm which can alone give interest to its representation on the stage. No scene should be introduced, no speech written, that has not a tendency to promote the action of the piece; that should never be permitted to stand still, nor even lost sight of. Here it is, that most of our modern poets fail: but, if they would attend more to the strength of their language than to its polish—more to the progress of the action than to the refinements of the phrases—though they might not produce so elegant a poem, they would write a much better play.

W. C. S.

York, March 1824.

* I mean, of course, only as the person of a drama.

THE RECTOR'S TALE.

Tossed upon the stormy ocean of life, and rendered by my profession a wanderer into distant lands, my sojourn in each usual, my home temporary, and the whole economy of my establishment subject to frequent changes, I had always deemed a life of retirement in the bosom of England the happiest, the most peaceful, and the most innocent that could be allotted to a man. Having obtained a brief leave of absence from my regiment, in order to visit a distant and only surviving relation, whom I had not seen since boyhood, I arrived during the finest season of the year at the rectory of —.

My kinsman was a bachelor, very aged; and in all probability my first residence in his house would also be my last: a circumstance which, perhaps, rendered every object around me doubly interesting. The parsonage was beautifully situated on the slope of a hill commanding an extensive and varied prospect. A bright yellow road wound through the valley below, issuing from a woody defile to the left, and stretching to the right through a fine champagne country, dotted with innumerable villages. The opposite eminence was richly clothed with wood; and at the summit of a fine lawn stood one of those picturesque mansions, which, in despite of all architectural blemishes, assimilate beautifully with sylvan scenery. It was pinnacled and porticoed, battlemented and turreted; its vast extent concealed by the embowering foliage of the trees, which had only been partially cleared by the hand of the improver, and the thick masses of ivy mantling over the most ancient portion of the building. The conjunction of several limpid rills formed a body of water, which, though not exactly a cataract, was too wild and hoarse to be called a cascade, which tumbled and dashed over the projecting masses of granite, of a rocky ledge; the noble base of the woody ridge above then spread into a glassy pool, crossed the before-mentioned road for the purpose of heightening its effect by the introduction of a bridge, and assuming somewhat of its original character, rushed onwards through the valley, turning a mill in

its progress, and losing itself amidst meadows, till it was only seen at intervals like a silver thread, as it caught the rays of the sun in the distance.

Seated with my old friend under the shade of a trellice redolent with the clematis, the honeysuckle, and the rose, where the idle winds of summer scattered perfumes, and buds or blossoms fell in crimson and in snow-white showers at every zephyr's breath, as I gazed upon the exquisite scene before me, I could not restrain my feelings of regret, that now the war-trumpet had ceased its animating clarion, and a frame, scorched by a tropic sun, was no longer useful in the service of my king and country, I dared not hope for such an asylum from the cares and tumults of life; and, giving the reins to my imagination, I expatiated so largely upon the serene enjoyments of a country life, its security from temptation to evil, its tranquil and simple pleasures, free from the ebullitions of passion, and removed from association with the vices and the crimes which are nurtured in the centre of populous cities, that my kinsman smiled at my vehemence. My age and my cloth, said he, might entitle me to read you a homily, but perhaps you will listen with less impatience to the family history of the envied owners of those broad lands before us.

I have lived to see a fourth generation spring up, and have survived all the companions of my youth, and the friends of my riper years.—The Mortlakes were descended from an ancient stock. Sir Gilbert Mortlake, great-grandfather of the present race, whom I well remember, was gathered to his ancestors just as his two sons and two daughters were advancing towards man and womanhood. The heir, at the period of his father's decease, was performing the grand tour, a necessary finish to education in those days, and being much delighted with Italy, he fixed his residence for some years in that country. The two young ladies and their brother resided at the paternal mansion; equally celebrated for their beauty and their accomplishments, many humble admirers shared my heart—

ache, when first Miss Emilie, and then Miss Isabelle, singled out, the favoured man from a crowd of suitors, and bade a long adieu to their native valley. The elder became the wife of Lord Eustace Pierrepont, brother to the Marquis of Boradale; and the younger gave her hand to Mr. Cuthbert, a gentleman of landed property in a distant county. Reports were at this time prevalent in the neighbourhood concerning a connexion which it was said subsisted between Sir Edward Mortlake and a beautiful Florentine of inferior birth. It was whispered by some, that the Baronet was bound by the ties of wedlock to his fair companion, whilst others hinted that the lady had been secured by an illegal form, which had either imposed upon her credulity, or satisfied her scruples. The marriage, if it had taken place, was never declared; and the unfortunate pair fell victims to an epidemic fever whilst residing in the neighbourhood of Rome. Their only offspring, a boy, escaped the fate of his parents. Mr. Mortlake received an almost illegible letter, written by his brother on his death-bed, recommending the orphan to his guardianship; and though, from the style of this document, an inference might be drawn that the child was the legal heir to the title and estates, it was not accompanied or followed by any proofs which could establish his rights, and he was therefore considered by the family as the illegitimate descendant of the deceased Baronet.

Sir Godfrey Mortlake undertook a journey to Italy, for the purpose of conducting the boy, a child of four years old, to England; and soon after his return he entered into the holy pale with a young heiress, to whom he had been long attached, and whose parents no longer withheld their consent, now that he had succeeded to the family wealth and honours. The fruits of this union, with the exception of the youngest-born, a beautiful little girl, did not survive their infancy; and Sir Godfrey, compelled to relinquish all hope of a male heir, centred his whole soul upon this lovely blossom. Her three cousins, Francesco Vitelli (the young Italian boy), Spencer Pierrepont, and John Cuthbert, were constant residents at the manor-house, where they were all educated under a

tutor. Mrs. Cuthbert was dead, and her husband having contracted a second marriage, Sir Godfrey, enthusiastically attached to his sister, was anxious to have the care of her son, and easily obtained his wish. Lord and Lady Eustace Pierrepont, poor and dissipated, were happy to be relieved from the expense of Spencer's education; and thus the Baronet became a parent to his nephews. The boys were nearly of an age, but never could there be a greater dissimilarity in person or in disposition: Francesco possessed claims to beauty; but his style of countenance was singular, and perfectly Italian; his hair, wild and luxuriant, fell in rich black masses over his pale brow; his dark eyes were full of fire; and the ivory whiteness of his teeth contrasted finely with the sallow hue of his skin. Grave and reserved in his deportment, he seemed to feel the disadvantages of his birth, and to shrink within himself. At a very early period of life, study became his passion. Wrapped in pensive meditation, or deeply engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, his gayer companions, even in his younger days, stigmatized him with the name of "bookworm."

Spencer Pierrepont, a fine, handsome, bold boy, naturally elegant and graceful, and from his cradle imbued with a sense of his own consequence, was the idol of his uncle, and a spoiled favourite with all around him.

John Cuthbert, fair and fat, heavy and dull, plodded on, guiltless either of good or evil; whilst Florence Mortlake, the sweetest, fairest bud of beauty that ever bloomed, reigned a fairy queen amid the green-wood shades of her father's lands, frolicking like a sylph through the mazy labyrinths of the park, light and agile as the fawn she chased. How often have I caught sight of her white garments, fluttering in the air like the plumage of a bird, as she burst from the mazy labyrinths which crown those rocks, or heard her laugh of innocent glee, and the joyous clapping of her little hands as she lay perched amid flowers less lovely than herself! Frequently, too, the opposite landscape would be animated by an interesting group. Spencer, fearless and enterprising, would lead the unconscious child into some situation of peril and difficulty; and there the grave

Francesco might be seen employing his superior sense in her extrication, whilst John Cuthbert stood idly by, staring, and wondering at the tenacity of the one, and the resource of the other. Or, as the pale student lay reading beneath a tree, the more mischievous archin would climb the branches and shake the boughs over his head, as Florence showered her whole lap full of flowers on his book, and John supplied her with fresh ammunition. Suddenly all the troop would dart across the lawn, be hidden for a few minutes in the thick underwood below, and then emerging, wheel round and round in different evolutions, as the chase of a butterfly, the song of a bird, or the bloom of a wild strawberry tempted them to disperse, and the capture of the prize brought the whole group together again; and as they neared the stream, the shouts of their unrestrained mirth would come borne upon the breeze to my little nest, where I stood an admiring observer of their simple sports.

Thus passed the childhood of these happy creatures; and as years sped on, Francesco became still more studious. Apparently without a spark of ambition, he was content to spend his whole life in learned leisure: a painter from the moment his infant fingers could grasp a pencil, he formed a world of his own; and Sir Godfrey, indulging him in his favourite pursuits, never deemed it necessary to give him a profession, or to send him to seek his fortune in the busy scenes of life.

Spencer Pierrepont improved every day in gentlemanly manners and accomplishments. His frequent visits to his parents, and his intimate acquaintance with the polished circles in which they moved, imparted an air of fashion to his appearance, and increased that self-confidence which had ever been a strong characteristic of his mind. What is usually termed a very dashing and elegant young man, he was a distinguished favourite wherever he appeared; and as his vanity was under the controul of a more than ordinary share of good sense, though tolerably apparent, it never degenerated into foppishness or conceit. John Cuthbert grew up as fat and as good-humoured as ever, and spent the chief part of his time in hunting, shooting, fishing, and other rural occupations; whilst

Florence, more gay, more beautiful, more blooming even than the brightest hour of her infancy had promised, became the darling and the delight of every one that beheld her. Though surrounded by admirers, it was generally understood that she would only be allowed to choose a husband from her two youngest cousins, the sons of her father's sisters, and no one doubted that Spencer Pierrepont would be the man. Sir Godfrey wished to perpetuate his titles and estates in his own family, and only waited until his daughter had made her selection to exert his interest, and procure the reversion of the baronetcy for the husband of his heiress. Secure of the prize, deriding the pretensions of honest John Cuthbert, and perfectly satisfied that his cousin's intreaties for time for consideration proceeded only from a little feminine coquetry, Spencer did not conceive it necessary to bury himself entirely in the country, and enact the devoted lover to his charming cousin.

I looked silently on, grieving that domestic policy should have cast shackles upon the inclination of the fair Florence. To me she appeared indifferent, if not averse to the proposed union. Though her undiminished gaiety left the state of her feelings in doubt, yet, in despite of the enchanting liveliness of her disposition, whose boundless exuberance might seem to indicate perfect freedom from those tender emotions which are so frequently the bane of woman's happiness, I thought I could perceive traits of sensibility too strong and too exquisite, to permit her to give her hand unaccompanied by her heart; and perhaps I alone suspected that the projected marriage would never take place. Meanwhile, fresh as new-blown roses, sportive as the bounding doe, and, through the live-long day, blythe as the glad bird that carols at the gate of Heaven, the sweet object of my solicitude attained her eighteenth year. Her mother had been long a tenant of the tomb; she was now called upon to preside at her father's table; and she became conscious that the period fixed for her decision drew very near. Florence was certainly not so happy as heretofore; she indulged in long rambles in the solitude of her native woods, or sought the retirement of her chamber.

Spencer Pierrepont arrived from London, flushed with hope and confidence. She at first laughed at his pretended passion; then intreated him to pity and to spare her, and finally, positively refused to become his wife. John Cuthbert, somewhat elated by his gay cousin's discomfiture, with equal earnestness, but more modesty, preferred his suit, and was rejected. Peace and tranquillity now fled from the manor-house. Sir Godfrey, provoked and incensed by his daughter's pertinacity, became severe and unkind in his manners towards her. Solicitations and commands were equally unavailing; she wept, but continued immovable. Sir Godfrey scanned all his male acquaintance with a jealous eye; but, amid the numberless visitors and admirers attracted by the charms of the fair Florence he could not detect a favoured suitor; all the sex appeared alike indifferent to this insensible beauty. Attributing, therefore, this charming creature's conduct to feminine perverseness and caprice, he dismissed the two young men for the present, trusting that their absence, together with a life of strict seclusion, would more favourably dispose her to marriage, which could alone offer her emancipation. Florence instantly recovered her gaiety; again she became a bright-eyed wood-nymph, the veritable Euphrosyne portrayed by Francesco's pencil, who delighted to multiply resemblances of his lovely kinswoman, borrowing his pale nuns from her pensive moods, and stealing her "nods, and bows, and wreathed smiles," to deck the laughing muse Thalia, and the dancing Graces in her train.

Sir Godfrey, grown suspicious and watchful, followed his inconsiderate daughter to her most secret haunts, and discovered that Francesco Vitelli, the illegitimate and despised scion of his house, the poor dependent on his bounty, was rich in the treasure of Florence Mortlake's love. Incensed beyond the bounds of discretion, he burst upon the unconscious pair, happy and innocent in the enjoyment of their congenial tastes as the first pair that dwelt in Paradise, and overwhelming them with threats and reproaches, bade Francesco quit the shelter of his roof for ever, and secured Florence a prisoner in her chamber. The unfortunate lover, thus rudely

thrust from the scene of all his joys, destitute of money or of friends, withdrew to the neighbouring woods, where he concealed himself in an old tower, one of the most picturesque appendages of the park, and well adapted for such a purpose, being provided with subterranean cells.

I searched for him in vain throughout the village. Alas! in the wild romance of his feelings, he had neglected the only reasonable hope of reconciliation with his uncle. I might, I should have saved him, but he sought me not; and I concluded that, according to general report, he had fled to the metropolis. On the morning of one fatal day, Sir Godfrey was observed to quit the house in unusual perturbation of mind. He bent his steps towards the deepest recesses of the park, where the venerable edifice before-mentioned reared its lofty head above the surrounding trees. Hours passed away and he did not return: the servants, alarmed, went to seek their master, and found him weltering in his blood upon the ground, a breathless corpse. Confusion and dismay were spread throughout the family: one of the under gamekeepers confessed that he had supplied Francesco Vitelli with food, and that he had been, and still might be, an inmate of the tower, which bore marks of recent habitation. It was searched, together with the neighbouring woods—but the murderer had escaped. It is impossible for me to describe the agonies of the wretched Florence: pale as marble, frantic with the excess of her grief, she clung to her father's inanimate body, at one moment deluging it with her tears, in the next piercing the air with wild and thrilling shrieks. She heard the name of Francesco joined to that of assassin, and she fell to the earth as if transfixed by an arrow, senseless, motionless, and to all appearance lifeless. But misery, deep and poignant as her's, could only be visited by temporary suspension. She again became conscious of her wretchedness, and was borne away to her chamber in fits, which succeeded each other so fast, that an immediate dissolution was contemplated by her weeping attendants.

Spencer Pierrepont had been attending some races in the neighbourhood. The news speedily reached him, and he arrived at

the manor-house overpowered with horror at the dreadful catastrophe. He could not look upon the sad remains of his beloved uncle; but his activity in searching after the murderer was unceasing. Descriptions of Francesco Vitelli were sent to all parts of the kingdom, and immense rewards offered for his apprehension. Sometimes a clue to his retreat seemed visible; but the exertions of justice were ultimately baffled, and there appeared reason to believe that he had effected his escape to America. In the meanwhile, the afflicting details of the coroner's inquest and the funeral were performed at the manor-house.

Florence recovered her health and her senses, but was never seen to smile again; and there was, also, a manifest alteration in Spencer Pierrepont. The sad tragedy had irretrievably subdued his fine spirits: melancholy and listless, with haggard brow and pallid cheek, he seemed a fit companion for the bereaved orphan, who, touched by his excessive melancholy, did not refuse to allow him to mingle his tears with those which she unceasingly shed. A dutiful remembrance of her lost parent's wishes, and the respectful, yet importunate solicitations of her cousin, at length won a reluctant consent from the broken-hearted Florence, and I joined her hand to that of Mr. Pierrepont at the holy altar. The marriage was most inauspicious. For a time, the pale bride struggled to assume the appearance of composure; but, though she uttered no complaint, it was soon evident that the silent sorrows of her wounded mind had sustained a heavy increase. The conduct of her husband was entirely changed: the selfishness, and the mercenary motives of his pursuit became apparent; and, though visited by fits of gloomy abstraction, he no longer sympathized with the gentle mourner, but sought a remedy in riotous dissipation. The haunts of his childhood were hateful to him, and he expressed his determination to quit them for a residence on the Continent. Florence vainly supplicated for permission to remain behind. Her happiness irrevocably wrecked, no change of scene could offer solace to her miseries; and, aware that her griefs were rapidly ruining the vital powers of her existence, she hoped and prayed to die on that spot

which had witnessed all her happiness and all her woes.

With painful solicitude I watched the fading beauties of this sweet flower, withering and blighted ere it had expanded into full maturity. How little had I anticipated such a fate to one, who seemed so happily placed beyond the reach of the desolating tempest! The guilt of Francesco, he that was so mild, so tender, and compassionate, whom I had loved almost with a parent's fondness, pressed also like a load upon my heart. I could not endure to think of him as an outcast and a murderer, an ensanguined wretch, born to destroy the peace of those who had cherished him in his helpless infancy; and though I would not adopt the vulgar opinion, that his fancied wrongs, in not being acknowledged as his father's heir, had stimulated him to revenge, the proofs of his crime were too strong even for me to doubt.

One morning, a few days previous to that which had been appointed for the removal of the family from the manor-house, a child belonging to one of the gamekeepers fell into a dark deep pond, surrounded by overhanging willows, which spread its dark waters near the ruined tower. The hut of the little sufferer floating on the surface disclosed its fate. The agonized parent instantly collected some labourers together, and in dragging the pond, they not only succeeded in recovering the body of the child, but brought to open day a sight of deeper horror—the corpse of a man, to whose neck, by means of a cord, a heavy stone had been attached. Though the features were disfigured and almost defaced by long immersion, the garment sufficiently identified this shocking spectacle with the earthly remains of Francesco Vitelli. Acting upon the first impulse, the peasants laid this fearful remnant of mortality on a rude bier, and carried it straight to the manor-house. As they reached the hall, Florence and Spencer Pierrepont entered it at different doors. Though wholly unprepared for the sight, the unhappy girl instantly recognized the object of her fondest love, the source of her deepest sorrow. The whole truth flashed at once upon her mind. Springing forward, she fixed her eyes, which now gleamed with all their wonted fire on the

livid countenance of her husband, who, paralyzed and soul-struck, quailed beneath her glance, exclaiming, in a voice which anguish had rendered almost super-human, "*Thou art the murderer!*" and, bereft of all presence of mind by the appalling accusation, and the silent evidence of his slaughtered victim, he drew a knife from his bosom, and plunged it into his body before the terrified attendants could stay his hand. The wound, though mortal, did not occasion immediate death; and the wretched man lived to make a full confession of his guilt. A consummate hypocrite, he had contrived to conceal the dissolute course of his life from his friends in the country. Involved in money transactions with Jews, stripped by gamblers, and wedded to every sort of extravagance, his marriage with Florence became an absolute necessity. He was deeply pledged to meet a heavy demand, and he felt that exposure would be the certain consequence of any failure on his part. Yet his union with the heiress seemed far distant, and he was compelled to resort to other means for an immediate supply of cash; he had therefore stolen from the neighbouring town during the bustle of the races, with the intention of concealing himself in the ruined tower, whence, knowing every avenue to the house, he hoped to gain access at night to his uncle's library, where he was aware that a very considerable sum was deposited.

Sir Godfrey, on that very morning, had received a letter containing such full details of his favourite nephew's misconduct, that, anxious to escape observation, he had rushed into the woods to meditate on the unwelcome intelligence. Spencer was at that moment hastening towards the

tower—they met in the first heat of anger a warm and passionate confession rushed from Pierrepont, perceiving that he was irretrievably ruined, goaded by the knowledge of the destiny which awaited him, and infuriated by the Baronet's wrathful and bitter reproaches, seized a bill-hook which had been accidentally left on the ground, and stretched his uncle dead at his feet with a blow. Francesco Vitelli, led by the sound of contending voices, reached the spot the instant after the deed had been accomplished. He attempted to seize the murderer; but, in encountering a desperate man, he struggled against one to whom the sense of the perilous situation in which he stood had lent a giant's strength. The weapon, still reeking with the blood of Sir Godfrey, sealed the fate of Francesco, and the ruffian completed his work by fastening a heavy weight to the neck of his kinsman and playmate, and then, taking the body on his back, he whelmed it into the silent depths of a lonely pond, disregarded by the sportsman, because no living thing could ever exist within its poisonous waters. I will cast a veil over the death scene of this wretched suicide. His unhappy widow lingered for a few years, in grief of heart surpassing all description, and then sank into a premature grave, a sacrifice to the unutterable anguish which had so early paled her cheek, so soon crushed that buoyant spirit once jocund and cheerful, affectionate and glad—all smiles and mirth, hilarity and joy. The descendants of John Cuthbert have taken the name of Mortlake, and occasionally reside at the manor-house; but to me the scene seems changed, and that prospect, so delightful to a stranger's eye, brings to my mind only painful and melancholy recollections.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BEGGAR.

"It was dark December;" I had been amusing myself by skating upon the smooth ice which crusted the pond at the bottom of my garden, and returned to the house, warmed with the exercise, and glad to escape from the snow and sleet which

now began to fall very heavily. The sight of a charming fire, and the comfort I experienced from drawing my elbow chair close into the chimney corner, and enjoying its renovating heat, occasioned me to moralize on the hapless condition of those

who, in such a season, have scarcely raiment to clothe, fire to warm, or house to shelter them from "the pelting of the pitiless storm." My mind was in this mood, when one of my little cherubs opened the door, and exclaimed, "Papa, there is a poor sailor in the kitchen: mamma is giving him some soup." "Indeed!" I replied; and, as I always felt a warm interest in the wandering sons of the ocean, who, after fighting our battles, and wasting their best days in our service, are, not unfrequently, compelled to eke out a scanty pittance, by appealing to the charity of those for whom they have helped to procure the blessings of peace and the security of property; I resolved to see and question the man now in the house, and determined that, if he were indeed what he represented himself to be, he should not go away without some little token of my esteem for the brave class to whom he professed to belong. I accordingly rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, I ordered her to send the sailor into the parlour as soon as he had finished his soup.

In a few minutes the stumping of a wooden leg along the passage announced the approach of the mendicant; and, when he entered the room, though he had one arm in a sling, and one leg appeared to be disabled, there was such an expression of sly cunning, mixed with ferocity, in his countenance, that I thought within myself, he was not a man whom I should like to meet, unarmed, on a lone road in the night-time. I, however, quickly chased this feeling from my mind, as uncharitable and uncandid; and telling him to be seated, I inquired his name and country.

"To be sure and Murphy Delaney's my name, and Cork is my country, plase your honour's honour," he replied, with a bow down to the ground, and throwing up his wooden leg behind, till I expected to see him lying prostrate on the carpet. He had, however, been used, I presume, to making these sort of salutations, for he recovered his perpendicular without any accident happening; and immediately took a chair, squirting his tobacco juice into the grate with much *sang froid*.

"An Irishman, then?" said I.

"Fait, and you may say dat, your honour."

"How long is it since you left the service?"

"Och, your honour, I've never been at sea sin the glorious battle of Trafalgar: I lost my precious lim at that there fight, and had my larboard pin shattered there too: so, your honour, when I got ashore day gave me a pinsion, and sent me about my bissiness."

"Well, and won't your pension support you?"

"Och, no! your honour; to be sure no; not wid the wife and the childer."

"How many children have you?"

"Three, your honour; and if I could but get my own little bit o' prize money, I shouldn't want to beg, your honour."

"Your prize money; why how much have you due?"

"Och, above £200, your honour; and the lim of the divvil, the agent who pretended to git it for me, has gone off wid my papers, and divvil catch him, if ever ould Murphy come alongside on him, but he'll give him such a broadside as he niver had before he was born."

I questioned him further, and the story he told me was, that he had entrusted his papers to a prize agent, who had absconded, and had taken his vouchers with him; and that he had now nothing left to make good his claim, except the certificate of his discharge, and a letter from his Captain. I told him if he would let me have them, as I had some little interest with the Admiralty, I would make inquiry into his case, and endeavour to get him righted. He was profuse in his thanks; and, as he had removed the unpleasant feeling with which I at first regarded him, by the frankness of his manners and the readiness with which he answered my questions, giving me names and references, &c. When he departed, I slipped a trifle into his hand, telling him to bring me his remaining documents the next day, which he faithfully promised.

The next day came, however, and the next, and the next, and no Murphy Delaney. I now set him down as an impostor, and dismissed the circumstance from my mind altogether.

The June following, I was on a visit at my friend Harry Devonport's, in Essex—a good fellow that Harry Devonport—the

keeps as good a table, as excellent wine, and has as good-humoured a wife as any Benefactor in the three kingdoms—but that by the way. Well, one evening as the *partie carrée* (Harry and myself, and our respective better halves) were exploring the meanderings of a shady thicket which skirted his demesne, we stumbled, in a secluded nook, upon a party of gipsies, who were merrily singing and diverting themselves round a camp-fire, forming no unpicturesque addition to the scene. We advanced, when the revelry immediately ceased; but Harry told them to proceed, for, though a justice of the peace, he would not, he said, molest them, if they respected

the property of the farmers and the farmers' wives in the village. Whilst he was speaking, my eye caught sight of an athletic young fellow, who was endeavouring to conceal himself from observation. I approached him, and asked him why he was ashamed to be seen; he answered in a voice evidently feigned, but in which I recognized the tone of my old friend, Murphy Delaney. I rated the fellow soundly: but he made such a humorous apology, that though I knew it was encouraging vagrancy, I did not leave the festive group, without giving them some further proofs of my benevolence—or, if you will, my folly.

FORD.

POETRY NO FICTION.—No. II.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is not fantasy's hot fire,

Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;

It liveth not in fierce desire,

With dead desire it doth not die

It is the secret sympathy,

The silver link, the silken tie,

Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,

In body and in soul can bind.—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

IN the pursuance of my task, I must solicit my readers to divest themselves of the prejudices of locality, and to judge nature as it is in its first and purest state, unsullied by long communication with the world, and endowed with all that fervour and devotion with which the heart of woman is fraught, and which render it a casket containing the richest gems of creation. There is a prejudice acquired from the frequent perusal of poetry and romance, towards those with whom our every-day existence obliges us to mingle; we witness their cares and their foibles in common with our own, and from such circumstances, nothing would appear to us more inconsistent or ridiculous, than to imagine the soul and impulse of a poet's heroine in the possession of one of our acquaintance. Who, it would be asked, can be vain enough to assume the character of a *Juliet*, a *Heide*, a *Neuha*, or a *Margaret*? I an-

swer, more than is imagined, should accident or exigence call for the same display of feeling which adorns the above-named persons. Fortunately it does not often arouse that tempest of the heart in real life, whose emotions we so frequently become acquainted with through the medium of books; but it is not, if we witness a rational and happy wooing, crowned by a felicitous marriage, that we are to imagine the fair bride divested of that superiority and loveliness of mind, because events have not awakened its energies. I think the following somewhat recent circumstance will aid me in the illustration.

A young woman of an interesting appearance entered a house, and requested to be favoured with a cup of milk, which having received, she instantly drank, after having shaken the vessel to mix the poisonous drug which her despair had procured. She gradually became cold and insensible.

A letter was found by her side, addressed to the object of her blighted affections; it contained a gold ring and a lock of her hair. The letter proceeded to state that she had been in a state of madness solely arising from her lover having forsaken her; this would be the last care she would impose upon him, and she would be dead before he could acknowledge it. She hoped he would receive the ring, the first pledge of his affection towards her; and keep the lock of hair which accompanied it, as a remembrance of one, who had no other asylum from the pangs of disappointed love than the grave. It was signed Mary McCarthy.

Let not the lovers of romance smile if I contrast this poor blighted girl with the *Juliets* and *Haidees* of their ideal world. Her last dreadful act chronicled her in the same "sour misfortune's book;" a deceived, uneducated, heart-broken victim; and yet, in the days of her happiness, in the morning of her life, while yet the passion which afterwards consumed her, breathed through her ardent soul assurance of love requited and a future life of mutual felicity, to have pointed out this unassuming humble girl as a prototype of one of Shakespeare's or Byron's heroines, would have been thought most ridiculously liberal. But poets draw from nature; and when the picture is highly coloured, we must not expect, nor should we hope, an *acting* resemblance of the patient in its beauty. It is but circumstance that shews the fidelity of the poet and the loveliness of nature. The same devouring feeling which condenses all other emotions in one terrible impulse—the same wreck of hope and foundering of affections that prompted *Juliet* to assume the *mask* of death, sought its *real* countenance for the being of 1824.

"O, bid me leap

From off the battlements of yonder tower,
Or walk in thievish ways, or let me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
bears,
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'ercover'd with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeking shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a dead man's grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things, that to hear them told have made me
tremble,
And I will do it, without fear or doubt."

This is applauded as a beautiful and terrific example of a romantic maiden's love; but only of ~~romance~~ our prejudices will not permit us to endow any of our living acquaintance with the same despair. *Juliet*, with many of her compeers, is admired for her apparent fiction as well as for her language; by many she is looked upon as a fine specimen of love, for a poet's fancy may out-distance truth, and distort human nature into an appearance of beauty. It is a lamentable and a dangerous error; for were our notions of fictitious beings more susceptible of liberality in the endowment of those qualities on the living world, which appear so enchanting to us in supposition, there would be a greater restraint and care not to disregard and wound them. Many a female heart has been left to pine in bleeding loneliness, whilst its betrayer, from the very want of that liberality which should imagine its tenderness, has been greatly tempted to its desertion, or at least has found in his belief of its apathy a specious quiet and contentment. The nature of woman is in all ages superior to that of man, but more particularly so in the early development of love and affection. The young heart is possessed of a new inhabitant, whose smiles engender smiles, and whose fair and open brow seems truth's own signet. Its mistress, unconscious of the world, is kept from that jar and bustle of society which man in his earliest exertions meets with, and from whose trade his feelings become used and tempered to its traffic—whose energies are unconfined, and may in a hundred spheres discharge themselves—his passions become tamed, and the early "controulless core" of his heart be schooled and made subservient by the variety of circumstances which assail it. With no other partner, no other care but the young and newly-lighted cherub, she, the lovely one, administers all to one feeling—it is "woman's whole existence." Hence arises her superiority of nature, and misery of disappointment; her total loss of hope: the light world, made more sunny by her youthful fancy, is darkened—the crowded earth is a wilderness, herbless and springless. Love, fed not by returning passion, consumes itself, or in the wild delirium of heart seeks instant extinction. Such are the feelings which are every where to be

ruct with in the heroines of romance, and such are at this moment in the world, brooding silently over departed joys, with a dark world and sunless sky. With uneducated women these circumstances are of greater danger; for the mind, from early precept, may have gained a correcting strength, and may yield from the stores of its refinement matter of diversion from the absorbing power; music may impart its thrilling influence to the desponding spirit, and attendance save it those shocks and struggles, which poverty entails upon it in worldly dealings: the affluent woman may hold her melancholy sacred from intrusion; the other cannot, her every-day action exposes her lacerated heart to the probe of accident. Nature is the same, from Egypt's Queen to the modern Princess; from the fair holder of a carriage, to her who anticipates the coming Sabbath for a short emancipation from servitude; and the same impulse that prompted Egypt's Empress to ask—

"Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?"

She that exclaimed—

"——— come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth, this knot intrinsicate

Of life, at once untie;—poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch."

may find a partner in desolation of feeling and awfulness of purpose in this later world. Cleopatra is perhaps not the best to cite as a parallel, for it may be argued that she had fear and contempt of the yoke of Cæsar, as much as the death of Antony, to instigate her to destruction; but then it may be answered, that Cleopatra had not received Antony as her first lover, and therefore, if such intensity of feeling was shewn for a second lord, how great must have been her efforts under similar events with a first effect!

In every better action of our life, we find the first candidates for its honours are among the fairer part of the creation. Their's is that devotion of feeling which delights in prosperity, and administers a solace in the hurricane of the world; profers to man a foretaste of divinity in their sweet and soul-yielding solicitude, and forms amid every scene one asylum where the smitten heart may find its anodyne—one look whose glance shall yield content and hope—one being, unsullied by the world, consecrated to its wants—sacrificing to its wishes.

JUAN.

HENRY THE FOURTH, OF FRANCE.

It is well known that Henry the Fourth, of France, valued above all his prerogatives the power of making others happy; and, like all who are inclined to relieve distress, or to confer enjoyment, this monarch found many opportunities for the Godlike pleasure of acting the part of a benefactor. On one occasion, going to Ivry, he wandered during a dark night, and at length perceiving a light at some distance, followed the seasonable ray, which conducted him, cold, fatigued, and hungry, to a cottage. The master eyed him with scowling suspicion; however, Henry, accosting him, said he had missed his way, and would thankfully acknowledge the favour of shelter for the night.

"How can you expect people to trust vagrants in these troublesome times?" growled the peasant; "a good coat is often but a screen for roguery."

"Nay, husband," said the wife of this ungracious man, "this young man's face speaks honesty and good-nature."

"Silence, woman," stormed the peasant; "a simple fool like thee takes all the world as it seems."

"She is for once at least in the right," said Henry, with the heart-touching smile, which, on his countenance, few could resist: "she is right in believing I intend you no injury."

"Why," said the peasant, "if you speak ill of yourself, I should call you both rogne and fool; but the wind is rising: we are like to have a storm, so you may stay here."

Henry thanked his host, took a chair, and was about to seat himself, when the peasant roughly pushed him aside, saying, "By the mass it is a pretty affair to see a blade, so clad as thou art, come to the fire—

side of a homely countryman, to learn the respect due to a man in his own house!"

"I am to blame, indeed," answered Henry, "and having acknowledged the omission, I hope you will excuse it, and give me some supper, for in truth I am sadly in want of it."

"Then hast the assurance of a courtier, I think," said the peasant; "but my supper hour is not come, and I would not have it sooner than my own time for His Majesty."

A pretty young girl came into the room, and with a bashful obeisance to the stranger, sat down beside the hostess. The King gazed on the fair Nina with admiration. "Is this fine girl your daughter?" said he.

"Yes, and an obstinate ninx she is," muttered the peasant. "She might have been well married before this time, but forsooth she must fancy, or fall in love with a beggar."

"My dear father!" said the blushing girl, in a tremulous, imploring tone.

"Be quiet, you disobedient baggage," said the peasant; "this stranger shall know thy folly, and let him judge whether I am angry without a cause. I am to tell you, young man, though may be your young blood is not on my side—but no matter, I feel myself in the right to condemn the poor fool there, blushing for her fault, and yet won't mend it. She might be married to a man that would keep her easier than our good Henry's Queen—yet she refused him, and all for the sake of a beggar; contradict me if you dare, when I say Louis Deconey is—"

"Oh, husband!" said the mother, in a pleading voice, "you should recollect that Nina and Louis were brought up in the very hope of being given to each other, and you know his father was a good and honest man, oppressed and ruined by a villain."

"Heyday!" exclaimed the peasant, "heyday! do you encourage the disobedient wretch? Not a word more, I charge you, or else I shall think you worse than she."

The wife made no reply; Nina wiped away a tear, and Henry mentally resolved she should shed no more in grief for the poverty of her lover. He said, in low accents, to the peasant, "Your daughter is so submissive, so lovely, that I am

assured you can refuse her any request. If she is as good as she is beautiful, she deserves to share a throne."

"In truth," said the peasant, "I should not like our Henry to see her."

"And wherefore?" said the King!

"Where the deuce have you lived, to ask such a question?" said the peasant; "you are a stranger indeed to the kingdom, not less than to the court of France, since you are yet to be told that Henry is the very devil among pretty girls."

"He is then a very bad man," said Henry.

"A bad man! What liar took upon himself to call our good King a bad man?" roared the peasant, in a towering passion. "A bad man! our good King, the father of his people, to be abused under my roof, and by such a shabby wandering dog! I believe you are of the league; and if I was sure of it, you should not stop in this house—no, nor in this world a moment longer."

"I did not say that Henry is a bad man," returned the King, "I simply asked the question; and so far from being of the league, I have fought for the King, and would fight for him again to the last drop of blood in my veins. Yet you must allow he has faults, not a few."

"Have a care what you venture to say," answered the peasant; "no man shall eat my bread, or shelter his head under my roof, that dares to tell me our brave, our great and good King has faults."

"If he is the very devil among pretty girls," said the King, smiling, "is he not in fault there at least?"

"I tell you, no!" replied the peasant; "if there is any thing like a fault, the girls have it all to themselves. They are as fond of him, as he is of them; and if his nights are given up to their witcheries, his days are spent in doing good to his people, and for their sakes how often does he expose himself to danger and hardship! May God bless him! May all the saints watch over him, and preserve him from his enemies! I wish I had them all as I have you, and I would shoot them as dead as ever I shot a raven; and I was a good marksman in my day. I would hunt them like wolves, while I have a foot to stand, or an arm to wield a weapon."

The old man's pale countenance glowed

with loyal zeal; and Henry's noble heart was moved to a warm sense of his attachment. Supper was served, and Henry partook of it with a hearty appetite, conversing at intervals in a manner that won upon the good opinion of his host.

While the family were at table a handsome youth entered the cottage, and the host started from his seat, saying, in a voice of rage, "What brings *you* here?"

"To see my Nina, for the last time," replied the young man, struggling to suppress extreme agitation; "to-morrow I leave my native village, never to return."

At this agonizing intelligence, Nina made a motion as if to fly into the arms of her lover; but, overwhelmed by her feelings, she sank down, and fainting, was supported by her mother.

"Oh, can you thus break the faithful heart of your daughter?" said the youth, throwing himself at the feet of the peasant; "will you devote me to death? for if I must leave my Nina, I shall seek destruction in battle."

"And to spare you, should I throw away my only child?" said the peasant: "leave my house."

"Oh, no! in pity, my dear father," said Nina, in feeble accents, yet with a vehemence of gesture, that shewed her emotion was strong, though her physical powers of endurance were hardly recovered.

Henry had beheld glowing beauty in all the triumphant traces of prosperity, youth, and vivacious elegance, but never had his keen feelings experienced such excitement; never had his noble nature been so touched, so interested, as by the artless persuasions breathing from the speaking countenance of Nina.

The anguish expressed by the features of his lovely daughter, when an imperative motion of his hand checked her intreaties, as she knelt before him, seemed to soften the heart of the old man.

"What you ask would be misery," he said. "If you knew what real poverty means, you would not throw yourself under its gripe. No, no, I cannot consent to it."

"Let your daughter wed the man of her choice," said Henry; "I will provide them not only with—"

"You will provide!" interrupted the peasant, "I am not to be gulled with the promises of a wanderer, that comes to ask a supper, and eats as heartily as though he had fasted three days. Go, Louis! think no more of Nina; and as for you, that would make a fool of me with promises!"

A horn sounded, and in a moment several of the King's attendants entered the cottage. He had left the camp secretly, and lost his way in a fog. Being missed, his officers set out in every direction to inquire for him, and traced him some miles. Terrified by the danger he might meet, travelling alone in a country where fanaticism watched an opportunity to take away his life, his faithful followers explored every path to discover him; and those that entered the cottage, falling on their knees, ejaculated, "God be praised, your Majesty is safe."

The peasant and his family were for a moment transfixed by astonishment. Then the old man, prostrate before the King, held up his hands, saying, "Sire! I crave pardon most humbly."

"Pardon, for having spoken so well and so warmly of me?" answered Henry, with an affable nod of his head.

"Alas, Sire! I have, indeed to crave for behaving so rudely, in ignorance that I spoke to my Sovereign."

"My honest friend," said Henry, "I have nothing to pardon. But will you grant me a request? Will you give me the disposal of your daughter's hand?"

As the King spoke, he raised the peasant from the ground, and with silent joy the old man presented his daughter's hand to Henry; who desired Louis to draw near, and receive from him a precious boon. "Louis," said he, "I am assured you will duly value this gift; your future fortune shall be my care."

The lovers fell on their knees, and looked acknowledgments too great for utterance. "Ah! ah!" said the old man, "said I not the truth, that our King was the father of his people?"

"My friends," said Henry, "the truest pleasure, the best privilege of Kings, is to make others happy."

B. G.

THE OAK CHEST.

(Concluded from page 103.)

"I did think the opinion of all mankind was alike indifferent to me, but I feel that it is not so. My friend, you shall not quit me without learning how I have been robbed of every joy which life afforded: Listen—much misery may be contained in a few words. I found friends—I found a wife; a lovely, innocent creature. Oh! how I loved her! She bore me a son and a daughter, both were endowed by nature with the beauty of their mother. Ask me not how I loved my wife and children! Yes! then I was really happy."—*The Stranger.*

Young man, continued the Minister, I retraced my way back to the College, then more irksome than at first, from the loss of one, whose congeniality of temper and ardent spirit would have made a more ungrateful place precious and endearing. I was again doomed to mix with the everyday heartless beings, from whose association I had some time escaped, again to mix in the society of empty flutterers, creatures without sympathy of soul, or concordance of feeling. I could not long remain there after the separation from my friend. Intercourse with him had raised me from the petty circumstances of weaker minds; and in the crowd there was but one in whose eye I read a welcome and returning glance—but one hand whose pressure was dictated by true sincerity. I quitted the College, and being determined to fulfil my allotted exile from my native land, I made the tour of Italy, and at the expiration of my fourth year's absence, returned home with every hope that visits the traveller who leaves behind relatives and friends.

I was in the first bloom of manhood, with all the spirit of its age, and in the possession of fortune more than ample to gratify even the desires of inordinate fashion and ever-changing mode. My parents were pleased at the apparent improvement in their son, yet the feeling was mingled with a fear that I had gathered from the countries in which I had sojourned, a degree of passion and levity, unfitting the station for which their long-cherished hopes had destined me. For this reason, the period was delayed for some time when I should have entered on my vocation; and I know not if I may not attribute many subsequent errors of my life to this time of inaction. I became restless and headstrong; visited all the

mart of fashion, and carried away many of the specious toys to which misjudging passion and inexperience give a worth, exposed by time as vain and penniless. I entered into every folly of the day. The check was an awful one. One evening I was engaged with my usual companions, beings how different to my poor Perez; but so it is; there is an infection in society that combines the strangest opposites. A moment's reason would have discovered to me the value of these associates. I felt no friendship for them; it was mere intercourse meant to lull time with folly, and laugh at the hours as they passed around and brought eternity. But I was entangled, ensnared by them; one was a wit, the other a man of fashion—the humour of the one served for my recreation, and the society and observance of the other my pride. With these companions I had quitted my lodgings, and had arrived at our usual rendezvous; the cards and dice were quickly engaged, and the last night's practice began again. I lost and won alternately; and in a particular juncture of the game I heard my name called most vehemently by my servant, who was quarrelling with the porter for admittance. I paused for an instant—there was a rush along the passage—the door burst open—and my domestic flew in, and thrust a letter into my hand. I know not, if at times there is a communication with our spirit as to approaching evil or good, but my breath was for a moment suspended, and my blood curdled as my eye glanced on the letter. One of my companions, judging from my appearance that I anticipated ill tidings, and fearing the loss of his stakes, snatched the letter from my hand, and endeavoured to rally me out of the determination of reading it. I darted at him, for the feel-

ing which made me tremble as I saw the paper, also made me conscious that it was to such friends I was indebted for the visitation of the thought that upbraided me, I tore the letter from his hand—with an eye of madness I glanced over its contents.—My mother was dead. I staggered, and fell, horror-struck to the ground. My associates gathered round me, and, with pretended concern, inquired the cause of my agitation; surprised at my violent grief when they discovered it was “*but the death of a mother.*” It was then that I felt the horrible reality—guilt and remorse fastened on me—I sprang from the ground, and was rushing out, when my friend followed, informing me that I could not with honour leave them then, being a winner, and also standing at the present time of the game in a critical juncture. Indignation and horror, at the beings who had pledged me but one hour before in their wine, staying a son at such a moment, nerved me beyond myself; I tore, in an instant, the money from my pockets, and with an oath never again to respire the air of a gambling-house, threw it, to a large amount, on the table, and, almost maddened, sought my lodgings.

My mind was in continual agitation, unconscious and incapable of any thing for some time: at last I returned to my father's house. It was night when I arrived there, and the family had retired to rest. Unwilling to disturb them, I yielded to the impulse that for a moment took possession of me, and hurried to the church-yard, where, being acquainted with the spot which my departed parent inhabited, she often, in the days of health and happiness having pointed it out to me as her last couch, by whose green bed I should reap lessons for my future life, I reached the abode of death's new-made tenant. Much lore may be received from the grave of those we loved: it dumbly speaks our future destiny, and warns our travelling to its path to be a journey of good and innocence, in order to be awakened from its awful hold to a life of light and eternity. As we look upon the heaving mound, our fancy communes with its possessor, sees it purged of earth's dross,—a particle of the divinity. The visitation may unfit us for the commerce of the world, but our necessity to

minge with mankind carries from such conference a rectifying principle of good. Our eyes, looking frequently upon a grave, receive a discerning power from the usage that strips earthly ornaments of their tinsel, and shews their nakedness and poverty. Oh, how that little piece of new-turned earth smote my heart as I beheld it! In the damp and chilly clay, my imagination pictured an upbraiding, son-stricken mother. I could not look, but dashed myself upon it, as I were throwing myself upon my parent's bosom, asking forgiveness for wanderings past. My servant awakened me from my stupor of grief, and when I arose I beheld my father;—but he, how altered! that venerable manliness, noble in age, was gone, buried in the earth beneath me, and nothing remained but the fragile outline of humanity, palsied and desolate. I hurried him from the spot; I could not bear the blighting, dumb reproof of a mother's grave, answered by the tottering form and withered cheek of an aged father.

We returned home, and by degrees the old man raised up against the storm—and his first and strong principles of resignation, no longer baffled by the distraction of reason, resumed their power, and imparted to him calmness and contentment under the stroke of Heaven. In my return his worldly cares seemed to have terminated; like a traveller, he had settled his concerns in this country, and awaited patiently the wind that was to waft him for a blissful region of eternal fruitfulness.

My father had, during my absence, cultivated an acquaintance with a foreign gentleman, who, with his daughter, had sought in England an asylum from the faction and danger of his own country. But a short period after my return, as I was sitting with my father, we were alarmed by the loud cries of Maria, the child of the stranger, intreating of us instant attendance on her father. We accompanied the terrified girl, and discovered her parent in the hands of death. The lamentable tale was soon disclosed; he had fallen a victim in the vindication of his child's name, which had been too familiarly used by a man of consequence in the neighbourhood: a duel was the result, and the unhappy parent saw the being for whom his life's stream was ebbing fast, about to be left alone and

unprotected—a mark for the designing, a temptation for the profligate. In the last convulsive throes of mortality her father raised himself from his bed, and casting himself upon his knees before my parent, implored his protection for his orphan child. My father solemnly promised, in all the fervor of sorrow and religion, and the dying man sank to rest with a smile and a blessing. My father brought the disconsolate girl to our home. Time alleviated her grief for her parent; but there appeared a buried and mysterious sorrow that preyed in silence upon her life, and threw a shade of darkness across the fair brow of youth. She was then about twenty; but the feeling which seemed to absorb her faculties, had likewise yielded to them a tone and bearing far beyond her years. My father loved her with the affection of a parent; indeed she repaid him in all that tender solicitude which makes woman the first and loveliest being of creation's fashioning. I loved her; she was the first who had ever awakened in my heart those mysterious thrills which, if responded, yield the sweetest melody of nature. She received my attentions with meekness: and if a doubt would intrude itself that she seemed gratified by the devotion of my heart, the consciousness of her retiring nature, and her mind doubly sensitive to the knowledge of her situation, re-assured me of my first hopes of a returned affection. My father saw my choice, and approved of it. His health became daily more infirm, and the last words he uttered were, his hopes that I should make Maria my wife. "I shall then," he said, "go down to my grave peaceful as an infant to its rest, certain that Maria will yield to you those joys which are man's best wealth in this world; and that you possess a heart to estimate and repay the care." Our united hands felt the last throb of his pulse; the last movement of life had joined our palms—my father was no more. The day after his remains had been united to those of my mother, according to his wishes, I married Maria. In our happiest moments, in the time when the full heart beats with repletion of bliss, the universal smile may be tinged by a momentary and inexpressible gloom, and the pulse of my heart panted as though it throbbed against steel. Such were my emotions

at the altar as I gazed upon my new-made wife. She wept not—she appeared above tears—calm, but cold; and as the last words were pronounced, when as I caught her to my heaving breast as a part of my existence—a being within whom half my life was infused, she remained a weight within mine arms, with no confusion of realized joys; no tears, like the drops of Heaven, from the heat of intense love; and as I exclaimed the word "wife,"—that word within whose magic sound I had fancied the melody of angelic choirs, she appeared to shrink from the call, as though its breath had vibrated o'er chords of agony, and awakened a lasting horror in her soul. Still my doating heart pieced out excuses, unwilling to be cheated of its looked-for prize. Never let man link himself with her whose soul is but half subdued, or but merging from indifference; never let him think that after-society may ripen the bud of the carnation into full-blown loveliness; its springing leaves wither within themselves when plucked unwarily, which time had given to extended beauty. Such a pair may make a life of what is termed in this world comfort—receive a decorous propriety of attention:—such a life was not for me. I had gathered all my hopes into one beautiful habitation; had culled the choicest flowers of existence to adorn it; valued them so tenaciously that if but a leaf fell, or a hue faded, my heart would have felt the loss, and mourned the change. There is that sympathy in true affection which is engendered in a moment; the love-devouring eye is glanced back by the timid beam of admiration, and the faltering tongue calls up the confusion of startled love. I was wedded, and made myself a happiness in the possession of Maria. I would not be deceived; she was tender, affectionate, and obedient—still I thought she was mournful. The birth of my son called up new emotions of unimagined joy; then I drank deep of felicity's deceiving draught, and, intoxicated with excess, like a madman, vainly challenged adversity. My wife also blessed me with a daughter, an infant likeness of herself, within whose dawning beauties I had thought to watch her mother's second being, and in grey-headed age again behold the mistress of my youthful hours. Oh, sir! how unfit am I,

when fancy roves along this picture-gallery of domestic bliss, how unfit to meet the cold, rude stare of the unconcerned world!

I was one winter's evening sitting with my wife, my boy climbing my knee, and my daughter learning from her mother's lips the early prayer—oh, what a fire-side was mine!—contentment shed its perfume round my hearth; my equals valued me, the poor loved me;—well, sir, I will endeavour to proceed. The night was stormy; we retired to rest; the tempest increased, and at fits, as the wind died away in awful pauses, we heard guns from a ship in distress. The neighbours called at my window; I arose and hastened to the beach, and as the lightning shed its broad glare upon the angry waves, I saw a vessel striving her last, and the distracted mariners climbing her masts in all the madness of approaching death. She sank; the poor crew were seen grappling with spars and planks; we launched a boat—I sprang into it, and scarcely had we left the shore when a poor struggling wretch was carried by a wave into the craft; he lay insensible, and we thought dead. All were lost; our efforts were vain—we were thrown back to the beach, and I had the shipwrecked man carried to my house and placed in bed. Every attention being paid him, his senses were restored; and on entering his chamber in the morning, I found him in a tranquil sleep. When he awoke, his eyes rapidly surveyed me, and, springing from the bed, he caught me in his arms, exclaiming—. It was Perez, my school-fellow, my early, my dearest friend. I eagerly asked him concerning Isabella; he looked at me, and sank shivering on the bed. The words “lost, lost!” in half-choaked utterance escaped him. I said no more. When he had regained his self-possession, I led him into another apartment. As I surveyed his wasted figure and emaciated frame, and thought of the young, spirited, mercurial student of Salamanca, death appeared to me to have taken possession of his fabric, ransacked of every hope that makes it worth a keeping. I saw, and my heart bled as it felt the assurance, he was not long for this world. I told him of my marriage, and left him in order to introduce my wife. As I was about to lead Maria to the apartment, my attendance

was called in another room, and I desired my wife to go to the stranger, not having communicated to her that I had found in our shipwrecked guest my college companion.

I was detained for some moments from my friend; but when I hastened to meet him, imagine my horror to see him, in whose bosom I had lodged my earliest hopes and fears, folding my fainting wife in his embraces, snatching impious kisses from her discoloured lips; and as his eye met the astonished glance of mine, when, as I sought to tear Maria from his arms with frantic violence, he dashed me to the earth. Phrenzy and madness nerve me with gigantic force, and in that moment of boiling passion and revenge, when all feeling was but one terrific leap, I sprang upon his throat—unknowing what I did, I struck him down. His eyes flashed a momentary gleam which withered up my heart-strings; he exclaimed, “Isabella! she's mine—my betrothed—” it was his last. “Isabella, mine!” shot through my soul; I saw my wife—she in whom I had made myself a heaven—prostrate herself upon his breathless form; heard her call curses on me—on me, the father of her children. Oh, what a moment was that to live!—But little else remains.—Here is the grave of Perez. My wife for a time seemed lightning-struck—then whole days of tears she lived; and then again sorrow left her without its balm—she died—and with her last breath—oh, what a request to make to a husband—she prayed me to give her body the same grave as him I had murdered. Here moulders my friend; I loved him—love him—but there was something in my breast—it was not revenge—that would not let me mingle his ashes with *my wife's*. My children died too—I know not if I regret that—I think I do not: they would have yielded some moments of delight; but the agony to have had for ever by my side the image of her I unwittingly had murdered! I knew not her name, it was a secret imposed upon her by her father; if I had, though her dowry had been kingdoms, my heart alone should have suffered—my friend had not been wronged. But this is not all my grief—this does not alone feed upon my heart and consume my rest: in the days of fervent friendship, Perez and myself had

exchanged a mutual vow, that whoever might die first, should, if it were permitted, return to this earth, to visit the companion of his mortality. There is the horror—at each moon's wane the form of him I loved on earth, in the garments of the tomb, with an eye of burning reproach looks upon his murderer—presents his swollen throat and the burst vein—the work of my revenge and jealousy. Hark! the clock strikes—one, two—it is my hour. Ferez! spirit! I come—

* * * * *

Me lists not at this tide declare

The splendour of the spousal rite;

How mustered in the chapel fan

Both maid and matron, squire and knight

Me lists not tell of ouches rare,

Of mantles green, and bridled hair,

And kirtles furred with miniver;

What plumage waved the altar round;

How spurs, and ringing clambets sound.—

* * * * *

And grinned and muttered, "Lo! 't lost! lost!"

Scott

Wilbert Castle was again the scene of revelry and preparation; the morning shone beautiful, and seemed propitious of its after-days to the youthful couple. Lord Egbert, accompanied by the lovely Julia in bridal attire, with a vast concourse of lords, knights, and squires, formed the splendid procession from Wilbert Castle to the Abbey. The holy priest had joined their hands, the anthem pealed forth its soul-subduing strain; and, as the youthful lord gazed upon his timid, blushing Julia, all his look was joy, and the drear scenes and fatal events that his fears had interpreted from past circumstances vanished from the gaze of the dazzled lover. Julia was his—fancy's richest dreams were realized. The procession returned to the castle, and every thing was disposed for mirth and revelry. The Baroness looked with all a mother's pride and fondness on her newly-wedded child, and as she welcomed Lord Egbert to his castle, then she said, its fittest master, she enriched the gift with an assurance of his worthiness, and her valuation of her daughter's husband. All went on happily; the ball commenced, and "earth-treading stars" beamed on the sight of rapt admirers, who, in the completion of Lord Egbert's

happiness, hoped they imagined a prediction of their own felicity. Still, at intervals, a cloud would obscure the beautiful brow of Julia, which Egbert in vain strove to dissipate; she replied to his inquiries, that she knew not what oppressed her—what danger could assail her, surrounded by the beings of her love; but it was an irrepressible gloom that shadowed her spirits, and made her ungrateful for the blessings that heaven had yielded her. In the maze of the dance Egbert lost the hand of Julia—his attention was called for the instant by the Baroness. On leaving her to seek Julia, it was discovered she had quitted the room. Egbert proceeded to the garden, imagining her fancy had led her to seek relief from the glare of the ball-room in communication with the heavens. She was not there: he returned again to the room; the Baroness had not seen her—a chill fear struck upon the heart of Egbert as he exhorted every one to follow in search of Julia. In an instant every avenue was penetrated, every apartment entered—Julia was not to be found. As Egbert in frenzy called on her name, he thought he heard the sound responded by a laugh, as from the uncathily visitant that had warned him against marriage.

The guests are departed—the bridal trappings are removed—sorrow has taken possession—no sound is heard in the halls late echoing with the burst of rejoicing hearts. The bat and the swallow alone flap their wings around the dwelling, for grief is its inhabitant. The Baroness went to the grave, worn by slow, yet sure-feeding misery: she never breathed complaints—she upbraided not the heavens, she was sustained with the mind of a christian, but her body was of earth. None but village-girls strewed flowers before the coffin of the once much-followed Baroness Ruthven.

Time has rolled on—years have heaped their decay upon Wilbert Castle—the weed rankles in front, and the solitary keeper only opens the rusty-hinged gate. And who is he that paces its halls, with nobility in his faltering tread, and calm despair writ upon his withered brow? His eye is dim; but as the current of his thought seems to visit its place of former joys, a wild and fitful glance kindles in his eye; his clenched hand strikes his stone-pale forehead, and

perchance a tear may light upon his grisly beard of grey; and a groan, as bursting from a charnel house, starts from his heaving chest. That is Lord Egbert—the gay, the handsome, the noble Lord Egbert; but “sorrow is enamoured of his parts”—the grave receives him.

Again the castle's halls are waked to merriment: the new possessor arrives; chambers sacred to holy sorrow are ransacked and refitted; the spider's web is torn away by fashionable upholsterers, and Wilbert Castle has again feasts, liveried vassals, and high-titled visitants. A chamber in the eastern wing of the castle, which has yet escaped its new owner's improvements, is destined for some new visitor; in fitting it for the inhabitant, an OLD OAK CILST is

discovered; they move it—but with the motion they hear a something stir within. For a long time the lid resists their efforts—they wrench it open—they start with horror back!—a young creature, clothed in bridal attire, with ball-room ornaments shining around death's bosom, is the tenant of the fatal chest! It is the form of Julia!

She had on the evening of her nuptials left the ball-room, and had actually sought the garden, but returned by a different entrance to the house; and hearing her name called, from a momentary vivacity fled into this apartment, and hearing her pursuers approach, she sprang into the chest—the lid fell—cloved with a spring—it was her bridal bed—she heard the dying voices retreat to another part of the castle—no one came—she died!

X.

Original and Fugitive Poetry.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

By Mrs Hemans.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,

And stars to set;—but ALL,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own—oh,
Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous
hearth;

Night, for the dreams of sleep,—the voice of
prayer,—
But ALL for thee, thou mightiest of the earth

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and
wine;

Then comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears;—but all are thine!

Youth, and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay;
And smile at thee: but thou art none of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,

And stars to set;—but ALL,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own—oh,
Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far, shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall touch the golden
grain,
But who shall teach us WHEN to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale,
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth,—and thou art
there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets
rend
The skies;—and swords beat down the
princely crest!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set;—but ALL,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own—oh,
Death!

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY, AND IN ANSWER, TO THE
FOREGOING,

By Mrs. Cornwall Barton Wilson

True,—ALL we know must die,—
Though none can tell th' exact appointed hour;
Nor should it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death crush the oak, or nip the
opening flower?

The CHRISTIAN is prepared,
Though others tremble at that hour of gloom;
His soul is always ready on his guard,
His lamps are lighted 'gainst the bridegroom
come.

It matters not the time,
When we shall end our pilgrimage below,
Whether in youth's bright morn, or man-
hood's prime,
Or when the frost of age has whiten'd o'er our
brow!

The CHILD that blossom'd fair,
And look'd so lovely on its mother's breast
(Fond source of many a hope, and many a
prayer)!

Why murmur, that it sleeps, where all at last
must rest?

Snatch'd from a world of woe
(Where they must suffer most, who longest
dwell);

It vanish'd like a flake of early snow,
That melts into the stream, pure as from
Heaven it fell!

The youth whose pulse beat high,
Lager through glory's brilliant course to run,
Why should we shed a tear, or breathe a sigh,
That the bright gold is gained—the prize thus
early won?

Unstain'd by many a crime,
Which to maturer years might owe their birth;
In summer's earliest bloom, in morning's
prime,
How blest are they who quit this chequer'd
scene of earth!

And shall no tear be paid,
To rest the new-made BAIN, the envied fair,
On whose fond heart, Death's withering hand
is laid,
Checking each pulse of bliss Hymen had
waken'd there?

Joy scatter'd roses, while
The happy slumberers sank to calm repose,
In Death's embrace,—e'er love withdrew his
smile,
And 'scap'd those chilling blights the heart
too often knows

Yes! ALL we know must die.—
Since none can tell th' exact appointed hour,
Why need it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death crush the oak, or nip the
opening flower?

Woburn Place, Russel Square.

THE ALMOND BRANCH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A DE LAMARTINE.

Thy snowy blossoms do but rise,
Symbol of beauty's fleeting ray;
Which like them blushes, blooms and dies,
Ere smiling spring has passed away.

Neglect them, or with care around
Thy brow the infant blossoms braid,
Yet leaf by leaf they will be found
To fly, e'en as our pleasures fade.

These fleeting joys still let us prize—
Dispute them with the passing gale,
The perfume which so quickly dies,
From blooming chalcies inhale.

Emblem of beauty's transient power!
The bud that opens with the morn,
Which talks before the festal hour
From laughing brows it should adorn!

Each hour proclaims th' approach of Spring—
Fair Spring, whose charms can never cloy,
Each flowret borne on Zephyr's wing
Soft whispers, "While thou canst, enjoy!"

And since they perish then for ever,
Since no return they e'er may prove,
O may the roses wither never,
Unless beneath the lips of love.

A. I. H.

ON THE DEATH OF PRINNY

IMITATED FROM COWPER

And art thou gone, my poor old dog?
And art thou gone, my friend?
And wilt thou never wag thy tail,
When I alone shall send,

POOR PRINNY?

And wilt thou never give thy paw,
When I shall hold my hand;
Nor ever, patient at my door,
To give me welcome, stand?

POOR PRINNY?

And wilt thou never, with delight,
Around my footstool play?
Nor e'er again beneath my chair
I by poor old body lay?

POOR PRINNY?

And wilt thou never to my couch
Again in silence creep;
With faithful heart, and friendly eye,
To watch me when I sleep,
Poor PRINNY?

And wilt thou ne'er with pleasure run,
And bound at my command,
To fetch the rolling pebble back,
And place it in my hand,
Poor PRINNY?

And wilt thou ne'er again, my dog,
In begging posture stand;
With patient look, to take the crumb
From out thy mistress' hand,
Poor PRINNY?

Farewell, then, true and faithful friend!
I lose thee with regret,
The many days with thee I've past,
I never shall forget,
Poor PRINNY?
J. M.

THE FAREWELL OF MY FIRST LOVE.

THOUGHTS there are of hope and light,
Of days gone by, when all was bright,
That soothe the heart to calm and ease,
As beacons guide through stormy seas

Yet! when the heart has gone astray,
In the world's dark polluted way,
These dreams of days, so bright and fair,
Will shew that beauty once was there!

As sunset rays at times will streak
With gold the mountain's topmost peak,
These gleams will in the breast be found,
I though all is dark and cold around.

In life's first dawn a being came,
Partner in youthful hope and fame
We lov'd, and deep that love was fix'd—
Closely with each existence mix'd

It was no flash of youthful heat;—
Each heart, each pulse, responsive beat,
And every thought would cling to mine,
As wood-grapes clasp the soaring pine.

We parted—'twas one eve—'twas still —
I took her hand, and felt it thrill
In mine I shed no tear—the eye
Had wept until its fount was dry!

She went.—Flowers fade—she faded too;
But I, though lone, in fortune grew —
In deserts, off the palm, or date,
Will spring sublimely desolate.

Yet, though forlorn in hope and heart,
As trees, whose roots are far apart,
Will meet, and kiss in skies above,
My spirit views that brow of love!
GREGORY SCARBOROUGH.

ON A JESSAMINE, THAT BLOOMED TOO EARLY, AND WAS KILLED BY THE FROST

Those early blossoms, lovely flower,
The morning sunbeams blest,
But now they droop in winter's bowels,
And wither on her breast.
So, early hope is nurs'd by care,
So, sorrow withering lies,
So, stripped of every blossom fair,
The spring of fancy dies.
The parent vine no shelter gave,
To screen thee from the blast;
But now it bends upon thy grave,
And honours thee at last.
Such, too, is merit's hapless fate,
That, living, finds no friend,
Till pilgrims seek the spot too late,
And o'er the relics bend!
Oh! joy is but a tinsel gem,
That sparkles for an hour,
And life is but a rifled stem,
And hope,—its frosted flower

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE
DEATH OF HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.*

Cold is the land of thy sleep,
Cheerless the place of thy rest;
Yet over thee virtue will weep,
Lamenting the fall of her best.
The victor may gather the bay,
But, oh! 'tis polluted with blood!
Dark is the conqueror's way,—
But thine was the path of the good
What are the urn and the bust?
Mementos that moulder with age
Thy name, with the good and the just,
Will live in eternity's page!

* It is a curious, though well authenticated fact, that Prince Potemkin, the favourite of the Empress Catherine of Russia, died on the same spot where Howard surrendered his existence. The fate of their mortal remains was so different, as their lives had been opposite: the Prince had a magnificent monument erected to his memory, which the successor of Catherine caused to be destroyed, and ordered the dust it contained to be given to the winds; while Howard, the gentle, the beneficent Howard, reposed in calmness and security within his humble tomb.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1824.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1. EVENING DRESS.

AN Amaranthine coloured dress of *gros de Naples*, with three ornaments at the border, set on in the nature of flounces, forming separate leaves, depending, and divided by *rouleaux* of satin, the upper one surmounted by three tucks. The bust is made in the Gallo-Greek style, and the sleeves short and full; they are headed by foliage trimming to correspond with that on the skirt; a narrow lace tucker stands up round the bust, in the Henrietta-Maria style. The head-dress consists of a turban of the Pactolus gauze, ornamented with full blown Amaranths, and a rich plume of white feathers. The necklace worn with this superb dress is formed of one row of large Oriental pearls, and each ear-pendant consists of one large round pearl.

No. 2. BALL DRESS.

This dress exhibits a very beautiful specimen of *Uring's lace*; the pattern is of the most costly and elegant style, which is well set off by the soft pink satin slip worn underneath. Two broad richly figured flounces of lace ornament the border, and a falling tucker of the same material is fastened on each side the bust, with a half opening rose and foliage. The hair is divided, *à la Madonna*, with pearl ornaments in front, and a plume of white feathers on the left side. The ear-rings are of Opal and finely wrought gold, as is the necklace; from whence depends a very light gold chain, with an eye-glass set round with jewels or pearls. The shoes are white satin.

N.B. The above beautiful dress was prepared, by special order, from a lady of very high distinction in fashionable life; and the figure in our engraving is an exact *fac-simile* of the complete costume.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE members of the fashionable world seem to be in perpetual motion; though London is crowded to excess, yet the arrivals of those composing the *Beau Monde*, daily take place, and from every part of Europe, as well as from their country seats, they are hourly pouring in, to grace with their presence the first of cities. When Easter comes, we may expect to lose sight of them for a short period; but as it will be but short, we may venture to delineate, as we record the newest fashions for the latter end of March, what is likely to be most in favour in costume through the month of April.

March came in cold and changeable, and the Spring colours were tardy in advancing; we still witnessed through more than the half of that month the dark velvet pelisse, lined with amber or white sarcenet, and the most costly furs yet maintained their comfortable station, in tippets, pelicans, or as trimmings; the warm shawl of Cachemire was still closely wrapped round the form, and the *Marchandes de Modes* had, as yet, received no orders for pelisses adapted to a milder temperature of weather. Towards the conclusion of March, however, these purveyors of the toilet thought it became them to prepare some envelopes of *gros de Naples*, or Levantine, for their patronesses; and their different magazines teemed with a chaste and elegant display of pelisses made of those materials; there was, however, but little novelty in the mode of trimming; the newest ornament down the sides and bust was the Zephyr plume, which differs not very materially from the Mexican, except that the *rouleaux* that compose it are

lighter, as the name implies. Matted satin, a shade darker than the figured *gris de Naples*, of which some pelisses are made, forms a favourite ornament on that kind of out-door covering; but the cloaks—the Venetian cloaks—still bear the belle; they are generally now of deep rose colour, lined with lemon colour, and have a decided air of fashion. We cannot, however, approve this association in a general way, and the present assumption of so many incongruous colours as seems now the prevailing rage, is certainly every way inimical to good taste. The ride in Hyde Park resembled, but a very short time since, a bed of gaudy tulips: not combining colours as on that most cherished flower of the tulip fander, but really the most glaring colours of those that generally adorn the humblest village garden.

Though a variety of flowers, general as they are become, are still seen on the black bonnets of figured *gris de Naples*, or moss velvet hats worn by women of high rank, yet the most elegant bonnet of this description is ornamented with a beautifully curled plume of black and yellow intermingled: the novelty and whim of this chaste ornament, devoid of all glare, render this plumage admirably adapted for early Spring costume. A carriage bonnet for the Park, we found extremely tasteful and becoming; it was of black figured satin, the dimensions small; a few full-blown roses were carelessly scattered next the crown, and on the left side drooped one small white flat feather. Another black satin bonnet was not quite so pleasing—it was, however, on the head of a titled lady of distinction: it was ornamented, alternately, by coloured flowers and marabout feathers, the latter placed singly; but these feathers, from their extreme lightness, should never be less than three or four in a group. A few Leghorn bonnets have partially been seen, and have as suddenly disappeared; they were trimmed with wintry ribbons, and flowers of a dark tint; a veil was generally worn with them, and they were confined to the *déshabille* ride or walk. Bonnets of black or coloured satin, or of figured *gris de Naples*, the latter article sometimes in white, begin to be prevalent. Flowers, as ornaments, were never so much in favour, though feathers still are seen on the hats and bonnets of those who rank amongst the first of fashion's votaries.

No. 186.—Vol. XXIX.

Before we dismiss our observations on out-door costume, we cannot forbear saying a word or two on the equestrian. We cannot congratulate the habit-makers or their patronesses on the present alteration in the riding dress, for several years so smart, and so well calculated to display a light and graceful figure to advantage. When invention is at a stand, there is some excuse in resorting to the costume of the ancients, because it is often elegant and dignified; but the long flaps that now form the jacket part of a fashionable lady's habit, cause only a laugh at the recollection of pictures at the top of old songs, in all the bad taste of the seventeenth century; such equestrian dresses as might be worn by the Pamelas and Clarissas of that era.

The newest gowns for half-dress are of light and modest colours; and, with the addition of a shawl, they form a beautiful out-door dress for morning exhibitions, or other of the public promenades. The favourite colour for these dresses is that of the dried date-leaf; they are of *gris de Naples*, with a small sprig. Narrow flounces of plain sarsnet, *en festons*, ornament the border; each flounce headed by a satin rouleau, in bias, about two shades darker; which by candle-light has a very striking effect. The dress is made partially low, and the bust is trimmed with straps across in Brandenburgs, each finishing by a wrought silk button: the *mancherons* are not full, and, with the cuffs at the wrist, are finished in the most simple manner. Black has been much worn this Lent, at the commencement; the evening dresses were of black velvet, ornamented with fine white lace, and enriched with pearls. Ball dresses are chiefly of lace or tulle, over white, blue, or pink satin, and have nothing very decisive in their trimming, as their ornaments depend much on the taste of the wearer.

Turbans and toques constitute the most approved head-dresses for dinner parties, and for evening concerts. Rainbow elastic scarfs, when tastefully pinned up, form magnificent turbans; a spiral feather, or a delicate drooping plume, renders them truly appropriate to a full dress party. Cornettes, flat and wide, are very favourite head-dresses; the flowers are placed over the temples on the hair, which is clustered

in curls, and much shewn. Dress hats are of white satin, ornamented with blond and wild roses, or a plume of feathers tipped with some striking colour. Highland caps continue to be worn in half dress. Small cornettes of blond are invariably seen under bonnets.

A foliage of crape, *gauffrée*, is one of the most favourite trimmings on ball dresses; and we have just been favoured with the inspection of a dinner party dress, made for a very distinguished female. It is of rose coloured silk, profusely ornamented with narrow *rouleaux* of satin, even down the seams: the border is trimmed with fan ornaments, which are laid on a broad puckering of sarsnet.

A bar of gold, *à l'Indostance*, is now worn just above the wrist as a bracelet; it is beautifully chased in grapes and vine leaves, and the grapes are cut, if the term may be allowed, in that way, and so highly burnished, that by candlelight they represent the most brilliant topazes. On the other wrist are two narrow bracelets, one of plaited hair, the other of polished steel. The most fashionable handkerchief pin, or brooch, represents a gordian knot; the bows are formed of gold enamel, bronze, or polished steel. Diamonds are much worn at private balls and splendid dress parties: different coloured gems are sometimes mingled with the diamonds in the hair, but the ear-rings are of the drop kind, and are all diamonds.

The favourite colours are date-leaf, Damask rose, scarlet, ethereal blue, and pink.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

There is now no medium in fashionable life—not any between an excessive love for dress, and a total neglect of it: ladies live quite retired, or they pursue pleasure with avidity. One will remain always at home, reading every new publication that issues from the press; while another is seen at two balls and three different theatres on the same evening.

Yet our public promenades are so crowded, that one would imagine *les belles Licenses* were not many. A silk pelisse of beautiful *gros de Naples* of a bright blue is much in favour; and this, as well as those of levantine, is made *en blouse*; but the most prevailing out-door covering for walking is a Cachemire shawl, over a high dress of dark-coloured *gros de Naples*.

White satin hats, trimmed with *ponceau* velvet, prevail much, and look well in the carriage; they are, however, of a very curious make, and appear as if they had two brims. They are ornamented with a long and full plume of feathers. A white satin hat, trimmed with *crêpe lissé*, is also much admired for the taste and fancy displayed in the crape ornaments, representing plumage, flowers, &c. Dark-coloured bonnets of *gros de Naples* are worn in the morning walks; they are lined with some lively colour, bound and trimmed with ribbon the same colour as the lining, and are trimmed at the edge with broad black lace.

Coloured levantine dresses are trimmed with white lace, and have short full sleeves, the same material as the dress; to which are attached transparent white sleeves, wreathed round the arm with *rouleaux* of white satin. High dresses of dark coloured *gros de Naples* are much worn at home, and for the morning promenade; at the border are five *rouleaux* well wadded, set at equal distances, and these *rouleaux* are entwined with satin ribbon, which gives them a novel, and at the same time a very rich appearance. The court mourning is now as slight as possible: but black continues to be much worn, except at balls, on account of it being the season of Lent. Ball dresses, when made of *tulle*, are trimmed as high as the knee, and very often with coloured ribbons; but *tulle* with gold or silver lama constitutes the favourite material for ball-dresses. At children's balls the young dancers are generally dressed in blouses of rose-coloured India muslin, embroidered and trimmed with *rouleaux*; they wear gold ornaments, but no flowers. The hair is enclosed in a Spanish net, or covered, either with a Scotch, or a *basque cap*: sometimes the child wears a little *cap à la folle*. The ball-dresses of adults are made to display the back and shoulders; the

sleeves are short, and the long gloves come only half-way up the lower part of the arm. A *bouffant* drapery of *crêpe lisse* or gauze partially conceals the bust.

Ladies of thirty years of age wear either turbans or demi-turbans. A very elegant turban appeared lately at a full dress party: it was of *ponçeau* velvet, surmounted by a bird of Paradise; the head and neck of the bird were ornamented with turquoise stones and rubies. A scotch cap of blue velvet, with eight little rose-coloured feathers over the left ear, was a head-dress also seen on one of the same party, and was very much admired; as was a turban of green and gold brocade, ornamented with two white *aigrettes*: these *aigrettes* are placed, as we call it, *à la Moïse*, representing the horns, or beams of light, that appeared on the head of Moses to the Israelites when he came down from the Mount. They do not look well; and such fashions are, as your Hamlet says, "Better honoured in the breach than the observance." Figaro nets, formed of jet beads, with a plume of black cock's feathers in front, were much worn at evening dress parties during the commencement of the court mourning. A wreath, formed of those flowers commonly called snow-balls, are frequently seen at balls: there are two or three of these on each temple; but over the forehead, and at the back part of the head, there is only a light cordon of flowers. A cordon of roses, with their buds, is also a favourite ornament; the full blown roses are placed on the temples, and the buds in front and at the back of the head: the flowers are without foliage.

The purse of a fashionable lady is now entirely of gold, and is the work of the

jeweller; the pattern represents an open rosace, surrounded by a dozen escutcheons which half cover each other. A little chain of gold, terminated by two tassels, passes through the ring that surmounts the escutcheons, and bringing them close together, shuts the purse.

The fashionable cards for invitations to balls represent four figures dancing, two ladies and two gentlemen; beneath the date and invitation we find printed, in German characters, "*Exactitude et Gaîté.*"

The new little elegant Opera glasses, have two plates of gold of an oval form; these are adorned with flowers wrought in burnished gold: in the centre is a flower in turquoise stones or diamonds. The ring is enriched with emeralds or rubies. I saw a watch-chain belonging to a very fashionable lady, to which was suspended two seals and a key, ornamented with garlands of flowers in dark blue enamel; the ring was also beautifully enamelled. An elegant little ring has made its appearance, whereby you may judge of our wit: it is a magnetic ring of polished steel, to which is affixed a small heart, though large enough to catch up two or three small needles. This we call *in cœu qui attrit*!

Surely this will make you allow us wit; and what I am about to tell you must make you grant, too, that we have abundance of sentiment. If a lady loses a tooth, her lover takes care to obtain it; and after it has undergone every proper operation of being made as white as a pearl, &c., he has it set round with brilliants, or coloured gems, and gets it set in a ring or a shirt-pin.

The favourite colours are Trocadero, blue, rose-colour, a bright shade of hermit-brown, and dark chocolate.

Monthly Miscellany;

CONTAINING

A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

This month has been less prolific than the preceding; and, altogether, we believe there is less of literary novelty at the commencement of the present season than has for some years been usual.

Theodore Hook's "*Sayings and Doings, a Series of Sketches from Life,*" is at this time making considerable noise in the reading world. It is, indeed, one of the smartest productions of the kind that has

appeared for many years. *Tom Burton*, "Danvers," "The Friend of the Family," "Merton," and "Martha the Gypsy," compose the three volumes, more than one-half of which, indeed, is occupied by "Merton." Each of these tales is founded upon an old saying; the object of the author being to illustrate old sayings by modern doings; which doings, he assures us, are facts. Thus, for instance, the history of "Danvers" indisputably proves that "too much of a good thing is good for nothing." Tom Burton, a young man of talent, acquirement, and manners, but of moderate fortune, falls in love with, and marries the paragon of all that is lovely and excellent in woman. "Health, peace, and competence"—happiness in its utmost human perfection—are his. By the death of his wife's rich old uncle from India, he is suddenly advanced to prodigious wealth. He takes the uncle's name (Danvers); purchases princely estates; obtains a seat in Parliament; blazes forth in a contested county election; patronizes men of genius; collects books, pictures, and articles of *virtù*, with all the ardour of a Fonthill cognoscent; finds himself £200,000 in debt; is convicted of, and imprisoned for an election bribery which he never committed; and is ultimately reduced to an humble pittance of less than £1,500 a year.

"Merton" shews that "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." Blest with talent and character, he enters life with the most brilliant prospects. Enamoured of a beautiful girl, Fanny Meadows, he carries her off to Scotland, on the very borders of which, during a momentary separation, he commits an assault and is taken before a magistrate. The loss of time, thus occasioned, proves fatal to his hopes: his pursuers arrive at the very moment of the marriage ceremony. He quarrels with his rival, but is deprived of the honour of meeting him by the circumstance of his rival's having been shot by another person an hour before the time of his appointment. Five hours after the time that it could prove serviceable, he receives a note from his adored Fanny, indicating a plan by which she might be rescued, and united to the man of her heart. He goes to London, gets inebriated for the first time in his life; sets out upon a noc-

turnal expedition; and in an atrocious imprisonment makes a forcible entry into the house of his mistress, and is taken captive by the guardians of the night. On the succeeding day he is seen by Miss Meadows under very suspicious circumstances with a lady of the strictest honour. His father undertakes to effect a reconciliation, but drops down dead as he is setting out for that purpose. Merton is patronized by a nobleman; he reads the newspaper announcement of the marriage of Miss Fanny Meadows; throws himself, in despair, into the arms of his noble friend's protégée, and then learns, to his utter astonishment and chagrin, that it was not his Fanny Meadows, but a cousin of hers, whose marriage had just occurred. Fortune still persecutes him. Arriving at his country house, he finds it just burnt down; and, whilst he is searching amongst the ruins for his father's will, his wife elopes with a dashing Baronet. By the failure of a banker, upon whom he had neglected to present a draught, he loses a large sum. In the expectation of obtaining a divorce, he makes an arrangement for marrying his Fanny, but loses the verdict. He sets off to Yarmouth in Norfolk, when he ought to have gone to Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. He is apprehended by the officers of justice, brought to trial, found guilty, and sentenced to death for the murder of his wife's seducer. A few hours before the time appointed for his execution he effects his escape—goes to his wife's father—kills him by his appearance—is retaken, and led to the scaffold; when, just as he is about to be launched into eternity, the man believed to have been murdered, appears, and Merton is once more at large. Supposing his wife to be dead, there is now no bar to his union with Fanny Meadows; but, on the very day before his intended marriage, he meets his wife a common prostitute. Merton, still the victim of hopes and expectations, enters upon a large estate as the declared heir of a Peer; but, alas! it turns out that his half-brother, and not himself, is entitled to the vast possessions. He buys a ticket in the lottery—it comes up a £20,000 prize—but he has been robbed of his ticket. At length, after encountering an almost immeasurable host of equally promising and equally disastrous adventures, fate seems to be weary of her

possessions. His wife is dead—fortune has smiled gloriously upon him—he flies to throw himself and his possessions at the feet of his worshipped Fanny, and finds that she is—an inhabitant of another world! All this may be true, but certainly it is very unlike truth.

“The Friend of the Family” is a villainous attorney, upon whose exploits we shall pause no longer than to say, that “all tend well” by his committing *felo-de-se*.

“Martha the Gypsy” is a very brief sketch.

These volumes display an extraordinary knowledge of life and nature, and a most happy talent for the delineation of character and manners. The satire is severe—sometimes, indeed, more severe than just; yet most of the hits are very palpable; and, altogether, the style is so racy and piquant—there is so much truth and felicity in the sketches—that it is impossible not to be delighted with the work.

Galt’s “*Bachelor’s Wife, a Selection of Curious and Interesting Extracts, with Curious Observations*,” is a capital book; the best that we are acquainted with of its class, the “*Curiosities of Literature*” alone excepted. “It has been generally formed,” observes the compiler, “upon the principle of affording specimens of the literature of different epochs, not indeed methodically arranged, but so chosen as to exhibit a more extensive view of the literary mind of the country, historically considered, than has been attempted in any previous selection of extracts.” Whilst, however, we admit the excellence of the book, and accord it our warmest praise, we object most decidedly to the very clumsy and ineffective vehicle by means of which these delightful extracts are introduced. It is injurious to the many sensible and original observations of Mr. Galt, as too many readers, we are fearful, will be induced to pass them over without perusal. The fair *Egeria* is neither more nor less than a ridiculous blue stocking, who, by her learned conversation, imparts a charm to the lonely chambers of her spouse, Benedict, in the Paper Buildings. We admire *intellectuality*, if we may be allowed the coinage of a word, in the lovelier part of our species; yet we must confess we are not without our predilections for beautiful forms and faces of less

assuming pretension. This, however, is matter of opinion; and we can satisfactorily venture to assert, that the reader, brown or fair, masculine or feminine, will find Mr. Galt’s “*Bachelor’s Wife*” a very enchanting creature.

We have no patience with such trashy productions as “*The Woodland Muse, comprising Tales and Essays, with Miscellaneous Poetical Pieces, on a variety of Subjects, Moral, Literary, and Humorous*,” by Edward Daniell, Surgeon. If Mr. Daniell be a surgeon, it would be wise in him to devote himself exclusively to the duties of his profession, for the Muses seem not inclined to smile upon him. We do not comprehend how a person of common sense and decent education can sit down and put together a volume of common-place matter, devoid of interest, novelty, or beauty—send it to the press—and then submit it to the public, “with all its imperfections on its head.” This is one of the abuses of literature which we wish to see “reformed altogether.”

“*Pride shall have a Fall, a Comedy with Songs*,” some account of the performance of which will be found in our theatrical department, is, we understand, from the able pen of Mr. Croly, the distinguished author of “*The Angel of the World*,” “*Catiline*,” “*Paris in 1815*,” &c. It is dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Canning. Independently of its merits as an acting play, it will rank high amongst the reading dramas of the age. In the closet, its poetical beauties are contemplated with admirable effect. We shall offer one or two specimens. Curiosity is thus described:—

Curiosity!

True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
Both man and woman would find life a waste
But for the cunning of—Curiosity!
She’s the world’s witch, and through the world
she runs,

The merriest masquer underneath the moon!
To beauties, languid from the last night’s rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders
wrapt

In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits,
Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace,
The hundredth novel of the Great Unknown!
And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and
yawn,

And wonder what’s o’clock—then sink again,

And thus she sends the party, spoils along.
 She comes to ancient dames, and, stiff as steel,
 In hand and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
 She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
 Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
 Blue-stockings, fruitless, cards, and ratafia;
 And thus she gives them prattle for the day.
 She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
 As if a hundred years were on her back;
 Then, peering through her spectacles, she reads
 A scolding journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales
 Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies
 (Born in the writer's brain); of spots in the sun,
 Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
 And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
 And thus she makes the world, both young and
 old,

Bow down to sovereign CURIOSITY!

The following is sung as a trio:—

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve!
 What sees thine eye?

Wherever human hearts can leave,
 Man's misery!

Life, but a lengthened chain;

Youth, weary, wild, and vain;

Age on a bed of pain,

Longing to die!

Yet there's a rest!

Where earthly agonies

Awake no sighs

In the cold breast.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve!

Sees not thine eye

Some spot, where hearts no longer heave,

In thine own sky?

Where all life's wrongs are o'er,

Where Anguish weeps no more,

Where injured spirits soar,

Never to die!

One touch of the comic and we have done. The subjoined is the prison harangue of the dissipated Torrento:

Are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our domestic circle; in the loveliness of our prison lines; in our *otium cum dignitate*? Gentlemen of the goal! (*Cheering*). Is not our residence here for our country's good?—(*Cheering*). Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them?—(*Cheering*).—I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our honourable straw, our venerable bread and water, our virtuous slumbers, and our useful days to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity?—(*Cheering*).—No! freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die! No!

every man's cell is his castle. By the law we live here; and should not all that law by the law, die by the law? Now, gentlemen, a general cheer: here's liberty, property, and party of principle!—(*Cheering*.)

We pass—an irksome passage—from beauty to deformity. "*The Deformed Transformed*, a Drama," by Lord BYRON, is another lamentable stain upon the fame of its Right Honourable author. The point on which the story turns is thus: Arnold, a poor deformed wretch, is on the verge of suicide, when an evil spirit rises from a fountain, and, in consideration of receiving his soul on its departure from the earth, invests him with the power of assuming the bodily aspect of any hero or philosopher that he may choose. Cæsar, Alcibiades, Socrates, Mark Antony, and Demetrius Poliorcetes, pass before his vision; but he rejects them, and prefers the form of Achilles. The demon now animates the untenanted frame of Arnold, and follows the new Achilles as a valet, under the name of Cæsar, to the sacking of Rome by the constable Bourbon, whose force they join. We mention this wretched abortion, chiefly to express our astonishment and bitter regret, that a writer, so gifted as Lord Byron, should, by sending forth to the world a crude mass of absurdity, pollution, and blasphemy, thus court disgrace, and cover himself with infamy. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" Is it possible that the drama now before us can be the production of the admirable creature here described?—Fie on't!

"*The Siege of Malta, a Tragedy*," may be considered as a very respectable poem in dialogue, but it is not, in its structure or composition, dramatic; and in representation it would certainly fail. We have not heard the author's name.

It is with no slight feeling of satisfaction, that, after a lapse of several years, we hail the appearance of another historical romance.—"*Duke Christian of Lüneburg, or Traditions from the Haritz*," from the pen of that amiable and admirable writer, Miss Jane Porter. To this lady we are in-

debted for almost a new species—a species delightful and instructive as it was new—of literary fiction—the “Great Unknown,” great as by-dust of quackery is his fame, is only a follower in her wake. Referring to the ancestry of our beloved Sovereign, to whom it is dedicated, the scene of the present production is laid in the age that immediately succeeded the Reformation; a period in which all Europe laboured under the most powerful religious excitement. Duke Christian is a hero of a spirit most truly chivalric; and, in the progress of his adventures, he is associated, or comes in contact with, nearly all the distinguished characters of the times. The picture of the English court in the reign of James I. is very ably drawn; much discrimination of character is displayed; and the more romantic incidents connected with the tender passion are developed with all that delicate and soul-thrilling pathos which we have been accustomed to admire in the writer’s earlier efforts. Altogether, the work is finely, nobly, and beautifully written.

“*Sir Andrew Sagittarius, or The Perils of Astronomy*,” in three volumes, is an amusing, though not very well written book, abounding in light and playful satire.

A volume, entitled “*Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*,” by Christopher Keelivine, consists of two tales: “*Mary Ogilvie*,” and “*The Love-Match*,” and, what the author terms a “*Sketch of Changes*.” In the first of these, George, a young man of fortune, returns from his travels just as Mary Ogilvie, a lovely girl for whom, though of an inferior station, he had long entertained a boyish fondness, is on the point of bestowing her hand with reluctance upon another. His mind is agitated by contending passions—love for Mary, and a dread of incurring the scorn and ridicule of the world. The latter prevails; and, in a state bordering on distraction, he attends the marriage of his early love. He subsequently forms a union of interest, and drags on a life of misery, continually haunted by the image of his lost Mary. However, Mary’s husband is killed by a fall from his horse; George’s lady meets with an accident which proves fatal; and thus the lovers, after a decent period of widowhood, are at length united. The hero of “*The Love-Match*” is the youngest son of

a dissenting clergyman in the West of Scotland, who rears a family of thirteen children upon a scanty stipend of £300 a year. These tales do not abound in incident; but they are pervaded by a strain of pathetic simplicity which renders them deeply interesting.

In the “*Sketch of Changes*,” the author give us an account of the changes which have taken place in Glasgow within the last fifty years, interspersed with sketches of individual characters. The improvements which have been effected in the trade of Glasgow, in the course of that period, have not, he conceives, tended to heighten the moral character or happiness of its inhabitants. We are glad to hear that an improved edition of this volume is in the press.

Miss Spence’s tales of “*How to be Rid of a Wife*,” and the “*Lily of Annandale*,” (two volumes which were slightly introduced to the readers of the *Belle Assemblée* in the course of the memoir of their fair authoress, inserted, with a portrait, in the number for last month), are distinguished, the first by the singularity of the biographical incident on which it is founded, and the second by features of a more romantic and poetic cast. The first gives development to an anecdote which is related of one of the Dukes of Chandos, to the effect that the nobleman alluded to, having first, from an impulse of humanity, succeeded in rescuing a young and amiable, but rustic female, from the barbarities of a coarse and tyrannical husband, was at length induced, upon the death of that husband, and after giving the fair one a suitable education, to yield himself to the united charms of her person, her heart, and her mind, and to make her his Duchess. The second is a tragic love story of the Scottish border, and contiguous parts of Cumberland. A short extract, comprizing the final sentences of the “*Lily of Annandale*,” will afford a specimen of Miss Spence’s style, and of the tone of feeling which her volumes discover:—

Many years had rolled away, and all recollection of Fleming was lost, except when Helen’s disastrous story was revived, and her grave was visited by the curious traveller, who hoard, with tearful eye, the melancholy fate of one so young and beautiful.

It was more than twenty years after these tragical events took place, that a stranger, wrapt in a cloak, was seen bending with feeble steps, wasted form, and haggard eyes, toward the grave of Helen.

A peasant passing homeward, with curious gaze, noticed his steps, as another stranger, of more humble guise appeared to watch at a short distance, with anxious and respectful look, the person who with mournful aspect tottered along.

Still and solemn was the scene; on the grave wild flowers sprung, mingling with the long grass which in dewy drops waved over the silent stone.

In mournful attitude, the stately figure, with bended knee and upraised hands, hung over the grave; but soon, with a piercing groan, fell prostrate on the grave of Helen.

Surprise and dismay overwhelmed the honest borderer. He beheld, he recognized, in the melancholy stranger, the lost Fleming.

With tender caution he hastened to raise him up; but it was a vain effort. His gallant spirit was fled to join that of fair Helen.

On her grave he found at last his bed of rest; and, to the present day, their remains sleep in peace together.

"They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

We observe, in the course of the narrations contained in these volumes, a variety of those descriptive sketches of rural and local scenery, in the performance of which we have had a previous opportunity of remarking Miss Spence's ability, and which, in the present example, will doubtless contribute to increase the number of her readers and admirers.

We may take this opportunity to supply an omission in our list of Miss Spence's works, printed in our late number (p. 94), in which we ought to have inserted the title of her "Sketches in Scotland," in two volumes duodecimo.

We rarely notice re-publications; but a new edition of "*The Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq.*," with a Critical Dissertation on the deservedly popular tales of the author, by Mr. Galt, has just appeared, of so superior a character that we cannot refrain from recommending it very warmly to the notice of our readers. One handsome pocket volume, with vignette and frontispiece, elegantly engraved from designs by Uwins, comprizes "*The Man of Feeling*," "*La Roche*," "*Nancy Collins*," "*Louisa*

Venoni," "*Albert Bane*," "*Sophia M.*," "*Father Nicholas*," "*The Man of the World*," "*Julia de Rubigné*," &c.

Another little work, to which we earnestly solicit the attention of such of our fair friends as have the care of the rising generation, is Mary Ann Rundall's "*Sequel to the Grammar of Sacred History*." This volume embraces "A Paraphrase on the Epistles and Gospels for every Sunday throughout the Year, with Explanatory Notes;" "A Simple Illustration of the Liturgy," and "A Paraphrase on the Church Catechism." Mrs. Rundall very sensibly observes, that "the simple illustration of the church service, by displaying the beautiful arrangement of its several parts, and shewing how admirably it is contrived for public use, may perhaps excite an interest that has hitherto been unfelt."

IMPROVISATION OF THE TRAGEDY OF BIANCO CAPELLO, AT PARIS.

In *Le Courier de Londres*,* of March 27, we find a singularly curious and interesting article, a translation of which we find impossible to withhold from our readers.

Italy, as is well known, boasts of a great number of improvisators. Some of these poets have arrived at Paris, where they have excited an admiration of their almost magical display of so wonderful an art, an art to which its professors are partly indebted to the peculiar character of the Italian language, the results of which, however, are not on that account less surprising. Hitherto the efforts of these inspired poets had rarely extended beyond the composition of lyric poems, odes, and dithyrambs—subjects which opened a vast field to the imagination, and presented greater facilities in the execution. The difficulties to be encountered in the improvisation of a tragedy appeared almost insurmountable. The announcement therefore of M. Sgricci, though many were incredulous, did not fail of attracting a numerous audience, and from the attestation of ear and eye-witnesses, he far exceeded the expectations even of those who entertained the most exalted opinion of his powers. Indeed it seems scarcely possible to conceive, even after witnessing his success, that the

* A French newspaper, published in London every Tuesday and Friday evening; and which, from the variety of its information, and general good arrangement, we feel pleasure in recommending to the notice of our readers.

talent of the *Improvisatore* should have attained such perfection.

M. Sgricci was perhaps the only person devoid of apprehension as to the result of this brilliant undertaking, and it may be said that he neglected nothing to render his triumph complete, and to leave no doubt on the minds of his audience of the superiority of his poetic genius. Above all, it was important for him to establish the fact, that no intelligence or correspondence existed between the *Improvisatore* and the persons who had the choice of the subject upon which he was to treat, and in this particular all are unanimous in rendering homage to his honour and integrity.

A committee, composed of M. srs. Raynouard, Leuchreier, Anquetot, Biffaut, Sourmet, Camud, Casimir Delavigne, Pichat, Lebrun, and Talma, were intrusted with the choice of various subjects to be proposed by the spectators, and it was to be decided by lot on which of these subjects the *Improvisatore* should treat. The billets were placed in a crystal urn, and having been examined by the committee, the following numbers were reserved—The Death of Agrippina, Tiberius Homicide, the Vow of Iphigenia, Izabel, Socrates, Absalom Seized, Canalla, Ananias and Siphna, the Death of Sclero, the Death of Laurent, Balthazar, Richard III, Hero and Leander, the Death of Nero Judith, Pisam the prisoner of Venice, and Bianca Capello.

A lady in the front boxes was invited to draw by chance one of these billets, and the Death of Sclero was drawn. The subject, however, having engaged the attention of Corneille, did not satisfy the assembly, and another lady drew a billet which bore the title of Bianca Capello, which obtaining universal approbation, Talma was deputed to present it to M. Sgricci.

M. Sgricci, who during these proceedings had retired to an adjoining apartment, had been informed of the first choice: he had already embraced its outline, and when the substitute was announced, he expressed some regret at being obliged to relinquish a subject on which his imagination had begun to exercise itself. He submitted, however, reflected for a moment, appeared seized with a sudden inspiration, and exclaimed with joy, "*Allons, nous dans mon pays*." He immediately advanced in front of the assembly, and with great distinctness related the story of Bianca Capello as recorded by history, he then pointed out the names of the persons whom he should introduce, and the manner in which he intended to employ the event in the construction of his tragedy.

The history of Bianca is nearly as follows—

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Bianca Capello, a noble Venetian lady of great beauty, was carried off by a young Florentine, named Bonaventura, to Florence, where she soon excited the attention of the Grand Duke, Francis de Medici. This Prince overwhelmed the husband with presents, and succeeded in gaining the affections of the beautiful Venetian. Bonaventura soon afterwards fell beneath the hands of assassins. This murder, to which it is pretended that Bianca gave her consent, was followed by her marriage with the Grand Duke. It is further related, that at a feast given by Francis de Medici to his brother Ferdinand, the Duke and Duchess were poisoned. Historians have entertained various opinions as to the causes of this second crime: some have accused Ferdinand of his brother's death, while others assert that Bianca, seduced by Ferdinand the *detestable Bianca*, had prepared with her own hands a poisoned cake, which she destined for her brother and his, but the latter, suspecting her intention, refused to taste it. The Grand Duke, ignorant of her designs, ate the cake, and Bianca, finding her guilt discovered, poisoned her self with her husband.

It must not be forgotten that several writers have affirmed that the guilty woman was addicted to magic, and that he gained the affections of the Grand Duke by means of certain philtres which were known to her. It is also said that at her death her apartment was found filled with instruments of magic.

We shall now see in what manner M. Sgricci employed these materials. His *dramatis personæ* are Francesco Duke of Florence, Ferdinand de Medici his brother, Bianca, wife of the Grand Duke, Laura, beloved by Ferdinand, Ulrica the confidante and accomplice of Bianca, a Spanish secretary of the Grand Duke. The scene lies in a country-house of the Medici at Pisa in Cambrino.

In the first act Ferdinand is at Rome. He opens with Ulrica, who laments the absence of her lover and expresses her faintest pleasures of that celebrated city should furnish her friend his memory. A painful dream increases her anxiety, she intreats the god to restore him faithful to her aims and invokes the moon to favour his return. Ulrica approaches, and Laura retires. Bianca enters in great disorder, and informs her confidante that she is in love with Ferdinand, and conjures her to consult the infernal power to the fate of her love. She obeys: the charm does not immediately operate, but at length a spirit appears. It is a female clothed in green, holding a flower in her hand. "*It is Hec*," exclaims Ulrica, to which Bianca replies, "*Enfin n'est-ce pas Hec, tu f*"

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After fresh incantations, a Fairy appears and presents a cup to Bianca, with the words '*Il peccato per l'ora, espulsi, but Venetia inter*'. This oracle, which prepares us for the denouement leads Bianca to imagine that the crime she meditates will be crowned with success.

This terrible scene followed by one of a milder character, in which M. Smerio introduced a *Hymn to Love* which was received with unbounded applause.

The second act discovers the Grand Duke with his secretary Enrico. Ferdinand is returned from Rome and Enrico informs his master of the enthusiastic joy with which he had been hailed by the people and of the pompous reception given him by the senate and clergy. He paints in strong colours the inconsistency of the people and endeavours to prejudice the Grand Duke against Ferdinand. The former would willingly diminish the higher esteem which his brother is held until Enrico says,

As long as he shall live the crown will not be secure upon your head, who he repels with indignation on the unjust proposal. Shall I, he exclaims, shall I the father and saviour of the people — shall I whose duty it is to judge their actions and direct their crime, and to be revenged on a tyrant with a brother's blood could I do it — even the blood of the innocent — Come — come to my presence. My sword will rather perish, than I shall not strike doubly the thought which we are. Alas! could the scenes of my life be repeated could I but place that day who I remember will fill me with horror —

Ferdinand leaves Enrico alone, a prey to the same delirium by the image of the murdered Bonaventura. Bianca appears and enters to him her old enemy, the project against Ferdinand. The Grand Duke informs her of his horrible reception given to that Prince and then tells his suspicions of Ferdinand. He had said to her that he had said to her the faithful friend of the Grand Duke could tell of his brother and that he had said to her by priests, his enemies, his usual guests, his enemies, his enemies, his enemies, his enemies.

In the third act Enrico, Ferdinand and Bianca are all present. Ferdinand offers up vows for the prosperity of his brother's reign and the end of hope of seeing him to his crown placed and the neck of Bianca a cross with the sacred benediction of the pope. He is then left to consider as a pledge of the sentiment with which he has married her. He is then left to consider

retire, and Ferdinand is joined by Laura. He speaks to her of his love, but she interrupts him to impart the anxiety under which she labours. She informs him that she has seen Bianca and Ulrica engaged in diabolical arts, and dreads the effects of their sorcery. Ferdinand in vain endeavours to calm her fears, and she quits him with the presentiment that they are threatened by some appalling danger.

After the departure of Laura, Ulrica enters, and announces to Ferdinand that Bianca desires a private interview with him after sunset. In this interval a group of girls and boys, sent by Bianca, soothe his spirits by songs in honour of love.

In the fourth act, Ferdinand, for some surprise conceals some of his guards in a thicket. Bianca appears. In this scene, the first in the tragedy, M. Smerio introduced several dramatic situations which excited enthusiastic applause. From the very first, Bianca perceives that Ferdinand repays her confidence in her faith. What she exclaims, dost thou scorn me? Is it then because I am reckoned no kings amongst my ancestors? Know that I am the daughter of a people of kings, that every nation trembles at the name of my country, who can you extend over the ocean, that the ocean acknowledges herself as the spouse of my illustrious ancestors, that the crown of the monarchy that I am has trembled on his head, when once the Capelli has unfolded the ensign of St. Mark.

Bianca endeavours to create a fiction in the breast of Ferdinand and under the pledge of an oath offers to reveal to him a secret. He hesitates, but at length takes the oath. She tells him that a murderer, unsuspected by his brother is to assassinate him in his bed. Ferdinand refuses to believe his brother guilty of such a crime, but Bianca shows him a forged letter from the Duke, containing the order. He is still doubtful, and exclaims, but why shouldst thou, who art great but through him alone, who art great only through him, why shouldst thou wish to preserve my life? If my just vengeance should deprive him of life, wouldst thou not fall to the dust whence he has risen thee? — And wouldst thou, Bianca replies, leave me then in the dust? Wouldst thou not restore me to the throne which I sacrifice for thee? Ferdinand is indignant, which Bianca perceiving, avows her passion. He repulses her with scorn, and leaves her a prey to fury and despair. She conceives a horrible revenge. "Let us," she exclaims to Ulrica, "run Ferdinand, body and

soul; if he escape me on earth, he shall not escape me in hell!"

In the fifth act, Laura is discovered at her harp. Ferdinand enters, and she inquires the cause of his disordered appearance; but his oath prevents him from imparting to her the particulars of his interview with Bianca. Whilst she is urging an explanation, dreadful cries are heard, and Ulrica is brought in torn by a wild beast. In her dying moments she is seized with remorse, and confesses to Ferdinand the project which Bianca has formed of poisoning him. The Grand Duke returns from the chase; and, delighted at meeting with his brother, leads him to the hall, where a banquet has been prepared. At the same instant Bianca appears at the bottom of the stage, holding in her hand a cup, and eagerly demanding of her husband whether he has drunk of its contents. He replies, that, on his return from the chase, being much heated, he had quenched his thirst from that cup. Bianca, convinced that heaven is about to punish her guilt, by permitting her accomplice to fall a victim to an additional crime which she had meditated, swallows the remainder of the poison, exclaiming "I have lived as a fury, and like a fury I descend to hell. Heaven is as brass to me," she adds, "but I fear not hell—my crimes will astonish the prince of darkness."

Francesco, already in the agonies of death, implores Ferdinand to lead him from so horrible a scene, and dies in extending his hand to his brother.

"He is no more!" exclaims Ferdinand; "he is no more! the diadem passes from his brow to mine, and crime conducts me to the throne. O, envied splendour! thou dazlest mankind, but canst thou satisfy their desires? Art thou of so great value, that for thee we should divest ourselves of our best affections? I seat myself on a throne, in the midst of crimes and tombs, but my heart is pure, my hand is pure. Oh, may remorse be ever far from me! With remorse a crown is poison, and a throne is death."

This brief analysis is sufficient to excite a high opinion of the poetic talent of M. Scribe. Scarcely can the imagination be persuaded, that a man can embrace, at one time, so much knowledge and erudition. We have been witnesses of this wonderful achievement (observes the writer) and our admiration has been shared by a numerous and select audience; but we assert, that it is necessary to witness this miraculous improvisation, to be able to form an idea of the labour which it causes the mind of the poet at the moment of composition. The arrangement of the subject, the distribu-

tion of the scenes, the characters of the individuals, the development of the various passions by which they are animated—all these combinations, which in general require great application and study, are effected by him with the rapidity of thought.

With regard to the style of this tragedy, it would be impossible to judge by a single recitation. It, however, appeared to us invariably poetic and pure, energetic and mild, according to the different situations and characters of the respective speakers. It is, we repeat, a literary phenomenon, which excites no less surprise than enthusiasm. We may apply to the improvisation of such a tragedy, what has been said of the birth of Minerva. "*Elle sort tout armée de son cerveau.*"—She sprang all armed from his brain!

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE re-appearance of Madame Catalani on the scene of her former triumphs has been a most propitious event for the managers, and a source of high delight for the frequenters of this elegant theatre. *Il Fanatico per la Musica* is the only opera in which she has as yet appeared; but she has introduced in the second part of it a variety of songs, which give to that favourite old piece all the attraction of novelty. After an absence of ten years, the friends and admirers of Madame Catalani saw her again with the deepest interest, and greeted her with the most enthusiastic applause. The reception she met with was the more flattering, as it was evidently a tribute paid no less to her amiable qualities and eminent virtues than to the transcendancy of her talents. A flow of tears testified her gratefulness. Rather improved than otherwise in her external appearance, she still preserves in her acting the same playful liveliness, the same dignity, the same degree of animation, the same graces which always distinguished it. As to her voice, it still retains all its surprising power, its melodious expressiveness, its flexibility, its stupendous volume. Some persons express a regret that she has not yet performed in some serious opera, more calculated to display her tragic talents, as well as her musical powers. She will appear, we understand, either in one of Mozart's comic operas, or in a serious one of some other

author, as soon as all the arrangements can be settled for that purpose.

During the last month four concerts of ancient and modern music have been given at the Opera House, under the Parisian title of "*Concerts Spirituels*." There also Madame Catalani has been the principal, and, we may well say, the only attraction. She sang several pieces of Handel, and particularly "*Angels ever bright*," "*Great God*," &c.; in a style of expression and simplicity which enraptured the audience. She executed also some airs of Rossini and some other composers, which never fail to elicit the most rapturous applause. As Madame Catalani has been indisposed for above ten or twelve days, the public, both at the Opera and at the Concerts, have frequently abstained from encoring her, lest her exertions should be hurtful to her health. But on several occasions this delicacy yielded to the enthusiasm of the audience, and they would hear her a second time.

These concerts combine all the vocal and instrumental powers of the Italian Opera, assisted by a very numerous chorus; and besides the vocal part, several solos on various instruments have been performed with great success.

M. Aumer has produced during the month a new ballet in two acts, entitled *Le Songe d'Ossian*. In the first act *Ossian*, after vanquishing his rival, *Cormac*, a Scandinavian king, is united to *Eivallin* the daughter of *Branno*, a Caledonian chief. Their union is celebrated with dances, followed by a hunt, in which they happen to be separated. *Eivallin* is carried away by *Cormac's* party, and *Ossian* is thrown into a dungeon. In the second act, *Ossian* is seen sleeping, and surrounded by a crowd of visionary beings. He appears to be agitated in his dream. *Cormac* comes with a dirk in his hand to immolate him to his resentment; but just as he is going to strike him *Eivallin* enters the cave, and with a well directed arrow pierces his breast, and *Ossian* is delivered. The last scene is beautiful. There are but few dances in this ballet, and Albert performs no part in it; he only dances a *pas de trois* with Mlle. Ronzi Vestris and Mlle. Aumer. Mlle. Legros and M. Charles Vestris, who perform the parts of *Eivallin* and *Ossian*,

with great ability, have but few opportunities to display their talents. The ballet altogether was well received at first, but it seems to have lost already some of its attraction.

DRURY-LANE.

But little novelty has been produced at this theatre since our last. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* has been played frequently, and to full audiences. The benefit of Miss Clara Fisher introduced Mr. Kean as *Richard III.*: we think it one of his best characters; its depth of feeling and beauty of development command the auditors of the weak and vacillating monarch to mingle some regret with their contempt of his irresolution and pusillanimous abdication. His scene with the groom, when he asks how his horse bore "*King Bolingbroke*," was a just and pathetic touch of nature, exclaiming against even the abandonment of insensible things, in common with the desertion of the world. His death was equally good. We are surprised that this tragedy is not more frequently represented. Penley, as *Bolingbroke*, was correct and gentlemanly, though something wanting in importance for the ambitious usurper, *Henry IV.*—*The Invisible Girl*, an interlude calculated for the full development of the versatile powers of Miss Fisher, followed, and was favourably received.

Tekeli has been re-produced. Drury-Lane seems determined on a dish of melodrama, and when, either from a motive of economy or poverty of invention, new ones are not to be brought forward, there is a treat revived from the "*auld lang syne*." We prefer good sterling force to the continual exhibition of gold-lace and spangles, and to having our feelings agitated by witnessing "*hair-breadth escapes*," and "*danger i' th' imminent deadly breach*."

Hamlet has been played. We think Mr. Kean is injudicious in the selection of this character. In the hurricane of passion, the terrific conflict of mental energies, there is no actor who can rule with so despotic a sway the feelings of his auditors as Kean; but he has no philosophy in his acting: he has not that calm and dignified subduement of heart necessary for the poet's meaning of *Hamlet*. The Prince, who should move

a lofty and superior being, and the solitary creature, surrounded him, too frequently breaks the hold of meditation, and with too much passion and earnestness questions circumstances, which should "pass by him like the idle wind," but answered and no more. His soliloquies want grandeur, and that effect which is not the offspring of sudden and inexplicable transition, but emanating from a truly elevated nature. Wallack, as the *Ghost*, was more than correct. Madame Vestris played *Ophelia*, but that touching sensibility which turns "madness to prettiness," was wholly wanting in her delineation.

The Merchant of Venice again produced Kean as *Shylock*, his performance of which is worthy of being the grand foundation of his fame. The sifting, revengeful Jew was poetically kept throughout; and his scene with *Tubal*, where his madness at his daughter's apostasy is relieved by the assurances of *Antonio's* failure, presented a most beautiful contrast of disappointment and revenge. Liston's *Launcelot Gobbo* was the most Shakespearian piece of acting we ever witnessed from his powers: his soliloquy was irresistible, from the gravity and real misery with which he descended upon his yearnings to "take to his heels." Mrs. West, as *Portia*, wants force: she is at all times a more interesting actress, than one of command.

Killing no Murder is a farce abounding with all the requisites for extravagant situation and development of humour. *Apollo Belov*, by Liston, is, indeed, an *unique* portrait in nature's picture gallery. His vacillation of purpose from the innuendoes of *Buskin*, inspired us with a high sense of *Apollo's* delicacy of spirit and refinement of idea. *Buskin*, by Harley, was forcible and good-humoured. Harley always acts with a determination to please, and carries every thing with a *coup de main*.

Macbeth has been played. The chief character is not one of the most successful efforts of Kean. Terry sustained the part of *Macduff* with much feeling. *Lady Macbeth* was personated with discriminating energy by Mrs. Bunn.

COVENT GARDEN.

HIGHLY as we estimate the *Hamlet* of Mr. Young, our admiration is almost equally

called for by the talent of Mr. C. Kemble in the *Prince of Denmark*; which, if not so philosophic, so raised above the common business of life as in the manner of the first-named actor, is more imaginative, and possessing greater effect in the transitions of his feigned madness. The *Hamlet* of Mr. C. Kemble is endowed with story, feeling, and high passion, beautiful in its conception, and effective in its development. His first soliloquy was wanting in dignity, and his interview with the spirit of his father had not that pathos which we have witnessed; but his play-scene was most triumphant, and the manner in which he exclaimed to the King—

"He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife—"

was with the most bitter searching, and elicited enthusiastic applause. His interviews with the court "Sponges," were very *puquant* and effective; and his exclamation—"Is it the King?"—when he has unwittingly murdered *Polonius*, was a combination of hope, fear, revenge, and joy, in the demand. Mr. Kemble had not sufficient fervour in the chamber-scene with his mother: he did not so forcibly "speak daggers;" and his grave-scene was wanting in depth of feeling, corrected and chastened by habitual philosophy; but we must willingly pardon a few errors, when solicited by so many accompanying beauties. Bennett played *Horatio* with much judgment; but we must object to the measured pedantry of Abbott, as *Lacertes*. Eger-ton was most poudorous and gloomy as "buried Denmark."

Miss Hammersley played *Ophelia*, heretofore enacted by Miss Tree. Miss H. was interesting, but we do not admire the change.

In the revival of *Midas*, Mr. Sinclair has sustained his legitimate character of *Apollo*, made, indeed, by him the true god of song. "*Pray Goody*," the heir-loom of a British audience, was honoured with a double *encore*, and two new songs—"Lady though thy Golden Hair," and "*The Mountain Maid*"—highly pleasing by their simplicity of style; and the melody with which Mr. Sinclair endowed them, obtained a portion

of the same approbation. Farren, as *Midas*, was very quaint and judicious; we might say, a little too familiar with buffoonery; but, on the whole, comic and amusing. Rayner played *Pan* with as much talent as the poverty of the part would allow.

Miss Hammersley, as *Daphne*, executed her allotted music with much tasteful science, and Miss Love's *Nysa* was confident and pleasing. We must, however, in the name of every thing like music, protest against Mrs. Pearce's *Mysis*: it was shrill and discordant to a degree.

A new comedy has been produced, entitled *Pride shall have a Fall*, which has met with the most decided success, and continues its career. A comedy is a new occurrence, and, happily, we experienced no disappointment in those anticipations which the name of the author entitled us, from his former productions, to indulge. We have, however, in a preceding page, spoken of its literary merits.

The plot is somewhat complicated and improbable, but the taste of the day is for *equivocal*, and authors must submit to the fashion.—*Victoria*, the daughter of a Sicilian merchant, has been betrothed to *Lorenzo*, an officer of hussars. During his absence on an expedition to Morocco, the merchant has been bequeathed a large estate, and has become *Count Ventoso*. The family decide on rejecting *Lorenzo*, as an inferior match. He returns, and is refused; he acquaints his brother officers with the insult, and, determining that "*Pride shall have a Fall*," seeks to degrade the family by a marriage with a man of the lowest order, personating a man of rank. This man is looked for in the public gaol; the family are captivated, and the match is to occur immediately. *Lorenzo* suddenly regrets his vengeance, interferes, and detects the impostor. Finally, *Lorenzo* is ascertained to be of high birth, and the impostor heir to opulence. The daughters are of course married to their "heart's content," and the pride of the *Count* and *Countess* gratified by a retention of the title.

Much should be said of the actors employed in this production: we never witnessed a more united zeal for the interest of a piece, than was evinced by every one engaged in *Pride shall have a Fall*. We must, however, express our wonder, that

beautiful, and even poetic language in this play, should not have corrected the incongruity arising from the mentioning of custom-house officers, and the customs, manners and localities of Great Britain by Sirilian officers. The wit may be brilliant but assuredly not pertinent.

C. Kemble, as *Lorenzo*, a part beneath his powers, invested it with all the feeling and gentlemanly action of which it could be susceptible. The part has been since played by Mr. Cooper; who, though labouring under the disadvantage of Mr. C. Kemble's previous personation, acquits himself with much propriety. Farren, as *Count Ventoso*, displays his usual half-cynical, half-subservient method: he is uxorious, repining, and submissive. Jones, as *Torrento*, is excellent: all vivacity and spirit, he lent a powerful charm to the most inconsiderate parts of his character, and rolled, a quick-silver gem, from scene to scene. We never saw Yates to greater advantage than as *Count Carmine*, which is drawn with much satiric ability: his grave puppyism was happy and sarcastic. The heroine is a most dutiful young lady. Certainly the author has not exerted the same talent in the construction of *Victoria* as in his male personages; she is wavering, puerile, and undecided. The *Countess Ventoso*, by Mrs. Davenport, was woman in her most despotic household dominion, which Mrs. D. ruled with persecuting tenacity. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Connor (who played an Irish Major with much ability) and the epilogue by Yates, in which he introduced with great successful imitations of his brother actors.

The Miller's Maid has been performed. This is an interesting production, and precisely what melo-drama should be: it possesses great scope for acting without violating probability or offending common sense. Rayner plays *Giles* with the most powerful effect.

MR. SMART'S DRAMATIC READINGS.

HAVING given *Julius Cæsar* on the 4th of March, Mr. Smart, on the 11th, completed his course of Shakespearian Readings, in Leicester Square, with *Hamlet*, one of the most sublime efforts of human intellect, and *Master Slender's Courtship of Anne*

His theory of Hamlet's ~~account~~ ^{not real goodness}, in opposition to that of some of our professed critics, struck us as the most simple, philosophical, and correct that we have met with. To our comprehension it was perfectly satisfactory. His instructions to the players may be mentioned as a fine instance of precept illustrated by example; and many other passages of the play—especially those of a declamatory nature—were given with great judgment, force, and effect. Such has been the interest excited by these readings, that, previously to the close of the series, Mr. Smart announced his intention of an immediate repetition; and accordingly, on the 18th of March, he repeated the tragedy of *Macbeth*, with a comic medley of our Bard's chief characters.* Independently of the taste, judgment, and distinctive propriety with which he developed the varying passions of Macbeth and his wife, the skill with which the reader varied his voice in the dialogue of the witches, reminded us more than once of the singular faculty of ventriloquism. His comic is at least equal to his tragic talent, as was most strikingly exhibited in his delineation of Falstaff, Grumio, Justice Shallow, Petruchio, &c. On the Thursday following he gave the tragedy of *Lea*, with the *Induction of The Taming of the Shrew*.

LENT ASTRONOMICALS, &c.

OUR old friend, Mr. Walker, is at his post as usual, at the Opera House Saloon, fitted up as an elegant little theatre; and Mr. Bartley is also repeating his lectures with much success at the English Opera House. It is creditable to the age, that exhibitions so scientific and intellectual are numerously and respectfully attended.

At the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Thelwall is giving lectures on Shakespeare, with histrionic and critical illustrations; but our limits will not permit us to particularise his performance this month.

MATHEWS AT HOME.

Since his return from transatlantic regions, Mr. Mathews had not been "At Home" in London, till the evening of March the 25th, when he indulged a very crowded party at the English Opera House, with a characteristic account of his "Trip

to America." We regret that our limits will not allow us to do more than present a very faint outline of the evening's entertainment. This *imitative* traveller—one of the travellers which, we believe, Sterne does not enumerate—commences his lecture with the quaint remark, that the same motive which induced Columbus to quit his native shores—the accursed thirst of gold—compelled him to undertake his late voyage. He embarks in the *William Thompson*, for New York, whence he is afterwards driven by the fear of the yellow fever. At New Brunswick he meets with *Jack Topham*, a dashing spendthrift, and his cousin, *Barnaby Bray*, a fat gentleman who laughs at *Jack's* incessant puns. At the inn, kept by a cool independent landlord, who treats his customers as though they were soliciting rather than conferring favours, *Jack Topham* mistakes hot port wine for "mulled Day and Martin." The hospitality at Baltimore makes Mr. Mathews imagine himself "At Home." In the steam packet to Philadelphia, an Irishman is desirous to learn whether the turtle on board are "real or mock turtle." The steam-packets and American stage-coaches are sketched with great felicity of humour. Returning to New York, which is now free from the fever, we have a ludicrous description of a charge to a Grand Jury, by an American Judge. *Hamlet*, at the negro theatre, is exquisitely amusing, the hero of the piece terminating his performance by singing "a real negro melody."

In the second part, at Bunker's Hill, we are treated with the following monumental inscription:—

"This monument was built of brick,
Because the Americans did the English lick."

And another:—

"This monument was built of stone,
Because Lord North wouldn't let America alone."

These inscriptions harmonize admirably with a doggerel song, roared out by a French renegade, at a dinner given to General Jackson:—

"Oh! the famous General Jackson,
Whom the English turned their backs on" &c.

In a colloquy between *Jonathan W. Donbakin* and *Jack Topham*, a furious contest

is displayed between the Yankee "*I guess*," and the Cockney, "*you know*."

In the third part—a Monopolylogue, "*All Well at Natchitoches*—Mr. Mathews introduces and personates the following six characters, each in proper costume: *Pegler*, a Kentucky captain and cobbler; *Agamemnon*, a fat fiddling Nigger; *Jonathan W. Doubikin*, a real Yankee; *Monsieur Capot*, a Frenchman; Mr. O'Sullivan, and Miss Mangelwurzel. The plot of the Monopolylogue, lies in a contention amongst all the gentlemen, except the negro, for the hand of the lady; and eventually, the Irishman carries her off on a real sledge, drawn by a real poney.

The almost infinitely varied sketches of American character, though very striking and irresistibly laughable, are by no means harsh or insidious. Mr. Mathews, most handsomely, seems desirous of promoting national good fellowship. The writing of the piece struck us as rather feeble; but nothing could surpass the point and humour displayed by our prince of mimics.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

SECOND THEATRE FRANCAIS.—Première Représentation du DÉMENAGEMENT DE LA FONTAINE, comédie en une acte, par M. Théodore.—Paris.

THÉRE never was a man less fit to appear on the stage than La Fontaine. The life of a poet, who, as he says himself, divided his time in two parts, one of which he devoted to sleep, and the other to illness, can hardly offer any incident to get hold of; and what he said of himself was not a joke, for all his contemporaries agree on that point. The want of incidents has obliged M. Pain to pick up all the sayings and aberrations which have been attributed to the *Bonhomme*. He has thus made use of the adventure of La Fontaine with Poignant, who was his intimate friend. Poignant, with all the frankness and manners of an old Captain of Dragoons, was very little inclined to gallantry, and he had likewise divided his time in two parts, spending one at the coffee-house, and the other in La Fontaine's house. Some person asked the poet why he permitted Poignant to be so attentive to his wife, and persuaded him that he ought to be jealous, and fight the Captain. So far, the author of the new piece has faithfully related the facts, although he has not made Poignant a Captain of Dragoons; but then he has made this alteration. La Fontaine chal-

lenges Poignant, explaining to him the motive of his jealousy; the latter only laughs at it; but La Fontaine persists, and at last Poignant, when he sees that his antagonist will not yield, tells him, "This is not fair; if I am killed, every thing ends with me; but you run too great a risk—you belong to France, and all your days must be devoted to posterity." La Fontaine yields, although most likely, in his own mind, he cared but little for posterity. However, this way of settling the dispute, and the lines which the author has put in Poignant's mouth, were greatly applauded. M. Pain would, perhaps, have done better to adhere literally to the fact, which is this: La Fontaine, being convinced that he ought to fight, goes to his friend at four o'clock in the morning; and when the latter asks him what is the cause of his rising so early, he says, "I'll tell you;" then he takes him out, and when they come to a solitary place, he tells him, "we must fight."—"Fight! but there is no match; I am a warrior, and you never drew out a sword."—"Never mind, the public will have it so." Poignant draws, and presently disarms La Fontaine, asking him what is the matter. There is an explanation, after which Poignant says: "Since it is so, I will never go to your house again." "On the contrary," says La Fontaine, "I insist upon your coming there every day; I have done what the public wanted, you must now do what I please, otherwise, I will fight you again." This is a very comical scene, which would have been more striking than the version of M. Pain. He has managed his short act in the following manner.

Mme. de la Sablière, in whose house La Fontaine resided for twenty years, is just dead. A relation comes from Normandy to take possession of the inheritance, and notifies to La Fontaine, that he must remove and pay the twenty years' rent, unless he can produce due receipts for the whole. Mme. d'Herwart, as soon as she knows the embarrassment of La Fontaine, goes to him and requests him to come and lodge in her house. "*I was thinking of it*," says La Fontaine, and never was the confidence in a friend expressed with more simplicity and feeling. But here again M. Pain has deviated from history; the recorded answer, as every body knows, was, "*I was going*."

The removal of La Fontaine is quickly effected; each of his friends carries away a box, and they all meet at Mme. d'Herwart's. But this is not all; there must be some love in a piece; therefore, M. Pain has introduced the son of La Fontaine: this son is in love with a niece of Mme. d'Herwart, and St. Evremond, one of

the principal characters in the piece, undertakes to have the marriage deed signed by La Fontaine, unknown to him. An interview is brought about between the father and the son, who were unknown to each other, and on the word soon being mentioned, La Fontaine stretches his arms, and says, "come, thy place is on my heart." Here the author does great honour to the feelings of La Fontaine, who, according to his biographers, was not quite so open. They pretend that when he saw the young man and found him witty, he only said, to those who informed him he was his son: "Ah! I am very glad of it." But this is not quite certain, and M. Pain has done well to end his piece with a more natural answer.

The piece experienced complete success, and was cleverly acted, by Delmence, Duparray, Thanard, Alphonse, et Mlle. Dutartre. The author was named amidst peals of applause. •

THE FINE ARTS.

British Institution.

ON taking a second survey of the pictures in this institution, we feel strongly inclined to award the palm to landscape. Mr. Martin's "Syrinx" (No. 238) is less striking at first sight than it is enchanting upon examination. The vista is so beautiful as almost to remind us of Claude. The portico, the water, the rich and waving foliage, are all charming in their effect. Some portions of the composition are superb. Possibly the eye might find a sweeter repose were the colouring in a more subdued tone.

Mr. Linton is one of those fortunate artists who will earn an enduring fame by his efforts. His "Brook of Lunne" (No. 73) "The Rustic Bridge" (No. 142) "The Vale of Evesham" (No. 186) and "Lancaster Sands" (No. 363) are all of them, more or less, entitled to high praise for the freshness, splendour, and warm breathing of nature which they display. In No. 73, clear and vivid in its general character, the purity of the atmosphere is very striking; and, in No. 142, the bridge, the cattle on the bridge, the water below, and the village church in the distance, produce a charmingly harmonizing effect on the eye of the beholder.

Miss H. Gouldsmith's "View near Bristol" (No. 161) is distinguished by the beautiful transparency of its atmosphere, No. 186.—*Vol. XXXIX.*

by its well preserved and extended distance, and by the correct and spirited delineation of cattle in the foreground.

In Mr. Nasmyth's "View in Kent," (No. 276) the blue mistiness of the distance is finely and naturally contrasted by the clearness of the foreground. Its companion, "A Waterfall on the Avon," (No. 279) by Wilson, is also a good picture.

Mr. Deane's characteristic portraiture of the main street of Guildford, near the Town Hall (No. 119), is of that valuable class of productions which perpetuates the existing appearance of our ancient towns. It is altogether a very clever picture.

The more we examine the efforts of the historical department, the less reason do we find to be satisfied. Mr. W. R. Westall's "Christ crowned with Thorns" (No. 245) is a gross libel on the fame of the artist who painted the beautiful picture of "Cupid and Psyche," noticed at page 131. No. 277, "Christ healing the Impotent Man at the Pool of Bethesda," by J. and C. Foggo, is another painting with which, although it possesses considerable merit, it is impossible to be pleased. The Saviour is, in his countenance, too old, haggard, and care-worn; and the other principal figures are, from the nature of the subject, so offensive to the eye of taste and feeling, as to be improper for exhibition.

Fradelle's "Interview between Lady Jane Grey and Dr. Ascham" (No. 209) is a well painted and highly finished cabinet picture; but, from its deficiency in dignity and interest, the subject is ill chosen.

In poetry and fable we find many delightful specimens of pictorial art; and in this class, as well as in that of landscape, it gives us great pleasure to find female talent eminently conspicuous.—Mrs. W. Carpenter's "Cupid" (No. 211) is a very lovely playful boy, with more of archness and intelligence in his countenance than is usually witnessed. Perhaps the lower part of his face approaches somewhat too nearly to the pointed form. The hair is painted with great ease and freedom of effect.

Miss E. Jones, in Nos. 20, 101, 198, and 204, has been very successful. Her "Jacqueline," from *Quentin Durward*, is not sufficiently intellectual for its description; but, in her "Minna Troil," from *The Pirate*, "the stately form and dark eye,"

and raven locks and finely pencilled brows," of that heroine are very happily portrayed.

Stewardson's "Poor Sally" (No. 141) is a lively, clever, gypsy lass; Hobday's "Hermit of Tong Castle" (No. 52) is a fine head extremely well painted; and W. Owen's "Rough Joe" (No. 160) is also painted with great freedom, spirit, and truth to nature.

One of the cleverest pictures in the exhibition is "The Cat's Paw, from Fontaine's Fable," by E. Landseer (No. 185). The details and accessories of the piece are all admirable, and in good keeping. The cunning and desire of the monkey—the fright and torture of the cat—the spitting and swearing of her whiskered friend at a distance—the wonder of the disturbed kitten, peeping out of the basket—and the general confusion and uproar produced in the apartment by the different animals, are all so many effective proofs of high talent.

Boaden's "Beatrice" (No. 329) is boldly and warmly painted, but it is not in accordance with our ideas of the graceful and accomplished conception of Shakespeare. On the other hand, Haydon's "Puck (No. 303) carrying the Ass's Head to place on Bottom's Shoulders," displays a flight of genius in its happiest mood. The conception, attitude, drawing, and entire execution of Puck are admirable. The head is poetically ideal: the painting breathes with poetry and life.

Newton's "Don Quixotte" (No. 223) is a highly intellectual sketch.

A. Farrier's "Holiday Refused" (No. 144) and "Tragedy" (No. 297) exhibit—especially the latter—considerable humour and variety of character; but they are somewhat hard and liny in their drawing; and their colouring and varnishing remind us too forcibly of tea-trays and similar wares.

"The Social Pinch," by A. Fraser (No. 244), is a vivid well-painted picture, with much distinctness and force of character. If the artist had paid more attention to general effect than to high finishing, the production would have been entitled to still warmer praise.

No. 169, "The Power of Music," by T. S. Good, is, in general execution, elaborate finish, and brilliant effect, equal, if not superior to any thing that the gallery

can produce. It will be instantly recognized by the connoisseur as a most happy imitation of the style of a justly admired master, whose works are now regarded as pearls of high price. "The Weary Traveller" (No. 172), by the same artist, displays merit of the same order, but inferior in degree. Considering it as a cabinet companion to the former, the circumstance of the light being made to fall precisely in the same manner is seriously objectionable.

We shall close, for the present, with noticing Mr. Woodin's "Spilling the Ale-Cask" (No. 229) a production of great spirit, life, and humour. Independently of the strong and varied character which is portrayed in the countenances of the master and his two roguish apprentices, who are thus clandestinely enjoying themselves, the xx on the cask, the nail-scratched profile on the wall, the rope of onions, &c., prove the artist to be a man of genius, observation, and judgment.

Lodge's Portraits.—The *Sixth Part* of this national publication presents us with Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, by E. Scriven; Sir T. Bodley, also by Scriven, from Jansen; F. Russell, Earl of Bedford, by W. Holl, from Vandyke; George Gordon, Marquess of Huntley, by R. Cooper, from Vandyke; and Sir Henry Wotton, by Holl, from Jansen. We have room only to add, that, in the finest spirit of the art, this work improves in its progress.

Sir John Leicester's Gallery.—Sir Thomas Lawrence, we understand, has been honoured with His Majesty's commands to execute a duplicate of his magnificent whole-length of our Sovereign, Turner's engraved head from which is mentioned in a preceding page of this volume, for Sir John Leicester's Gallery at Tabley House. That splendid collection is also on the point of receiving other valuable acquisitions.

A fine engraving of Lady Leicester, in the character of Hope, by Henry Meyer, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's exquisite painting of that lady, has just appeared.

Sir Astley Cooper, Bart.—A well engraved head of this eminent surgeon, by J. Alais, from a drawing by J. W. Rubidge, has just appeared. A strong intellectual character is displayed in the countenance.

Mary Queen of Scots.—A mezzotinto print, by Henry Dawe, from a painting

by John Graham, has been published, with which we cannot help feeling much dissatisfaction, as tending to bring a beautiful and somewhat neglected branch of art into disrepute. The subject is Mary in prison. The countenance of the unhappy Queen is ideal, and, if we mistake not, caught from a charming picture of Fradelle's, but portrayed with diminished effect. The light falls well from the elevated window in the left hand corner; notwithstanding which, the flesh is sadly deficient in clearness and tone. Unless our eye deceive us, the drawing of both the arms is very faulty. Altogether, the execution of the print, instead of being soft, delicate, and beautiful, is harsh, rugged, and muddy.

Points of Humour.—The Second Part of this production, by Mr. George Cruikshank, is, for its invention, spirit, variety, and execution, entitled to even higher praise than the former. No artist of the present day can compete with George Cruikshank in the originality and humour of his designs, or in the smartness and effectiveness of their execution on the copper. Perhaps this series of etchings is superior to any that has ever been produced.

Points of Misery.—This is rather an humble imitation, by Mr. J. R. Cruikshank, of the work just noticed by that artist's brother. However, it abounds in character, exhibits some good drawing and some spirited etching, and altogether displays a fair portion of merit.

Retch's Outlines.—The first part of this work, a production of a similar class with Retch's Outlines of Faust, has just been published. It exhibits a series of outlines founded on Schiller's ballad of "Fridolin, or the Road to the Iron Foundry," engraved by Henry Moses. Possessing similar merit, it forms a delightful companion to the former work.

Picturesque Tour through the Pyrenean Mountains.—The publication of a quarto work, to be completed in eight numbers, with six *aquatinta* plates, has been just commenced, under the title of "A Picturesque Tour, made in the years 1817 and 1820, through the Pyrenean Mountains, Auvergne, the Departments of the High and Low Alps, and in part of Spain." The views, very freely sketched, in the first number, represent Rouen, Caen, Le Mans,

Tours, Poitiers, and Bourdeaux. They are accompanied by letter-press descriptions.

Stanton's Oxfordshire.—Stanton's engraved Illustrations of the Antiquities of the County of Oxford, with Descriptive and Historical Notices, to be published in twelve parts, of which the first is before us, in elephant quarto, gives promise of a valuable production to the lovers of antiquarian and architectural research. The designs are from the pencil of Mr. F. Mackenzie. Independently of frontispiece, of vignettes of Wroxton Abbey, specimens of ecclesiastical and monumental architecture, several old manor-houses, &c. this first part presents us with two beautiful and interesting plates of Stanton Harcourt Church, with Pope's Tower, and Ancient Kitchen, and the Spencer Aisle in Yarnton Church. Such a production is entitled to high patronage.

Peristrephe Panorama.—Every thing connected with the great final overthrow of the Buonapartean dynasty, on the plains of Waterloo, is so interesting in a national sense, as, from the subject alone, to command attention. Pictorial exhibitions of the important event have been numerous, and of various degrees of merit. As a popular display the Peristrephe Panorama, or moving series of views, now at the Great Room, Spring Gardens, is well calculated to please. In twelve successive scenes, the entire operations of the respective armies, from the review of the troops by the Duke of Wellington and the Allied Staff, near Brussels, on the 16th of June, till the last grand charge by the British, when the French army was totally overthrown, are developed. These views embrace the respective battles of Ligny, Les Quatre Bras, and Waterloo; the attack on the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, the death of Sir Thomas Picton, &c. There is considerable spirit in the general execution; many of the groups are well formed; and the interest is much heightened by the apparent accuracy with which the portraits of the more distinguished characters are given.

French Diorama.—A picture representing the ruins of the chapel of Holyrood House, Edinburgh, by Monsieur Daguerre, is now exhibiting with great effect in the Diorama at Paris. It is a most singular scene—

the moon occasionally veiled by the passage of fiery clouds. In the midst of the ruins appears a female in a white robe, with a black girdle, praying near a tomb, on which she has placed her lamp. The silence is at length relieved by the distant sound of a plaintive Scotch air. The effect, according to the French papers, is singularly beautiful and effective. It will shortly, we understand, be transported to London, when one of these now exhibiting will make room for it.

Harris's Balloon.—There is at this time exhibiting in Great Windmill Street, a Balloon, constructed by Harris, the aeronaut who ascended from Berwick Street, in September last, and arrived at Lord Darley's Park, near Rochester, in fifty-five minutes. Upwards of thirty-five feet in diameter, and containing 176,860 gallons of gas, it is the largest balloon ever made; and, what imparts to it a far greater interest in our eyes, it is the work of an Englishman, and the material of which it is manufactured is English, proving, to demonstra-

tion, what has been sometimes questioned, that the silk manufacture of this country is at least equal, in every respect, to any upon the continent.

The car—described as capable of carrying up three persons, but apparently adapted for the comfort of two—is very splendid, covered with crimson silk velvet, ornamented with gold lace and fringe, and surmounted by a rich satin festooned canopy. Altogether, the cost of this "Reverend George," with its Roman Car, has been upwards of £1,000. Several improvements, we understand, have been effected in the safety valves, the modes of ascent and descent, &c. Instead of ascending from the ground, as has been usual, the proprietor means to ascend from a platform six feet in height, by which every person present will enjoy an unobstructed view. The aeronaut will, unaided, discharge the balloon—rise to a certain height—remain there stationary—send down the canopy and drapery of the car—and then ascend at pleasure.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Royal Society of Literature.—The ten Royal Associates of this Institution are —S. T. Coleridge, Esq.; the Rev. E. Davis; the Rev. J. Jamieson, D.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.A.E.; the Rev. T. R. Malthus, M.A., F.R.S.; T. J. Mathias, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.; J. Millingen, Esq., F.S.A.; Sir W. Ouseley, Knt., L.D.; W. Roscoe, Esq.; the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A., F.S.A.; S. Turner, Esq., F.S.A.—The Honorary Associates are —Mr. B. Barton; the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, M.A., F.A.S.; R. Duppe, Esq., LL.B.; W. Jacob, Esq., F.R.S.; the Rev. S. Lee, M.A., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge; the Rev. J. Lingard, D.D.; the Rev. G. Millar, D.D.; T. Mitchell, Esq., M.A.; J. Montgomery, Esq.; the Rev. J. Parsons, B.D.; the Rev. R. Polwhele; the Rev. A. Rees, D.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., Soc. Amer. Soc.; P. F. Tytler, Esq., Sec. R.S.E. The Honorary Members are —the Rev. A. Alison, LL.B., F.R.S.L. and E.; the Right Rev. G. Gleig, D.D., Chief Bishop of the Scots' Episcopal Church; M. J. Von Hammer, Austrian Councillor and Oriental Interpreter to the Emperor of Austria; the Most Rev. W.

Magee, Lord Archbishop of Dublin; Signor A. Mai, Librarian to the Vatican; Sir J. Malcolm, G.C.B., W. Mitford, Esq., F.S.A.; J. Rennell, Esq., F.R.S., Ed. Instit. Sc. Paris et Soc. R. Gott. Soc.; H. Salt, Esq., F.R.S., His Majesty's Consul-General in Egypt; M. W. A. Von Schlegel, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Bonn; Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart., F.R.S., M.R.I., F.A.S., F.L.S.; T. Young, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.; C. Wilkins, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., R.A.S. Instit. Reg. Scien. Paris Corresp. Acad. Reg. Monarch Soc. We understand that individuals desirous of becoming Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, must be recommended by three Fellows, a list of which body may be obtained at the Society's Chambers, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. No specific qualifications are necessary for candidates.

Literary Fund.—On the 10th of March, the annual elections for this benevolent institution were made, when, in consequence of two vacancies in the Vice Presidency, Viscount Dudley and Ward, and the Right Hon. George Canning were elected. To the Council of the Society the names of John Caley and Alex-

ander Chalmers, Esq., and Dr. Anderson (its late Registrar) were added, and James Christie, Esq. was elected Registrar. On the improved list of the General Committee, the names of W. Mudford and C. Orme, Esqs. were placed.

Directions have been given for placing Mr. Wyatt's Cenotaph to the Princess Charlotte in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, near the mortal remains of the lamented Princess.

M. Berggreen, Chaplain to the Swedish Legation at Constantinople, who, in 1820, commenced a tour in Asia and Africa, has been obliged by illness to return to Sweden. He has brought with him, amongst other curious documents, from the Maronite Convent of Antara, situated on Mount Lebanon, a copy of the pretended Holy Scriptures of the Druses. Berggreen's account of the geographical situation of Mount Lebanon is very different from that of Volney.

Mr. Bowditch, the traveller, whose visit to Ashantee produced so much extraordinary information relative to the interior of Africa, died on the 10th of January, of the fever of the country, while employed in examining the river Gambia. He has left a widow and three young children unprovided for.

Several meteoric stones, one of them twelve pounds weight, fell recently at Aranazo in Italy. Thunder and a violent tempest attended the phenomenon.

The mummy of an Egyptian Princess from Egypt was a few weeks ago landed at Bruges. An embalmed cat was found in the same case with the lady.

Works in the Press, &c.

Trials, a Tale, by the Author of *The Favourite of Nature*, &c. &c.

Shakespeare's Plays, with Notes Original and Selected, by Henry Neele, Esq., with Engravings, from Paintings by G. F. Joseph, Esq., A.R.A. In Monthly Parts, 8vo.

Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in 1820, 1821, and 1822, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N. 2 Vols. post 8vo.

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Poetic Vigils, by Mr. Bernard Barton.

Idéal, a Poem in three Cantos, with Notes.

Journal of a Voyage to Brazil in 1821, 1822, and 1823; and Journal of a Residence in Chile, and Voyage from the Pacific, in 1822 and 1823, each in one volume quarto, with Engravings, by Maria Graham.

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BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Iadbroke, Lady Charlotte Palmer, of a daughter.

In New Burlington Street, the lady of Sir Charles Hulke, Bart., M.P., of a son.
At Edinburgh, the Duchesse de Coigny, of a daughter.

At Erskine, Scotland, Lady Blantyre, of a son.

The lady of Sir Arthur Clichester, of a son.
At the Cape of Good Hope, Lady Mary Fitzroy, of a daughter.

At Bath, the lady of Capt. H. A. Drummond, of a daughter.

At Utlington House, Lincolnshire, the Countess of Lindsay, of a daughter.

At Argyll House, the Countess of Aberdeen, of a son.

At Paradise House, Finsbury, Essex, the lady of the Hon. General Pitt Rivers, of the 1st Life Guards, of a son and heir.

At 10th, the lady of the Hon. General Pitt Rivers, of the 1st Life Guards, of a son and heir.

The lady of Lieut. Colonel Goodman, of a daughter.

At Thickbrooks Cottage, Staffordshire, the lady of J. A. Manley, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Kensington Spa, Henry Jackson, Esq., to Ann Eliza, second daughter of the Rev. James Gilbert, LL.D., of Barnwell Priory, Cambridge.

At Eastwell, Grenadier Guards, to Emma Lewis, eldest daughter of S. Drawe, Esq., of Kensington.

At Crayford, Henry Haynes, Esq., His Majesty's Commissioner Judge at Brazil, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late E. Slack, Esq., of Braywick Lodge, Berks.

Capt. Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., to the Lady Alice Kennedy, youngest daughter of the Earl of Cassilis.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Oswald, second son of George Smith, Esq., M.P., to Henrietta Mildred, eldest daughter of the very Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle.

At St. Pancras New Church, Wm Jenkins, Esq., of Gower Street North, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Major General Robertson.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, W Henry Spence, Captain in the Bombay Army, to Eliza, youngest daughter of W. Hay, Esq., of Russell Square.

At St. Pancras New Church, Frederick Lock, Esq., youngest son of Rear Admiral Lock, to Mary Fielder, only daughter of Edward Grose Smith, Esq.

The Rev. Lord John Thynne, to Anne Gammels, third daughter of the Rev C. C. Warrford, and niece to Mrs. George Byng.

Sir Thomas Woollaston White, Bart., to Georgiana, daughter of the late George Ramsey, Esq.

At Drayton Bassett, the Hon. R. H. Eden, to Harriett, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

At Islington, Richard Smith, jun., Esq., of Stoke Newington, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the Rev. Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S., of Canonbury.

At Demerara, T. C. Bagot, Esq., to Frances, and Lieut. Alex. Wm. Forbes, R.N., to Sarah, daughters of the Rev. Francis M'Mahon, of the Island of Grenada.

Capt. Ebrington, of the 3d Guards, to Charlotte, only daughter of H. H. Townshend, Esq., of Upper Seymour Street.

At Bath, Capt. E. S. Outhwaite, R.N., to Alicia Mary, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Scott, Esq., of Bath.

At Clare, Capt. George Baker, to Caroline Julia, only daughter of the late John Barker, Esq., of Clare Priory, Suffolk.

At St. Mary Wool Church, Bath, Valentine Blaney, Esq., of the Bath, to the daughter of the Hon. General Pitt Rivers, of the 1st Life Guards, of a son and heir.

DEATHS.

At Wotton, near Winchester, aged 11, Henrietta Elizabeth, second daughter of the Hon. and Rev. A. G. Legge, Chancellor of the diocese of Winchester.

At Donnington Priory, Berks, Admiral Sir A. Boscawen, Bart., K.C.B., aged 70.

In May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, aged 59, Mr. John Davy, the celebrated musical composer.

At Chelsea, Lady Caroline Anna Brudenell Bruce, eldest sister of the Marquess of Aylesbury.

At Blakeney, aged 75, the Rev. Richard Thomas Gough, uncle of Lord Cathorpe, and Rector of Blakeney, and of Ade, Norfolk.

At Belmont, aged 25, Harriett, youngest daughter of the late Lieut. General Sir George Prevost, Bart.

At Rome, Cardinal Pandolfi.

At Stockton House, near Saltash, the Hon. Michael de Courcy, Admiral of the Blue.

At Ropley Cottage, Alresford, aged 1, Ann, wife of Capt. the Hon. Robert Rodney, R.N. Sir Thomas Reid, Bart., aged 61.

At Connaught Place, Sophia Matilda, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Wigram. Suddenly, by his own hand, in a state of temporary derangement, Capt. Sir Geo. Ralph Collier, K.C.B. R.N.

On board His Majesty's ship Liffey, Colonel John Colebrook, C.B., of the Madras Cavalry. In Dean Street, Soho, aged 71, Sir Thomas Bell, Knt.

Sir Thos. Plumer, Knt., Master of the Rolls. At his seat, near Watford, aged 70, Thomas Villiers Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

In St. James's Square, aged 28, the Marquess of Titchfield.

At Bath, Lady D'Arcy, wife of Lieut. Colonel D'Arcy.

At Denmore, Lord Viscount Maynard.

At Southampton, Lord Edward O'Brien. In Italy, aged 42, Her Majesty Maria Louisa Josephine, Duchess of Lucca, formerly Queen of Etruria.

At Paris, aged 67, Louise-Adelaide, Princess of Condé, daughter of the late Prince of Condé, and, with the exception of her brother, the Duke of Bourbon, the last branch of that illustrious family.

At Everreach, Somerset, the Rev. John Jenkyns, Prebendary of Wells, and Rector of Horsmonden, Kent, aged 70.

In Grosvenor Square, the infant son of the Right Hon. Lord Petre.

At Trillick, Cornwall, the Rev. E. Lyne, D.D., aged 85.

In Clifford Street, Lieut. General Sir Geo. Wood, K.C.B.

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Court Dresses, Lapets, Frills, Ruffles, &c. in peculiar style, with every other fashionable article; Tamboured Goods, Chantilly Veils, Mechlin Laces, warranted of real Thread, and Nets of every description, at the reduced Wholesale Prices.

N.B. Urling's Lace is invariably sealed with the initials, "G. F. U. & Co"

MANUFACTORY, BASFORD, NOTTS.

DR. SOLANDER'S ENGLISH TEA, so many years recommended and approved by the late Sir Richard Jebb (Physician to the King), and other eminent Physicians, in preference to Foreign Tea (more particularly during the Spring and Summer months), as the most pleasant and powerful restorative hitherto discovered, in all nervous, bilious, and consumptive disorders, and in every other debility of the nervous system. This Tea, so pleasant to the taste and smell, is an effectual purifier of the blood, and by promoting gentle perspiration, powerfully assuages those excruciating pains derived from the gout and rheumatism; and is of sovereign efficacy in removing complaints of the head, invigorating the mind from those self-created alarms, which too frequently render the existence of nervous people intolerable. Drank warm at night it promotes refreshing rest, and is a restorative cordial to the constitution of such as keep late hours, or live too freely.

Sold by Sanger, 150, Oxford-Street; Hawkins, Bond-Street; Harris, Ludgate Street; Tait; Cornhill; Nix and Stradling, Royal Exchange; and throughout the Kingdom, in Packets, 2s. 9d.; and Canisters, 10s. 6d.

OAKHAMPTON MUTTON.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, 286, STRAND, LONDON.

W. TUCKER most respectfully returns thanks to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, for the distinguished patronage he has received, and begs to acquaint them that he is now receiving a regular supply of the Real OAKHAMPTON MUTTON, so justly esteemed for its peculiar flavour, and similarity to Venison, in Haunches and Saddles, from eight to twelve pounds each.

Also daily, the genuine Devonshire CLOUTED CREAM, in Canisters, at 1s. and 2s. each, warranted to keep three days.

From W. T.'s connexions in Devonshire, he is enabled to supply the Public with Poultry, Snipes, Woodcocks, Woodpigeons, Pork, Sausages, Hams, Fresh and Salt Butter, &c. &c. &c. on such terms, and of such quality, as he humbly trusts will merit a continuance of that support which he so gratefully acknowledges.

*** Nearly opposite Norfolk-Street.

MR. HARRIS, the AERONAUT, whose Ascent on the 5th September last, from a Timber Yard, in Berwick-street, Oxford-street (arriving at Lord Darnley's Park, near Rochester, in fifty-five minutes), was considered the finest ever witnessed in this or any other Country, has leave respectfully to announce that he has, at an expence of nearly **ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS**, finished an **IMPROVED SILK BALLOON**, named the **ROYAL GEORGE**, with which he intends shortly to ascend.

The Balloon is 120 feet in circumference, and with the Car fifty-two feet high, will contain 176,860 Gallons of Gas, and is capable of carrying **THREE Persons**.

Every Material in the composition of the Machine is of the richest fabric, and, with its Improvements, the Grandeur of its Appendages, and the Superiority of its Workmanship, is allowed to be the most complete and magnificent Aerostatic Machine ever exhibited.

The Science of Aerostation has lately fallen into much Decay, and been the subject of ridicule, through the total want of Invention in those who have come forward as Aeronauts, and even up to the latest period there has been no improvement whatever, either in the Science of constructing the Machine or the Mode of its Ascension.

In order to merit, if possible, the Approbation and Patronage of the Nobility and Gentry (who, through the recent failures, and want of suitable accommodation, have kept aloof from exhibitions of this nature), Mr. Harris humbly suggests the following Improvements:—

He has not only constructed the Machine upon a more elegant Scale, but has discovered Means to evade the tedious Process, which, according to the old Method, occasioned such delay in fastening the Car and appendages to the net of the Balloon, and which generally occupied near Two Hours, whereas, by his improved Method, he can attach the whole Himself, in the short space of Five Minutes.

The Aeronaut has also discovered a mode of rendering the Machine stationary, at the height of fifty or sixty feet above the Earth, where he can detain it as long as he thinks proper, and discharge it instantly, without the assistance of any other Person.

This Improvement must give great satisfaction to all those who wish to view the Ascent, as they will, after the novel sight of its being stationary for several minutes, have an ample opportunity of viewing its flight into the Aerial Regions, without the smallest risk or inconvenience.

In the Descent of Balloons, the great difficulty and extreme danger which pursues the Aeronaut, in consequence of his Machine being blown over a vast extent of Ground, at the imminent risk of his Life, before he can sufficiently exhaust the Machine of its Ascension Power, is well known. Mr. H., in order to obviate this hitherto insurmountable difficulty, has discovered a method by which he can discharge the whole of the Gas in an instant; and thus insure the Descent of Himself and the Machine in perfect safety.

Mr. Harris will attend the Place of Exhibition, **THE ROYAL TENNIS COURT, GREAT-WINDMILL STREET, NAY-MARKET**, for the purpose of explaining the Improvements in the Construction of the Machine, humbly and respectfully soliciting the Patronage and Support of the Nobility and Gentry; at the same time, begging leave to assure them, that he has hitherto been most unremitting in his exertions, and will continue to use his most strenuous endeavours, by which he flatters himself he shall give the most perfect satisfaction to those distinguished Persons who may feel inclined to honour him with their presence.

ADMITTANCE, ONE SHILLING.

As Doubts have been expressed that the Weavers of this Country are unable to manufacture **SILK** equal to Foreign, this Exhibition determines the Superiority of British Artisans, when liberally and properly encouraged. With this view Mr. Harris has had the Balloon, with the whole of its Appendages, made solely of British Manufacture; he therefore respectfully solicits the Patronage and Support of his Fair Countrywomen, as well as the Nobility and Gentry in general.

A PERFECT MODEL SILK BALLOON, *Eighteen Feet in Circumference, with its Car and Appendages*, will ASCEND from the Top of the TENNIS COURT, at different times of the Day.

WATER FILTERS.—**J. STONE and Co., No. 18, Warwick-Street, Golden-Square,** solicit the attention of the Public to their Improved **WATER FILTERS**, which, for Simplicity, Durability, and Cheapness, have been for the last Twelve Years found superior to any hitherto in Use.—The Principal Filtering Medium being composed of prepared Charcoal, they not only clarify Water, but purify it at the same time.—Properties not attainable in any other Machine.

Price from 16s. and upwards. They are also Sold by Appointment, at Messrs. Bawell's, 96, New Bond-Street; Clapp, Ironmonger, Exeter; Dunn, King's-Row, Pentonville; Eddy, 354, and Snowden, 320, Oxford-Street; Dawson's, 69, Welbeck-Street; Hill and Kirkpatrick, 77, Wapping-Wall; Pitt, 4, Great Portland-Street; Hanson, 3, Bruton-Street, Bond-Street; Stebbing, High-Street, Portsmouth; Stothard's, Ironmongers, Bath; and Hickinbotham, Mary's Abbey, Dublin.—A Liberal Allowance to Captains, Merchants, &c.

Kensington Lace Works.

*Under the distinguished Patronage of, by special Warrant, and graciously visited by their
Royal Highnesses*

The PRINCESS AUGUSTA, the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, the PRINCESS SOPHIA, and the
DUCHESS OF KENT.

The Productions of this Manufactory are respectfully announced, as securing to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, a supply of elegant Lace, far surpassing any other in this Country, and equal to the best Specimens of Foreign, in every Article of elegant Dress. They are of the most beautiful texture, fine, firm, and durable, washing of a pure white, and transparently clear, without undergoing starching, or any injurious process to render them so: and the Patterns are by the first Artists, Native and Foreign, peculiarly retained for this Manufacture, in Robes, Dresses, Veils, Scarfs, Pelicans, Palatins, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Trimming and Flouncing Laces, Edgings, Footings, Caps, Sleeves, Tippets, Nets, &c. of the true Brussels, Valenciennes, and Mechlin Designs, at the real Manufacturing Prices, therefore cheaper than even the common productions.

To prevent the gross imposition of the spurious Starched Lace, every Article has a Ticket attached with their Royal Highness's Arms, and the full addresses; and the Genuine Kensington Lace cannot positively be had any where but at the

Manufacturer's Warehouse, 30, Southampton-Street, Covent-Garden;

And Retail as well as Wholesale at the

Kensington Lace Works and Manufactory, 14, Kensington-Square, Kensington.

Every Description of Lace manufactured to pattern, or to match either Foreign or English Lace, white or black.

Elegant Black Chantilly Lace Veils, &c. &c. equal to Foreign.

The Nobility, Gentry, and Ladies in general are respectfully informed, that the hours to view the Machinery and Process of Manufacturing are from 10 to 1, and 2 till 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.—THE NATURORAMA having now become one of the most fashionable lounges at the West End of the Town, we feel great satisfaction on calling the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to so pleasing an Exhibition. The Naturorama presents a variety of Picturesque Views, and is on two Plans. The one consists of exquisite Models brought from Malmaison, which may be considered as inimitable; the other comprehends, as a back ground, finely executed Paintings by Italian Masters, which are so well executed and appropriate to the Models as to exemplify Nature in a most surprising manner. Among the variety of Views, the Tomb of Abelard and Heloise will be found of peculiar interest, as it is a known fact that an English Gentleman gave 30,000 francs for one of the Teeth of Heloise. Equally interesting are the Ciceretiere du Père La Chaise; Malmaison; the Holy Inquisition, with its horrid Tribunal; Cadix; the Ruins of Piastum; the Village of Domini, with the House of Joan of Arc; the House of William Tell, with the Lake of Lucerne; and many others, which doubtless please the eye as well as the imagination. Open from Ten till dusk. No. 23, New Bond-Street, two doors from Conduit-Street. Admittance One Shilling.

By His Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES on SALE at No. 4, REGENT-STREET, Pall-Mall.

A Variety of FOREIGN and BRITISH MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES, in the Newest Fashions, unequalled in Execution and Polish, being made by Machinery.

Prices moderate, and the Trade supplied, by GEORGE BROWN, Agent to the Patent Marble Working Company, No. 4, Regent-Street, Pall-Mall, London.

ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF TWENTY YEARS.

For the Sale of IRISH LINEN by the Piece, at the Factor's price, No. 4, on the SOUTH SIDE of BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, four doors from the top of Southampton-Street, Holborn.

The IRISH LINEN COMPANY beg leave to announce to the Public, that the above House is their only Establishment in this country; where they continue to supply the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public with WARRANTED grass-bleached Linen, for Shirts and Sheets, of the best fabric and colour, at a price considerably lower than they can be procured through any other medium. They also engage to return the purchase money should any fault appear. Good Irish Bills and Bank of Ireland Notes taken as usual. Country and Town Orders punctually attended to.

AGENTS:

DONOVAN, 4, Bloomsbury-square, London.—JOHN DOYLE, 31, St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin.

The LONDON and WESTMINSTER WINE and SPIRIT COMPANY, have constantly on Sale, at their extensive Vaults and Premises, 16, Strand, near Craven Street, and immediately opposite St. Martin's Church, a large and well assorted STOCK of Genuine WINES and SPIRITS, free from any Impurity; which, in Price and Quality combined, together with the Size of their Bottles (a most important consideration), will, on Trial, be found to excel in an eminent degree those speciously advertised as Cheaper than at any other Establishments, and with which they have no connexion whatever.—Fine Ports, of Vintages 1815 and 1820, 36s. to 42s. per Dozen; Rich Crusted ditto, from 2 to 5 Years in Bottle, 48s. to 54s.; Superior ditto, 7 Years ditto, 63s.; Capital Sherries, 36s. to 40s.; Pale ditto, precisely the quality imposed on the Public for Amontillado, 44s.; the real genuine Amontillado Sherry, superior Flavour and matured by Age, unrivalled, at 50s.; Teneriffe, Vidonia, Lisbon, and Mountain, 36s. to 40s.; Fine East and West-India Madeira, 40s. to 50s.; Bucellas, 40s.; Superior ditto, in French Bottles, a delicious Table Wine, and very scarce, 48s.; Malmsey Madeira, in Pints, 35s.; Old Crusted Port, in Pints, of peculiar excellence, 37s.

Cape Wines.—White Cape, 16s. 18s. and 21s. per Dozen; Ditto, the finest Imported (Sherry and Madeira Flavour), 24s.; Hock (very curious), 28s.; Red Pontac, 24s.; Red Port, 28s.; Burgundy (choice), 32s.; Constantia, in Pints, 28s.

French and German Wines.—Claret, St. Julien, et la Rose, 60s. per Dozen; Ditto, Lafitte, et Chateau Margeaut, 80s. to 90s.; Champagne, D'Ay et D'Avize, which (without claiming any peculiar privilege of being the sole Importers of) the Proprietors confidently assert is, in point of Quality and Brilliance, equal, if not superior, to any that can be produced in the Trade, at 84s.; Very superior ditto ditto, 90s. to 105s.; Sauterne, Moselle, Grave, Old Hock, &c. 63s. to 105s.

Sample Bottles of any of the above may be obtained at the same Rate as per Dozen; and Orders punctually executed, free of Expense, within Five Miles of London.

The SUPERIOR STRENGTH and QUALITY of SPIRITS sold by this Establishment, are also particularly deserving Attention.

Cordial Gin 9s. to 12s. 6d. per Gallon; ditto (Old Tom), 14s.; Real Irish Whiskey, 14s.; Orange Shrub, 14s.; Jamaica Rum, 15s.; Cognac Brandy, 23s. to 25s.; Schedam Hollands, 24s.; Foreign Liqueurs, in Cases, 48s. each.

Hampers and Bottles at Cost Prices, or taken in Exchange.—All Letters must be Post Paid.

WILLIAM GODFREE, Agent, 16, Strand.

NINETY-FIVE Dozen of French Cambric Handkerchiefs, at 16s. a dozen; fine, 18s. and 31s.; seven boxes of the finest France ever produced, from 25s. to 52s. 6d.; a lot of soiled Dansk napkins, 7s. a dozen, well worth 14s.; breakfast cloths, 1s. 6d. each; rich Dansk cloths, two and a half yards long, 7s. 6d. each; three yards ditto, 12s. 6d.; three and a half ditto, 16s.; mock Russia sheeting, 5d. a yard; fine ditto, 8d.; real Russia, yard and quarter wide, 10½d.; very stout, 1s. 2d. and 1s. 4d.; fine ditto, 1s. 6d.; two hundred pieces very stout, and curiously fine, from 1s. 6d. to 2s.; sixty-five pieces of the full width, requiring no seam, 2s. 1d. (the common price is 2s. 9d.); seventeen boxes of fine Irish sheetings, full 5-4ths wide, 1s. 4d. a yard; fine, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 6d.; superfine, 2s.; 6,000 pieces of the best Irish linens ever imported, from 9d. a yards to 4s. 6d.; stout, 1s. 2d. and 1s. 4d.; fine, 1s. 6d.; fine undressed, 1s. 9d. and 2s.; six cases of real German Hollands, from 3s. a yard to 6s. 6d.; fine ell-wide long cloths, 11s. 10½d. the piece (25 yards), well worth 10d. a yard; elegant Marseilles quilts, full three yards square, 14s. 6d. each; good large counterpanes, 4s. 6d.; chintz turnouts, 9d.; furniture dimities, 5d.; good moreens, 1s. 2d.; large Russia towels, 9s. a dozen; glass cloths, 4s. 6d.; India book muslins, 6d. a yard; 13 bales of Witney blankets, full 35 per cent. off the winter prices—for ready money only, at HODGE and LOWMAN'S, Wholesale Drapers and Mercers, Argyll-house, Regent Street, three doors from the Argyll Rooms. All Goods by the Piece at Manufacturer's prices.—P.S. Captains, Country Dealers, and Shopkeepers are requested to apply before eleven o'clock.

VINER'S PORTABLE WHITE SPRUCE for the instant production of WHITE SPRUCE BEER in its highest Perfection.—This highly-esteemed Invention is particularly recommended to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, as the only Method for procuring this useful and much admired Beverage in a Portable Form. The virtues of Spruce are too well known to need any comment, consequently the present Production becomes indispensable in Voyages to the East or West-Indies, or any Warm Climate; as likewise forming an elegant and wholesome Summer Beverage for Families. Sold by Appointment of the Proprietor, in Packets, containing sufficient for Nine Tumblers, with proper Directions, at 3s. each, by Howard Styles, No. 128, Regent-Street, near the Quadrant; Price's Oil and Italian Warehouse, Suffolk-Street, Pall-Mall East; Stoake's Oil and Italian Warehouse, No. 42, Fenchurch-Street, corner of Mincing-Lane, and Metcalfe and Co., No. 1, Great Carter-Lane, near St. Paul's. Likewise

VINER'S GENUINE WHITE ESSENCE OF SPRUCE, for making WHITE SPRUCE BEER, being a Distillation from the White Spruce Fir, an Article very Superior and well worthy the attention of the Public. Price 5s. a Bottle, with full Directions.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

THE most invaluable discoveries are frequently opposed in their progress to celebrity, by Prejudice and Unbelief; but intrinsic Merit surmounts all difficulties, and triumphs, ultimately, in the attainment of public approbation. The desideratum of perseverance is now obtained, by an inestimable discovery; and the Amateurs of personal attraction are earnestly invited to a proof of unparalleled excellence, by the use of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, a Cosmetic of vital importance to the support of Female loveliness, in the plenitude of Nature's gifts, and where she has more sparingly concealed her favours, veiling her omissions under the grace of irresistible fascination. Powerful of effect, yet mild of influence, this admirable specific possesses Balsamic properties of surprising energy. It eradicates FRECKLES, PIMPLES, SPOTS, REDNESS, and all cutaneous Eruptions, gradually producing a delicately clear soft Skin; transforms even the most SALLOW COMPLEXION into RADIANT WHITENESS; resists the scorching rays of the Sun; successfully opposes the attack of inclement weather; renders harsh and rough Skin beautifully smooth; and even imparts to the NECK, FACE, and ARMS, a healthy and juvenile bloom; diffuses a pleasing coolness; and, by due perseverance in the application of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, promotes a free and uninterrupted exercise of those important functions of the Skin, which are of the utmost necessity for the preservation of Health, and attainment and continuance of a beautiful complexion.

The KALYDOR is equally indispensable in the Nursery as at the Toilet. Perfectly innocuous, it may be used by the most delicate Lady, with the assurance of safety and efficacy. To MOTHERS NURSING their OFFSPRING, it gives, in all cases of incidental inflammation, immediate relief; cools the mouth of the Infant, and enhances maternal pleasure in the act of administering elementary nourishment.

To Gentlemen whose Faces are tender after Shaving.—A great infelicity which attends the operation of Shaving, is the irritation of the Skin; many Gentlemen suffer greatly from this cause. ROWLAND'S KALYDOR will be found excellent beyond precedent in ameliorating and allaying that most unpleasant sensation.—It removes unpleasant harshness of the skin, occasioned by intense solar heat, or cold winds; and thus to the Traveller, whose avocations expose him to various change of weather, proves an infallible specific—a prompt resource—and as conducing to comfort, a pleasing appendage and invaluable acquisition. Sanctioned by several Illustrious Personages, and the most Eminent of the Faculty. Finally, it is the most beneficial preparation of any extent, and should be a VADE MECUM for every Family.

Sold in Pint Bottles at 8s. 6d. and in Half Pints at 4s. 6d. each, duty included, by the sole Proprietors, A. ROWLAND & SON, No. 20, Hatton-Garden, Holborn; and, by appointment, by Messrs. Hendries, Perfumers to His Majesty, Titchborne-Street; Mr. Smith, 117, Gattic and Pierce, 57, Rigge, Brochbank, 35, New Bond-Street; Bayley and Blue, Cockspur-Street; Sanger 150, Oxford-Street; Berry and Co 17, Johnston, 15, Greek-Street; Butlers, 4, Cheapside, and 220, Regent-Street; Rowney, 106, Hatton-Garden; J. T. Rigge, 65, Cheap-side; Tate, 41, Johnston, 68, Cornhill; Edwards, 66, St. Paul's Church-Yard; Burgess, 63, Holborn-Hill; Low, 330, Prout, 226, Strand; Barclay and Sons, 95, Fleet-Market; Stradling and Nix, Royal Exchange; and most Perfumers and Medicine Venders who vend their celebrated MACASSAR OIL.

THE most prolific Discovery that really prevents the Hair falling off or turning grey, and produces a thick growth on bald places, is ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL. This OIL is the first production of the age, and the ORIGINAL and GENUINE, which, for many years, has been universally admired; also PATRONIZED and SANCTIONED by the most Illustrious Personages:—His Royal Highness the DUKE of SUSSEX, and the Whole of the ROYAL FAMILY; Their Imperial Majesties the EMPEROR and EMPRESS of RUSSIA, the EMPERORS of PERSIA and CHINA. This Oil is also acknowledged, by the most eminent Physicians, as the best and cheapest article for nourishing the HAIR, preventing the HAIR being injured by illness, change of climate, study, travelling, accouchement, &c.; removes the scurf, harshness, and dryness; renders it soft and glossy; prevents its falling off or turning grey; creates a thick growth on the balddest places; makes the Hair strong in curl, which it keeps in damp weather, exercise, &c.; imparts a pleasant perfume; and produces whiskers, eyebrows, &c. The Proprietors warrant its innocence, and to improve the Hair from infancy, to the latest period of life. Ask for ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, and strictly to observe, that none are genuine without the little book inside the wrapper; and the label is signed on the outside, in Red, "A. ROWLAND and SON." The prices are 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d.; and 21s. per bottle. All other prices are impositions. The Genuine has the address on the label, "No. 20, Hatton-garden."

Also, RED WHISKERS, Gray Whiskers, Eye Brows, Hair on the Head, effectually changed to Brown or Black, by the use of ROWLAND'S ESSENCE of TYRE. By merely wetting the hair it immediately produces a perfect change.—Price 4s.; 7s. 6d.; and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

Sold by the sole Proprietors, A. ROWLAND and SON, No. 20, Hatton-garden, Holborn; by appointment, by most Perfumers and Medicine Venders.

Ask for "ROWLAND'S OIL," or "ROWLAND'S DYE," and observe the Signature, A. ROWLAND and SON." All others are Counterfeits.

"FLINT'S,"—10, *Flint Street Hall*.

ORLANDO STONE, from HALLING, PEARCE, and STONE's, Waterloo House, Cockspur Street, begs to inform the public that he has purchased these extensive premises and business of Mr. Flint.

His first desire is to sell off the stock left on hand, which has been valued to him at an unusually low price; and, as he intends to bring into the premises a splendid collection of the newest and of the best of goods in the kingdom, he is determined to offer the whole on such terms as cannot fail to astonish every one. O. STONE is aware that such professions are the common puff of the day, yet he has no other means of conveying to the public his determination to submit every part of the stock, the most decided bargain that has ever been offered in the city of London.

With the Haberdashery and Silk Mercery, as it has been conducted, O. STONE has blended the Linen Drapery. He trusts that, in his views of extending the business of this long-famed concern, and combining, in one stock, the various manufactures of the kingdom, he cannot fail to secure to himself the former favour attached to the house;—no care, no exertions shall he wanting on his part, to make every branch of the business deserving of the same highly distinguished patronage as heretofore.

In the Silk Mercery department he will have exclusive advantage over every other house in the metropolis, as his stock will be completely new, and bought free from all duty,—a difference of at least 20 per cent.

The best Haberdashery will be always supplied to the retail purchaser at the lowest wholesale list prices.

He particularly begs the attention of Ladies to his stock of Silk Hosiery, duty free, and Cotton Hosiery, and to his Thread Laces, and Bobbin Netts and Laces, of every description.

The Drapery department will comprise every description of Family Linen, which O. S. will be careful shall be of the best fabrics, and not surpassed for price, if equalled, by any establishment whatsoever: an extensive and choice variety of rich worked Muslin Robes, and Fancy Muslins, of every description; Printed Cottons, rich Printed Cambrics, and Printed Mull Muslins; French Cambrics, and French Cambric Handkerchiefs; and in Irish Linens he confidently hopes to be enabled to make a larger return than any retail house in the metropolis.

ARMY and Navy, Stewards of the Mess, Captains of Ships, Military and Naval Officers, Travellers, Hotel Keepers and Families, will find a great advantage in using the PREPARED CHOCOLATE POWDER, in Pound and Half-Pound Canisters, and COCOA PASTE, in Half-Pound Pots; sold Wholesale and Retail by DEACON and Co., Coffee and Tea Warehouse, No. 2, Skinner-Street, Snow-Hill, London, two Doors from Fleet-Market. The above Articles are warranted to keep in any Climate, and are particularly nutritive, and adapted to weak Stomachs and Indigestions. The facility with which they are prepared for Table (in less than One Minute), renders them highly desirable Articles of Family Consumption.

A Liberal Allowance made to the Trade and for Exportation.—N.B. Fine Broma.

R. and C. GREEN having completed the Alteration and Improvement of their Premises, and being thereby enabled to offer Accommodations in all respects superior to those they heretofore possessed, respectfully solicit the Attention of their Friends and the Public in general, to their present Stock, consisting of very extensive Assortments of the Newest and most Fashionable Articles in every Branch of Mercery, Haberdashery, and Hosiery. In Linen Drapery also, R. and C. G. purpose materially extending their Trade, and can venture especially to recommend their Irish Linens, Damask Table do., Sheetings, &c. as of the best Fabrics. The Support and Patronage which their Father and themselves have together experienced, for upwards of Thirty Years, will operate as the strongest possible Inducement for R. and C. G. to merit a Continuance of Favour, by strictly adhering to the System of purchasing no Goods except of the best Quality, adapted to each successive Season, and charged at the most moderate Profit for ready Money only.

N.B. In consequence of the Reduction of the Duty on Silk, R. and G. Green have lowered their Charges.

6, *Marylebone-Street, Golden-Square, 31st Jan. 1824.*

HOGARD and AMBER, late of St. Paul's Church-Yard, gratefully sensible of the distinguished patronage bestowed on their House during so many years, beg leave most respectfully to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public at large, that they have OPENED a NEW ESTABLISHMENT at No. 4, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL, with an extensive Assortment of BRUSSELS, MECILIN, VALENCIENNES, BLOND, and ENGLISH THREAD LACES, and VEILS, Irish Tabbinets, Plain and Figured Gros de Naples, Levantines, Bombazines, Hosiery and Muslins, with an elegant display of Millinery and Dresses. The whole selected with the greatest care and attention. H. and A. beg to state, that it is their determination to adhere steadfastly to the plan which has given such general satisfaction—to admit no goods into their Stock but such as are of the very best fabrics, and which they can warrant. As their prices are fixed according to the present reduced rate of manufactured Goods, no abatement can be made. Foreign and Wedding orders tastefully executed.

**CRAIG and D'OYLY'S FAMILY LINEN WAREHOUSE, 77, OXFORD STREET.
MARSEILLES QUILTS, COUNTERPAINES, SHEETINGS, IRISH LINENS, FRENCH
CAMBRICS, FURNITURES, &c. &c.**

MARSEILLES Quilts three yards square, 17s. 9d.; fine Counterpanes 7s. 6d.; Sheetings 6d. a yard, very stout 8½d., fine 10½d.; Russian ditto 1s., worth 1s. 6d.; Irish Linen 9d. a yard, very stout 1s., fine for Shirts 1s. 6d. and 1s. 9d., those at 2s. and 2s. 3d. are worth 2s. 9d. and 3s.; fine French Cambric for Frills 5s. 6d. a yard, worth 9s. 6d.; Cambric Handkerchiefs 16s. the dozen; Swiss ditto 7s.; Furnitures 6½ a yard; a large lot of real Chintz ditto, 1s. a yard, worth 2s.; Linings in every shade 6d. a yard; Moreens 1s. 1d. a yard; the largest and cheapest stock of Table Linen in London; Damask Cloths 2½ yards long 7s.; Napkins 6s. 9d. the dozen; the best India Nankeens 4s. 6d. the piece; India Long Cloth 6½d. a yard, worth 10d.; with every description of Muslin Dimities, Huckabacks, Diapers, Flannels, Prints, Shawls, Hosiery, &c. &c.

N.B. Silks at nearly half price; Window Hollands of every width.

CRAIG and D'OYLY, 77, Oxford-Street.

EDWARD EAGLETON and Co., Wholesale and Retail TEA DEALERS and GROCERS (established Fifty Years), respectfully announce to their Connexions and the Public, that their New and Extensive Premises, Nos. 83 and 84, Newgate-Street, ARE NOW OPEN, where they solicit an Inspection of their various Articles, procured for Cash from the best Markets, and which they purpose selling at a small Profit, upon similar Terms.

Eagleton and Co.'s Stock of Tea has been selected in the present and former East-India Company's Sales, with peculiar care and acknowledged judgment, and from their long Experience, they have no hesitation in saying, they consider themselves competent Judges of the Flavours best calculated to please the Consumer. They therefore only request a Trial, and trust to the superior Quality and the moderation of their Charges for a continuance of that Support which has distinguished their Establishment during the last Half Century.

Eagleton and Co. have now on Sale, of their own Importation, a Cargo of very fine FOREIGN FRUIT. Very fine New Malaga and Smyrna Raisins for Wine, at unusually low prices.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1824.

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of MONSIEUR ALBERT, from an original Drawing.

A beautifully finished whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Carriage Dress, appropriately coloured.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are again compelled to postpone the Biographical Memoir of Madame Pasta, and also of Mona. Albert, both of which, although in our possession, we did not obtain in time for insertion in this month's number.

"*Cordeba*," is received.

"*Alfred Walton, a Sketch*," is under consideration.

"*Zelma, or the Maniac of Constantinople*," will appear probably in our next.

We are sorry that the incorrectness of their rhymes precludes the insertion of the verses from "GREGORY SCRIBBLARS," at least in their present state.

A very reasonable favour, from our obliging Correspondent in Woburn-Place, shall experience prompt attention.

Some additional communications from W. H. L. have been received, and shall be attended to the earliest opportunity.

The complaint of "*Zelman*" is neither verse nor prose.

We regret exceedingly that our indefatigable and highly obliging correspondent, "B. G.," should have any cause of complaint. We cannot possibly account for the neglect, which really does not rest with us. It shall, however, be enquired into, and she shall hear from us, *satisfactorily*, upon the subject. B. G. may be assured that her favours are at all times acceptable, the best proof of which is given by their successive appearance in our pages. A letter was enclosed with the usual parcel last month.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR APRIL, 1824.

• A New and Improved Series.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MADAME PASTA.

MADAME PASTA, a lady from whose chaste and impressive performances, at the King's Theatre, the fashionable world is deriving a large portion of its musical enjoyment, is a native of Milan, the capital of Lombardy. She was born about the year 1799; and, as her family were opulent and respectable, she received a private education, in every respect suitable to her rank in life. A decided—taste for music induced her, however, to sing at an established amateur theatre of the first class, in her native town, where her youthful efforts were crowned with the most complete success. To the support of this theatre, it may be proper to remark, many of the most distinguished residents of Milan devote their talents.

The fame of Madame Pasta's rising excellence led M. Benetti, now a member of the operatic corps in London, to propose to her a trial of her powers at Paris, whither he was then about to proceed. The offer was acceded to by the lady and her friends; and she accordingly made her *début* at Paris, in *Romeo e Giulietta*, at the time when the opera was under the management of Madame Catalani. Her success

was brilliant beyond expectation. So admirable, so distinguished was her performance of the part of *Giulietta*, that M. Benetti found himself authorized to engage her for the Italian theatre in London. This was in the year 1817; a period at which, it will be recollected, the opera was rescued by a new system of management from impending destruction; when, under the auspices of Mr. Waters, a company was formed, far surpassing, for general efficiency and for the performance of really good music, all by which it had been preceded. In this company were Mesdames Fodor, Camporese, Crivelli, and the youthful subject of this sketch; and the Signors Crivelli, Ambrogetti, Angrisani, &c.

Madame Pasta made her *début* in London at the same time with Mesdames Camporese and Crivelli. Her first appearance was in the character of *Télémaque*, in the opera of *Penelope*; a part well suited to her years and to her style of singing.

Although Madame Pasta could not, at so early an age, without depth of science or musical experience, be placed in competition with the other accomplished female singers of the establishment, she evinced, most distinctly, the possession of

talent that required only a little time and culture, and favourable opportunity, for its development. It was evident to connoisseurs, that she would become, not only one of the first singers, but one of the first actresses of the age. Amongst other pieces in which she attracted notice, and excited pleasure, we recollect that in *Le Nozze di Figaro* she was distinguished by an archness and vivacity of manner in sustaining the character of the amorous little page, and by her tasteful execution of the music allotted to the part.

The management were desirous of retaining her services in London; but, as she did not find reason to be satisfied with the terms they proposed, she left England at the close of the season, and returned to Italy. This, we doubt not, was the wisest and most advantageous step that she could have adopted. In her native country she devoted herself with indefatigable diligence to the study and cultivation of her art, though, we believe, without the assistance of a master. Time, application, and experience, contributed to mature her talents, and she soon found abundant cause for congratulating herself upon her exertions.

When Madame Pasta returned to the stage, she was engaged to perform at Venice, and at Trieste; and at all the towns in Italy at which she appeared, she found herself admired, and courted, and beloved.

Her celebrity had now attained so enviable a height, that she was anxiously invited to revisit Paris. In the year 1822, she accordingly made her second *début* in the French capital, where she excited the liveliest sensation of delight, and elevated herself at once to the most exalted pitch of public favour. She became, in fact, the idol of the French nation; and, with the exception of Madame Catalani, was regarded as the first *prima donna* in Europe.

It was not to be supposed that merit so high in estimation could be contemplated, without a desire to possess it, in this country. A negotiation was entered into at the close of the last, or at the commencement of the present, year; but as, in Paris, the theatre is a Government concern, there was much coquetting on the part of the *administration des théâtres* before they would suffer the removal of the lady to the metropolis of Britain. The object was at length accomplished, and Madame Pasta made her first appearance at the King's Theatre, after her second arrival in England, on the evening of Saturday, the 24th of April, 1824, as *Desdemona*, in Rossini's opera of *Otello*, as adapted to the Italian stage, from Shakspeare, by the Marchese Berio. The grati-

fying result is upon record in another part of this volume.*

Some idea of the reluctance with which our neighbours, the Parisians, parted from their favourite, may be formed from the succeeding passage in a letter sent from Paris to London just after the lady had taken leave of her friends in the former capital:—"Your Opera-house people have done us a mortal injury, in depriving us of Madame Pasta, the sole stay and support of our *Théâtre Italien*. We admired her not alone for her musical powers, but also for her talents as an actress. The last night of her appearance, a week ago, the most thundering applause burst forth on all sides, and a wreath of laurel was placed upon her head as the curtain fell. Her popularity is extreme. Beware how you differ from us. If you do not render her justice, and esteem her as we do, be assured we shall look upon you as ignorant Vandals, insensible to song, and incapable of appreciating merit."

We trust that Madame Pasta will not complain of our ignorance, of our insensibility to the charms of song, or of our incapability of appreciating or of honouring merit. We should willingly hazard some strictures on her general style of performance, as a singer and as an actress, were it not that our opinions on those points are given under their proper head, the monthly critical notices of the King's Theatre.†

It was in male attire that Madame Pasta made her first appearance, on her former engagement in this country; and twice, since her second arrival, she has again assumed it—in the opera of *Tancredi*, and in that of *Romeo e Giulietta*. In the latter, she played the part of *Romeo*, for her benefit, on Monday, the 21st of June.‡

All who have seen Madame Pasta will bear testimony to the accuracy of resemblance displayed in our portrait: it would have been perfect had it been possible to convey the sweetness of her smile. Her entire countenance, however, composed of features which are regular and impressive, indicates a turn for the serious rather than for the comic drama.

* Vide page 233. It will be recollected that, from an accidental circumstance, the above memoir, though now in its proper place in the volume, was not published in the number of *La Belle Assemblée* for April. It has been written since that period, which will account for what might otherwise appear as an anachronism in mentioning dates and circumstances that had not then occurred.

† Vide pages 223, and 270.

‡ For an account of Madame Pasta's performance of *Romeo*, the reader must be referred to the number of *La Belle Assemblée*, for July.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR MAY, 1824.

A New and Improved Series.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MONSIEUR FRANÇOIS ALBERT,

Premier Sujet de la Danse, et Maître de Ballet à L'Opéra de Paris.

MONSIEUR ALBERT, with whose deserved celebrity in the *ballets* at the King's Theatre the fashionable world have been long acquainted, was born at Bourdeaux, in France, on the 11th of April, 1787. His father, a captain of long standing in the cavalry, intended his children for the service of the state. Two of his brothers were already officers of marines; and, pleased with the profession, and delighted with the prospect of glory which it afforded, the youthful François, the subject of this memoir, was preparing to follow their example, when his father, from some cause with which we are unacquainted, opposed his inclination, and became desirous of his engaging in a theatrical career.

Much has been said and written upon the subject of genius; and perhaps the numerous problems which it involves will never be satisfactorily solved. Some philosophers are of opinion, that every man is born with a genius, or at least a predisposition, for some particular pursuit, in which, should he be favoured by opportunity, he must inevitably excel. This opinion is supported by numerous extraordinary instances upon record, in which individuals, with every presumed advantage of education and opportunity for remark, have

never indicated the slightest approximation to superiority, until, by some happy chance, they have been thrown into situations which all at once have elicited their powers, and opened the path to fortune and to fame. On the other hand, equally numerous, perhaps, are the instances of persons, who, by dint of perseverance, have subdued inclination, surmounted the most formidable difficulties, and in despite, as it were, of nature herself, have achieved greatness. In this class we feel disposed to consider Monsieur Albert. It was at Bourdeaux, his native place, that, at the early age of ten years, and utterly against his own wishes, he enlisted under the banners of Terpsichore, and made his first appearance on the stage. He was instructed by an able master, who, notwithstanding the friendship he entertained for him, could not refrain from expressing his decided opinion, that all his efforts would fail. For a time, he suffered himself to be discouraged by the innumerable difficulties which he had to encounter in the attainment of his art—the art to which he is now so passionately devoted, and in which he has triumphantly arrived at the summit of excellence—and already, in imagination, he beheld himself condemned to remain un-

distinguished in the crowd. This distressing sensation was heightened by the pompously pronounced decision of several pretended connoisseurs. His incapacity, they declared, was evident; and, according to them, the wisest measure he could take would be to abandon dancing for ever.

Fortunately, however, for Monsieur Albert, he steadily persevered in his progress; and at length he was invited to Paris, to fill the situation of first dancer at the *Théâtre de la Gaîté*. There it was that, for the first time, his emulation was excited by what he beheld at the opera. His self-love opposed itself to his ignorance, and ultimately it triumphed. One evening, in particular, having witnessed the performance of Duport and Vestris, whose surprising talents excited in him the liveliest enthusiasm, he resolved to exert himself incessantly, in the hope of approaching those fine models which had first inspired him with a passion for his art. Henceforward, the opera became the grand object of his ambition. He accordingly placed himself under the tuition of Monsieur Coulon, whose professional skill was in the highest estimation at Paris; but he was soon under the necessity of relinquishing the instructions of that gentleman to return to Bourdeaux, where he then experienced the most flattering encouragement.

Although at a distance from the capital, Vestris and Duport were constantly present in his imagination; and, to their influence, it may be said, Monsieur Albert is indebted for the elicitation of his talents, and the formation of his taste.

In a short time he returned to Paris, where, after a few months' additional study under M. Coulon, he made his first appearance at the *Académie Royale de Musique*, in a *pas de trois* appended to the third act of *Le Triomphe de Trajan*. This was on the 8th of August, 1808. The favourable reception which he experienced decided his fate; and he afterwards played incessantly, and without exception, in all the *ballets* of the establishment; and, after some years, he had the satisfaction of obtaining the appointment of *premier sujet*, or chief dancer.

Since his admission to the Parisian opera, M. Albert has repeatedly been engaged at the *Grand Théâtre de Bourdeaux*, at the *Grand Théâtre de Lyon*, at the theatres of

Montpellier and Nîmes, and at the *Grand Théâtre de St. Carlo*, at Naples.

Notwithstanding the fame which M. Albert had long enjoyed upon the Continent, it was not until the spring of 1821, that his first engagement in London commenced. It was on the 26th of March, in that year, that he made his *début* at the King's Theatre, in the ballet entitled, *Les Jeux de Paris*, and was received with that warmth of applause which the English are always anxious to award to merit. He appeared in London, on a renewed engagement, on the 12th of January, 1822, in *Cendrillon*, a superb fairy ballet of his own composition. The rapidity with which the fairy passed from the semblance of age and decrepitude to the blaze and effulgence of youthful beauty, in person and attire—the fleet summoning of *Cendrillon's cortège*—the multitude of little pages and pretty *dames d'honneur* who sprang, like salamanders, from the fire-place—seemed magical in effect, and reflected infinite credit on the composer. We happened to be in the theatre the night that M. Albert bade farewell to his English friends, when, after the opera of *Pietro l'Eremita*, the same piece was performed, and never did we witness more meritorious exertions, or more cheering plaudits.*

Monsieur Albert came to London again, for a short period, at the commencement of the present year; and, on the 24th of January, he made his *début* in a ballet entitled *L'Adoration au Soleil*, and was received with all the kindness of feeling that is due to an old favourite. After a stay of a few weeks, in which, with unrivalled success, he continued to delight the admirers of his art, he returned to Paris. During his visits to our metropolis, he distinguished himself in several *ballets d'action*, besides those which have been mentioned.

About the year 1810, M. Albert married Mademoiselle Imm, a pupil of the *Conservatoire* of Paris, for several years the first singer of the opera, and enjoying an appointment as one of the principal singers in the King's chapel.

* Monsieur Paul made his first appearance the same night.

† Vide page 86.

Original Communications.

SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALES.—No. IV.

IN illustrating the beauties of Shakespeare, I now proceed to the delightful character of IMOGEN, in that fine play—CYMBELINE.

For his story of this play Shakespeare appears to have been indebted to two sources: to Boccacio, whose ninth novel in the second day of his *Decamerone*, would seem to have furnished him with the outline of the plot; whilst a tale to be found in a scarce old collection, entitled "*Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mad, Merry, Western Wenches, whose Tongues, albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet and will much content you: written by Kinde Kitt, of Kingstone*;" but, as in every other instance, the wonderful skill of the poet has beautified and improved the rough materials (for only a very bad translation of Boccacio could be accessible to him) which were in his possession; and has invested them with the surprising lustre of his own matchless mind. The play (notwithstanding some few anachronisms, such as giving his Roman characters modern Italian names, when the events must have occurred in the reign of Augustus, as Cymbeline is supposed to have been the contemporary of that prince—and some other circumstances) is deserving of much more notice than Johnson would have awarded; who, after allowing that it contained "many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes," adds, "to remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation." This criticism, like many others of that great moralist, is unjust. Dr. Johnson was frequently guilty of saying a severe thing, in order to appear of

superior discernment, and of superior decision, to those by whom he was surrounded; and, in this instance, I should say, if my regard for his memory and character did not induce me to hope that he would not be guilty of conduct so indefensible, that he had sacrificed truth for the sake of a finely-rounded period; for certainly neither imbecility nor grossness forms a characteristic of Cymbeline. It must not be tried, any more than the other productions of Shakespeare, by Aristotle's rules—the violations of the unities are flagrant and numerous. There is, I admit, an amalgamation of the manners of different ages; there is even a great improbability in the story, if taken unconnected with the details so judiciously interwoven; and the character of Cloten, in particular, involves several inconsistencies; yet, with all these imperfections, who is there that has a heart to feel the charms of poesy, and is capable of estimating dramatic excellence, but has, both in the closet and on the stage, felt the purest delight and satisfaction from this drama? I have seen it represented often, and always with added pleasure: I have read it still oftener, and never arose from its perusal without having discovered some fresh beauties, before unobserved in the "mass of sweets."

To me, Imogen is the great charm of the play. Her disinterested love, her conjugal fidelity, her sweet simplicity and confiding affection, are beautifully depicted; and no portion of the drama is more pathetic, than the scenes in which she is an actress between the period of her fallen fortunes and her restoration to her husband's love. The play opens with the story of her marriage, contrary to the will of the King her father, who had destined her "to his wife's sole son," with Leonatus Posthumus, against whom a decree of banishment is passed for having dared to marry the royal daniel. We first meet with

Imogen in company with the Queen (her step-mother) and her husband. The former hypocritically expresses regret at what she has mainly contrived to bring about; having favoured an interview between the pair, before Posthumus leaves Britain; but she does not deceive Imogen; who, upon the Queen's leaving them together, exclaims—
 "O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest
 husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing

(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again."

When Posthumus would leave her, she says:—

"Nay stay a little:
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
 This diamond was my mother's—take it, heart;
 But keep it till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead."

The pathos of the two last lines comes directly to the heart. Posthumus departs, hurried away by the appearance of the King, and Imogen is left to bear the open anger of her father—to suffer the concealed persecutions of the Queen. She subsequently describes, in the following beautiful passage, the abruptness of their parting:—

"I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
 How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such, or I could make him
 swear

That shes of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest and his honour; or have charged
 him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

To encounter me with orison; for then
 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
 father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing."

These lines breathe the pure simplicity of a guileless, loving heart: they cannot be read without emotion by any one who prizes in woman constancy and truth; or

who has experienced the pangs of parting from one, who to him was "all in all." The ladies, those in particular who have ever been placed in circumstances in any degree approximating to those of Imogen, will, I doubt not, bear me out in my admiration of the truth and nature of these lines.

Her scene with Iachimo, in the first act, is spiritedly written; and her noble contempt of the slanderer of her absent lord finely expressed.

"Away! I do condemn mine ears, that have
 So long attended thee! If thou wert honourable,
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdain's

'Thee and the devil alike.

The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart,
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all."

Then her sudden change, when Iachimo tells her he only spoke thus, to "know if her affiance were deeply rooted;"—the pleasure with which she bears the praises of Leonatus; and her extension of pardon to the offender:—

"All's well, Sir—take my power if the court
 for yours,"

are admirable touches. As is the pious ejaculation with which, in the second scene in the second act, she retires to rest:

"To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, 'beseech ye!'"

In a scene with Cloten, she repels with as much spirit, as in the interview with Iachimo, some aspersions cast upon Posthumus; and what can be finer than the mingled expression of love, joy, and eager haste to meet the beloved object, contained in the following speech:—

Posthumus. "Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imogen. "Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?"

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,

Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not
That we two are asunder—let that grieve him—
Some griefs are med'cinable—that is one of these,
For it doth physic love; of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave;
Bless'd be

You bees, that made these locks of counsel!
Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,
gods!"

[She reads the letter, which informs her Leonatus
is in Cambria, at Milford Haven, and wishes
to see her there. She then resumes.]

"O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou,
Pisanio?

He is at Milford Haven; Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord, who
long'st,—

O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond), say, and speak
thick,

(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of
hearing,

To the smothering of the sense), how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-
going

Till our return, to excuse."

Perhaps, however, the finest scene in the
play—certainly the most pathetic one—is
the fourth scene of the third act, where
Pisanio informs her of the command, which
Leonatus, deceived by Iachimo, has given
him, to kill the "truest lady that ever
lov'd." She is stunned with the accusa-
tion of adultery, contained in the letter by
which her husband communicates his will
to Pisanio; who, when she has read it,
exclaims:—

"What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already."

She, "poor lady," almost beside her-
self, but recovering from her first shock,
inquires:—

"What is it, to be false?

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep
charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake?"

Pisanio cannot do his master's bidding.
He throws away his sword, which she her-
self had drawn, and placed in his hand, to
"hit the innocent mansion of her love, her
heart;" and Imogen has to urge him to be
true to his lord's behest.

"Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-
slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart;—

Something's afore't: Soft, soft; we'll no de-
fence;

Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! You shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be diseng'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. 'Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy
knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too."

The subsequent adventures of Imogen,
her assumption of man's disguise, her re-
sidence with Guiderius, and Belarius, and
Arviragus in the cave—her supposed death,
and recovery, with the discovery of the
body of Cloten in the wood, which, from
the clothes, she takes to be Posthumus—
the protection afforded her by Lucius, and
the establishment of her innocence, and
restoration to her husband, are all well de-
picted; but I have exhausted my limits,
and must refrain from further quotations.
What I have extracted is, however, suffi-
cient to enable those who honour my
paper with a perusal, to judge of the cha-
racter of Imogen. W. C. S.

York, April, 1824.

THE FATE OF PAULINA.

(PART THE SECOND.)*

"HAVING settled the affairs which had led me to Naples, I prepared to return to England; and but for the deep interest that Paulina had excited in my heart, I should have sailed from that port. A magic influence, however, connected with Paulina's fate, compelled me once more to visit the pass of the Appenines. I passed through Rome—I witnessed those scenes which have been ennobled by the acts of a godlike race—I beheld the works of art which millions have been delighted with—I saw

"The troubled Tiber,
Chafing with its shores;"—

and though Shakespeare's mighty hand had shed a ray of fancy-working rapture o'er the land, "it gave not to my heart and mind" that exquisite thrill, that deep-drawn interest, inspired by the obscure spot where I first met the heart-broken Paulina. With all her witching charms and touching sorrows, like pendant beauties o'er a more than earthly brow, the pale cast of thought gave a resplendency to her countenance which the most anointed smile would have failed to produce.

I resumed my journey, and one morning early I came within sight of the delightful village, embosomed in the green tufts of the spreading vineyards, and lovely to the eye as a dimple in the rose-and-lily cheek of smiling beauty. Soon the village bells struck my ear. They were ringing the death-note of one, who had left this world of sorrow and misery to seek for happier realms.

I rode up the village, round by the convent church, towards the house of Paulina's mother. I beheld a long funeral train—the coffin was borne by six young females clad in white—it was slung upon shawls—the white pall was strewed with flowers—the venerable priest, with solemn step, preceded the body—the big tear-drops stood trembling in his downcast eye—his white locks floated on the air—his voice was choked with grief, and deep-drawn

sobs prevented his utterance of the funeral psalms. A few friends followed the coffin: the chief mourner, through her weeds, I easily distinguished to be the mother of Paulina! My heart turned—she was no more! How had she died? Had grief put the last blow to her miserable existence?—I dismounted, and joined the train amidst a concourse of the villagers. The awful silence was interrupted only by the deep sighs of the aged folk around me, by whom Paulina had ever been regarded as a daughter, or by the monotony of the death dirge which rose and fell plaintively upon the gale. The bell now tolled more quickly, and, from the decreasing distance, it struck more deeply on the ear. The heart quivered at every knell; and fancy caught, in the appalling sound, poor Paulina's last farewell to all on earth who loved her. The service was read by the clergyman as one who mourned the fate of a daughter that had formed the sole hope of his declining years; his lips moved, but his voice failed to give distinct utterance to the words. When the coffin was committed to the earth's cold bosom—and when the mould was first thrown upon it—the hollow rattling sound smote fearfully upon the heart. There was one who seemed as though her life had withered at that sound. She wept not; but the deep seal of unceasing sorrow was on her brow. Her soul seemed fled with her's whose cold body lay for ever concealed from view. She was led unresistingly from the grave.

I returned slowly to the inn—my heart was full—and my soul was sorrowful. I learned that the ruthless Francesco had for a long time, unseen, beheld Paulina in her pilgrimages to the cross. He judged that, even in her madness, she found a melancholy pleasure in adorning the rude monument of his guilt, and he determined to deprive her of that solace. One evening he watched her to the spot. The moon had been, from her first rising, concealed by thick clouds. He beguiled her into the deep ravine. Whether by his voice, by the association of the scene, or by a momen-

tary flash of reason, is not known—but she seemed to recognize him, and shrieked aloud for mercy. He had it not. Even on the very spot where he had murdered her lover, he stabbed his helpless victim. Her struggles prevented his blow from causing instantaneous death, and he led her bleeding to the village—he took her to her own home—and waited calmly for the avenging arm of justice, which, though slow in its progress, ever overtakes the wicked. He was taken, tried, and condemned to die. On the succeeding day he was to pay the forfeit of his crimes on a public scaffold. Before the judges his answers were firm and undaunted; and, though threatened with the rack, and the horrors of a dungeon, they failed to intimidate him. They had condemned him to die—his head was to be severed from his body—he was refused christian burial. “His triumph,” he said, “was complete, for he had avenged an insult—and he should kneel with pleasure to receive the headman’s stroke.”

I felt a curiosity to behold this fearful youth. I went to the market-place, and saw the sombre preparations. The executioner had arrived—and his polished axe

glittered in the sun. The stir and indignant buzzing of the distant crowd announced the approach of the murderer, who, in a few minutes, trod firmly up the steps of the scaffold. He surveyed the scene with an apparently cold indifference. He gazed around—his cheek was pale—his air had something wild in its appearance—but that wildness seemed not to originate in fear. Whilst the priest sang the penitential psalms, he seemed to pray internally, but no sound escaped his lips. When desired to prepare himself, he loosened his cloak, opened his collar, and turned to take a last look at the bright sun and at the scenes of his youth. As his eye glanced over the house in which his mother, and that in which Paulina had dwelt, a convulsive throb agitated his countenance. Beyond this, nor sign nor motion made he more.

“His look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy.”

He knelt for two or three minutes in silent prayer, then laid his head upon the block, and at two blows his head was severed from his body.

W. H. L.

SIR ROBERT MAXWELL, OF ORCHARDSTON.

THE adventures of this Scottish Baronet were said to have furnished a prototype for the hero of *Guy Mannering*; and an admirer of *La Belle Assemblée* has been at much pains to procure authentic particulars of a romance in real life. Sir Robert Maxwell was the representative of an ancient Baronetage in Galloway, an extensive district in the south of Scotland. His father, bigotted to the Catholic faith, and a recluse in his habits, sent his only son, at the age of eight years, to be educated in a college of Jesuits. The paternal estate was in the mean time given over to a brother of the devotee, to be managed for the expatriated boy; but Mr. Maxwell, soon after the decease of his elder brother, circulated a report that the heir of the estate and titles had died at the college in Flanders; and, assuming the title of Sir Gilbert Maxwell, he was accordingly, in all due forms, installed as proprietor.

Young Robert, the lawful heir, had never relished the Jesuit discipline; and on a trivial dispute with his superior, he absconded from the seminary, and enlisted in a French marching regiment. He fought as a foot soldier at Dettingen, had a fall share in the brunt of battle at Fontenoy, and landed in the Murray Frith, as an ensign in the French service; joined the rebels before the engagement at Falkirk; marched with them to Derby, and retreated with them to Scotland. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and a few friends of that country conducted him to Lochabar, where he underwent in their extreme all the hardships and privations of a fugitive. Winter approached, and with a constitution impaired by loss of blood, and the want of common necessities and clothing, he knew it must be impossible to exist in a climate so cold. He therefore wished to gain the coast of Galloway, and on board

of a smuggling vessel to effect a return to France. He concealed himself in thickets or clefts of rocks by day, and by night pursued his melancholy route to a district, where he was quite unconscious of having a full right to claim a handsome estate and ancient title. He was forced to part with all his clothes in barter for food, after he left the hospitable Gael; and, when apprehended and taken before a magistrate at Dumfries, he had no covering but a tattered great coat. His commission as a French officer was found in the lining of this miserable garment, which saved him from the forfeiture of life as a rebel. As a prisoner of war, he was confined in a stone-paved dungeon; but his buoyant spirits found amusement even there. He gave characteristic names to each stone in the pavement of his dreary abode; and when better days ensued, he took great pleasure in showing the stones to his friends, and explaining the allusions on which he founded their appellatives. He never concealed his real name, and his French commission proved it to be Robert Maxwell.

The faithful attached nurse of his infancy lived at Dumfries, and becoming accidentally acquainted with his story, was convinced he must be the rightful heir of Orchardston. She visited him in prison; but previously, with the sagacity and prudence for which the Scottish peasantry are remarkable, she went to different respectable gentlemen, and declared that if the French prisoner was her dear nursing, a mark on his body would establish the fact. Cold and fatigue had caused an illness to Maxwell; the nurse attended him with maternal affection, and when he recovered, begged leave to examine the mark by which she could indisputably assure herself of his identity. The proof appeared; and almost frantic with joy, she ran about the streets proclaiming the extatic discovery. The rumour was conveyed to the magistrates;

they examined the proofs; but Maxwell, with ingenuous candour, acknowledged that though he remembered being in Scotland, and that his father was a Baronet, he had always been led to suppose himself a poor dependant on the Jesuits. The estate of Orchardston lay but a few miles from Dumfries; the usurper was powerful and vindictive; and in general, all were cautious not to incur his resentment. A Mr. Gony, however, nobly espoused the cause of Maxwell; procured his release from prison; clothed him suitably to his claims as a Baronet and landed proprietor; and furnished him with means to establish his rights. He commenced an action against his uncle, who was indefatigable on his part in his exertions to prove the French prisoner an impostor. Before the cause was decided, however, chagrin and anxiety terminated his life; Sir Robert's identity was proved; and the neighbourhood were soon convinced that he was a valuable acquisition to their society. His polished elegance of mind and manners; his cultivated and powerful intellect; his generosity and kindness, endeared him to all, and he won the heart of a very amiable lady—Miss Maclellan, a near relation of Lord Kirkcubright.

Like many able and worthy men, he was allured into the promising but fatal speculation known by the name of the Ayr Bank. The seat of his ancestors must be transferred to a purchaser; a small reversion placed Sir Robert and his lady above absolute penury; they had been affable and liberal in affluence, and were respected under their reverse of fortune. The Earl of Selkirk, and many noblemen and gentlemen, redoubled their attentions. Sir Robert Maxwell died in 1786, on his way to visit the Earl of Selkirk. He left no issue, but his memory is cherished by esteem and affection.

B. G.

THE BLUE STOCKING CLUB.

It is well known that this appellation was given to a society formed by Mrs. Montague, which had for its object the substituting the pleasures of rational conversation for the empty vanities of the card table. The

society combined all the distinguished fair of the day, with occasional gentlemen visitors, among whom was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose custom of wearing *blue stockings* gave to the party he frequented that distinctive

term which has been applied to all feminine candidates for "Sappho's wreath" from that period. But time, as it renders a name or society ancient, may, from the change of mode and feeling, endow it with some share of sarcasm and ridicule; hence, the common acceptance of *Blue Stocking* is, one who without the stimulative of genius, aims at profundity of learning for mere ostentation, wanting the faculty which true talent carries, of subverting and availing itself of cultivation. Donna Inez is the very *Blue Stocking* commonly received, for—

"Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity;
Her wit (sometimes she tried at wit) was attic, all
Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;
In short, in all things, she was fairly what I call
A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity;
Her evening, silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's Prayer;"

And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure:
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if she thought that mystery would ennoble 'em.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers;

A Mrs. Trimmer's books on education—
Or "Caleb's Wife," set out in quest of lovers;
Morality's prim personification,
In which not envy's self a flaw discovers:
To other's share let female errors fall,
For she had not e'en one—the worst of all."

And this is the picture which many estimate as the true sitting of a *Blue Stocking*: assumption without power—superficial knowledge without strength of intellect. The present age refutes the illiberality in the highest and most successful manner, and the *Blue Stocking Club* of our time combines souls, whose memory will shine through distant years, the pure star of woman's unfading fame, vying, in the hemisphere of intellect, in equal brilliancy with the emanating rays of prouder man. The

cultivation of the female mind has been as rapid as successful, and in no age could so many women of superior talent be boasted as in the present! England, particularly, keeps the ascendancy over every other nation—not forgetting the *De Staël, Séguin, Genlis, Cottin*, &c. of France; but "our nationalities trebles their amount" in the field of intellect. It must be owned, that education is in every part of the world carrying its bounteous stream, and nurturing the faculty of mankind; but in every other country it is opposed more or less by the bar-gates of power and oppression; in England alone does it keep on its glorious course, bestowing grandeur wherever it flows, and with Lethe-like agency opening the sense to the reception of divinity, and the loss of many of the ills of earth, with those who taste its pure and vivifying waters. Women have "drunk deep of the Pierian stream," and most successfully combat against that opinion, which went in a great measure to the deprivation of equal grandeur with "the proud thing man." The *Blue Stocking Club* of our day is a most brilliant and gratifying association to consider: there are some feelings of the human heart, which cannot be responded with greater truth and melody than by a "Sapphic string;" and the present age receives a music, until now, but by fits, vibrating through its sphere, and not greeted with one general concert of soul-subduing harmony. Methought I saw in a dream the assemblage of the tuneful choir (each crowned with a genius-woven wreath) the congress of intellect.

There sat in precedence of age, and equality of beneficence and virtue, the meek, the kind-hearted HANNAH MORE: she was identified by Patience, tendering her balmy draught to the thirsty spirit, toiling barefoot and wretched o'er the thorn-strewed earth. Benevolence claimed the tear within her eye, but Charity drank up the gem. There was a look of such sweet placidity upon her brow, as though beaming from her heart's inmost recess; it was the resignation of a spirit to the will of its god, smiling at earth-engendered ills, and presaging a haven of rest. Surely, I thought, should—

"——— A look like thine

Appear before the golden gates of heaven,
The guarding angel there would think it was

A sister spirit of the blessed, and bid
The harmonious hinges turn to let it in."

It was a smile that said, "the search after happiness" had not been unsuccessful, for its path had been the road of heaven.

Next to her sat one in greater dignity of spirit: her look was that of the prophetic god-possessed priestess; her eye shot its dark glance beneath a brow of thought—her face was pale yet firm, and her long tresses fell in beautiful disorder upon her marble neck. A cypress wreath, with some few dew-bedecked blossoms entwined, adorned her head, and drooped its weeping leaves in melancholy grandeur. Around her were "the Passions," spell-bound by her look—she sat in awful pomp amid subservient impulse; and as she spoke, each vassal feeling beat its bidden throb, and at her voice was hushed. Here, a young laughing joy-winged Love would flutter in reckless felicity, making a sky of bliss with its own blue eyes, and generating flowers and blossoms with its balmy breath; Hope, with jocund mien, ever by his side, amid his walks of truant fancy; and as real happiness peered upon the sight, just as he trimmed his wings to seek the proffered hold, up sprang Envy, and caught the cherub to her breast, imprisoning the god, and blighting his flushed face with her pestiferous breath. Here was Revenge shaking his lance in secret malignity—there Avarice counting his dusty heaps—here Jealousy with burning eye-ball and brain of fire—there Deceit with face of honeyed fold, and acquiescing glance, she sat enthroned, human passion's mistress.—Need I say, it was JOANNA BAILLIE.

And there sits another, whose pensive air and modest unassuming guise seem to bespeak a reciter of domestic miseries. Upon her head is a wreath where may be seen the types of those she speaks of—the beautiful flower of patriotism, choked and broken by the weeds that spring around it, with its dependant blossom mourning over the stem it lived from, and the modest blossom of true genius and innate merit, obscured by surrounding worthlessness from the fructifying sun; just sustaining vitality, with the double sense of feeling what it is bereft of, with a disdain to creep like a tendril round the stalk of power, when its own beauty and merit should be

its independence. When I saw these I thought of noble-hearted *Wallace*, and the spirit-broken gallant *Thaddeus*. I saw the patriotic chief struggling against tyranny and oppression—rendered desolate by the hand of rapine, yet wedded to his country's wrongs—the bridegroom of honour, whose hand he never for a moment left, but even grasped upon the fatal block. The virtuous *Thaddeus* also came upon my imagination; I saw the exiled prince, the man who had commanded armies, and who had walked the first in courts. I saw him sitting at his humble hearth in St. Martin's Lane. I saw the Prince of Poland nursing the sick child of his humble landlady—the heir of a nation in the employ of a print-seller. As I contemplated the scenes of his calamity, I turned with a love and veneration towards her who had aroused the most grateful feeling in our nature—that of administering to genius and native worth the kindest efforts; and thinking what are the pangs, the heart-burnings of obscure merit, struggling against the grossness of the world, and the overpowering circumstances of appearance, to establish itself, and claim its legitimate observance! How many toil through every-day insult, dependants on caprice and heartless power! My admiration was great of this fair being, and I owed her worth and her gentle sister's, with a feeling the most grateful; for I hope it taught me to appreciate unpatronized talent.

My attention was next called to the fair author of *Julian*, whose beauty evinced a mind fraught with too much elegance for success with indiscriminate crowds. *Julian* is a work of much intellect, but not dramatic, and genius cannot curb its bounds to prescribed rule and place.

The Vespers of Palermo was recalled to my mind, as I beheld the partner of Mary Russell Mitford, a work that forms another proof of the above conclusion, and most forcibly substantiates the assertion of feminine strength of intellect.

Lady Morgan, and the author of *Frankenstein*, and many others were there; and as I contemplated the scene, I thought Passion and Fancy had gathered their hours into one beautiful circle—one odorous, ever-blooming bouquet of lovely nature. As I looked, I thought of the degradation

and confinement of the female mind in other countries. I contrasted for a moment these lights of creation with the tenants of a harem, and sighed at the country and the men who absorb all soul and intellect—degrade beneath humanity beings born to mount the skies—clip an aspiring angel's wings, and make it a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water."

Nothing has kept so rapid a pace with the improvements of the age as female cultivation, a refinement which may henceforward prove a powerful stimulus to farther enlightenment. A woman of soul and education demands an equally gifted partner: as powerful kings are followed in their moods and fashions by duteous subjects, so may women create a fashion of refinement, and find equal success in its adoption. Hence, I would have every woman a *Blue Stocking*, at least in principle. By the term I do not mean, in its general interpretation, a refinement and elegance of soul not to be acquired by the perusal of fantastic novels, where the grand springs which actuate humanity are never discussed, but are only vehicles for the statements of morning calls and evening routs; but a firm and early acquaintance with reputed authors, which will impart strength and decision, the greatest ornament of the female character; to the want of which may be attributed many errors and misfortunes.

The nature of woman is, in itself, superior to that of man—its very ingenuousness is too frequently its greatest cause of unhappiness; it is education which gives a firmness to the lily, and whilst it adorns elegance to its bearing and a purer white to its leaf, yields it a dependence upon its own nature, and makes it the loveliest flower of nature's garden.

When this is considered, the members of the *Blue Stocking Club* of 1824 cannot be too highly appreciated, as the intellectual reformers of our age and of ages to come: they are not the common, every-day narrators of insipidity, but beings gifted with the highest share of the divinity, whose rays they emanate in all its purity of light and loveliness. I would that the whole of society was one large *Blue Stocking Club*, that is, not absolute members, but frequenters of the assembly; and that all women would combine to throw off the accusation of mental inferiority. In the lower orders of society, they are assuredly more enlightened than their "lords;" there is a greater aptitude—a more prevailing vivacity and quickness of intellect than in their male partners. As we trace society upwards the superiority is generally lost by the fair, though beginning to be contested. Hoping that in a greater degree the ladies may conquer,

I remain,

A LOVER OF BLUE.

OSMYN, A TALE.

"The very air

Is drunk with pleasure, happiness
Seems overflowing from the breasts of all
The half-starved beggar in the streets forgets
The pangs of hunger, waves his ragged cap
Aloft, and shouts joy! joy! The song and dance
Go gaily round, and, mocking heaven's bright stars,
Comets and streams of fire ascend from earth."—*Gerold's Story*

THE wide square of St. Mark's was crowded with masqueraders, and a mimic day blazed from the torches and the lamps which clustered round the pillars and porticoes, revealing the barbaric splendour of the palaces, the elaborate ornaments of the architecture and the tapestry hangings, the rich draperies of silver tissue and embroidered silks, which were thrown over

the balconies; whilst long garlands of flowers and fanciful knots of ribbons floated like pennants from the windows. The golden-winged lions crowning the columns of St. Mark, gleamed as brightly in the midnight radiance as when they reflected the rays of the meridian sun. The gods of the ancient mythology seemed to have descended from Mount Olympus to share the

revels of the demizens of the lower world. The sea had given up its tritons, who, with conch and shell, made the air musical. The Gnome and the Guebre, the giant and the fairy, had quitted their secret haunts to give lustre to the Carnival. Mortal and immortal, deity and demon, sages and warriors of every country and of every age; Cleopatras more beautiful than she who lost Marc Antony the world, and Lesbian maids peerless as Sappho, and like Sappho crowned, were assembled in one glittering mass. Pageant succeeded to pageant; the muses struck their golden lyres, and chaunted a hymn to Apollo, as they moved gracefully before the chariot wherein their tuneful master sat enthroned. Diana and her buskined nymphs, freshly emerged from green-wood shades and thickets deep, pursued their rapid course with feet which lightly skimmed the earth. A wild troop of Bacchanals, each waving a vine-garlanded thyrsis on high, shouted the praises of the jolly god as his leopard-drawn car shot madly across the plain; and Orestes haunted by furies, Faust and Mephistopheles, and Don Giovanni surrounded by the fiends, joined a brilliant company of armed knights and ladies fair, Amadis of Gaul, Charlemagne, and the court of King Pepin. The red Arab and the dusky Moor, the swarthy Ethiop and feathered Indian, mingled freely with dainty cavaliers and gorgeous nymphs. Tripping to the merry sound of the castanet, and the tinkling melody of the gay guitar, men and maidens from the banks of the Guadalquivir performed their national bolero, whilst the loud war-whoop of the painted savage, brandishing his fearful tomahawk in close conjunction, disturbed them not. Belphegor and Lucifer, with their tails twisted over their arms, and their hideous horns erect, trod the sprightly measure with white-robed virgins, the vestal guardians of the sacred fire. Crowned emperors and fettered slaves, rude pirates and gentle ladies, in this universal jubilee, joined hands and hearts. The gibbering ghost, the bright-eyed star, the tumbling scaramouch and stalking skeleton, entered alike into the joyous pleasures of the hour. The gazer's eye was dazzled by the vivid and fantastic spectacle which the Venetian carnival presented; the shout of the mad-dancing populace was mingled with the

sound of ten thousand instruments. During a moment's pause a strain of melody came borne upon the breeze to the listening ear; in the next, it was lost to the deafening clang of the hoarse trumpet, and the double drum, the clash of the cymbal, and the roar of the multitude: all was splendour and excitation; the sky seemed one flash of crimson, as the flaming meteors from earth followed each other in quick succession, dimming the eternal stars; whilst the many-coloured lamps below flung their bright effulgence upon snowy plumes and roscate wreaths and sparkling gems.

In the centre of this gorgeous festival there were two persons who stood silent and alone. Unmasked, and leaning against a marble pillar, placed in the only solitary corner of the broad square, a young man, attired in a Turkish habit, disregarding the brilliant scene around him, gazed upon an opposite balcony, where a fair form, shrouded in a white veil, leaned listlessly over the carved rails. The peculiar form of the turban, the style of the dress, and the easiness of the wearer, told the observant stranger that this costume at least was not assumed. From under the muslin folds which encircled his head, beamed a brow of flame; yet the dark flash of his eagle eye was tempered by the melancholy expression of a countenance, whose lineaments the most celebrated Grecian sculptor might have copied in his finest work; the perfect symmetry of his form could not be hidden by the wide trowsers which enveloped it; and the splendour of his descent might be inferred by the rich jewels which glittered in bright profusion on his vest, his turban, and his diamond-hilted scimitar. The lady on whom his ardent gaze was bent, wrapped closely in her shadowy veil, seemed wholly unconscious of his regards, and solely intent upon shutting out the gaudy pantomime from her weary view. At length, to breathe a fresher air, or to inhale the perfume of the buds which canopied the balcony where she stood, she drew aside the mantling gauze. A light breeze, which now played softly amidst the trembling lights and waving flowers, wafted it gently from her head: the deep blue eyes, the skin of ivory hue, and the golden tresses wantoning over a neck of snow, revealed by the falling drapery, seemed not to be of

Italian origin. She cast a languid glance across the square, and encountered the piercing gaze of the surmised stranger. She started, clung with one hand to the rail for support, and passed the other over her brow—bent hastily forward, looked again, and again, and drawing her veil round her, disappeared. In another moment she made one of the crowd in the square of St. Mark's. Passing eagerly through the idle throng, she turned towards an illuminated portico which led to a ball-room, where the nobles of Venice had assembled for the midnight revel, and entered the festal palace. The Turk was no longer stationary: he followed the steps of the veiled lady, and they who had parted on the banks of the Danube met in the saloons of Venice. With bosoms agitated by the remembrance of the past, isolated and apart from the gay ~~ups, swimming~~ with luxuriant movement through the winding mazes of the dance to the voluptuous melody of lutes, or dallying with sportive conversation, or engaged in the soft intercourse of the soul, the Moslem warrior and the Christian maid sat in a quiet nook, recalling, with tender melancholy, scenes of tumult and of horror, which had made a deep and lasting impression upon both.

Apparently born to act a prominent part on the grand theatre of life, a mind fitted to engage in deeds of high emprise, and thoughts of lofty daring, were stamped in legible characters on the manly countenance of the soldier; but the fair creature who bent like a drooping lily beside him, so fragile, so tender, so delicate, that she scarcely appeared like a daughter of earth, seemed to have been nursed in the lap of affluence and ease, and carefully secured from all contact with the rough tempests, the shocks and conflicts which are this world's inheritance. But it was not so: even this sweet flower had been exposed to the rude breath of the stormy wind, to keen encounters with dire and desperate enemies; and, whilst her outward form retained its surpassing loveliness, her heart was deeply scathed.

Osmyn Mehemmed Ali was the son of the Sultan Achmet, by Chandara, a Georgian princess. From his mother he inherited the beauty which characterized her race and country, and a spirit resolutely

bent upon overcoming every difficulty exposed to its high aspirations. He was not the heir to the Ottoman throne; an elder brother, Ibrahim, claiming that dignity by birth; but Chandara was the favourite of the harem; and though the policy of the Turkish court confined all the males of the royal house to as rigid a seclusion within the palace walls as is allotted by the custom of the country to every female above the lowest rank, the united influence of the mother and son prevailed, and the youthful suppliant was permitted to go forth in search of glory. The terrors of the sword of Osmyn Mehemmed were spread throughout a vast portion of the globe. A conqueror wherever he appeared, he had defeated the troops of Hungary and of Austria upon their own soil, and brought fire and famine into the centre of Ispahan. The rebellious Moors, on the shores of the Mediterranean, had felt the power of his arm, and the wild Arabs of Upper Egypt trembled at his name. With the splendour and the speed of a comet he rushed to battle, and victory crowned him with her greenest laurels. Nor did his prowess alone win for him a name exalted amid nations; skilled in all the learning of the East, the cultivation of his mind shed a brighter lustre over the conquests he achieved. Intrepid and generous, brave and compassionate, mercy followed his triumphal car, nor sued to him in vain. Adored by his soldiers, and respected by his enemies, Osmyn Mehemmed had run a race of glory worthy of a veteran in arms, ere the fresh bloom of youth had deepened into the fiercer flush of manhood's prime. Ere Belgrade had submitted to his sword, a deadly battle was fought beneath its walls. The imperial eagle fled before the bright crescent, and the banks of the Danube were covered with the corpses of the slain. The tumultuous joy of conquest had subsided in Osmyn's breast; he gazed upon the scene before him with tender melancholy, strongly, yet vainly wishing that another path to glory could be chalked out, unstained with human blood, and that he might become a benefactor to neighbouring kingdoms rather than a scourge. The victorious soldiers were busily employed in the burial of their dead. Suddenly a female form was seen eagerly advancing over the

embattled field: She passed, with shuddering horror, the Moslems who lay stretched upon the earth, but bent down with anxious and piercing gaze beside every recumbent Austrian. For a time she fluttered like a bird from corse to corse—but anon her progress was arrested: she stood for the space of a minute motionless—then a wild shriek burst from her lips—another—and another! She was instantly surrounded by a lawless band of Spahis, who essayed to tear her from a prostrate body, to which she clung with fearful energy. Osmyn flew to the spot: he, too, perceived that life still lingered in the bosom of the disabled warrior. The affliction, even more than the beauty, of the fair creature who had adventured in such a perilous pursuit touched his heart. With assurances of faith and friendship, so candidly and so deeply sworn, that no spirit blessed with kindred rectitude could doubt his given word, he conveyed the weeping daughter and her wounded parent to his tent: the best aid which the Turkish camp could afford was applied to the sufferer, and hope again beamed upon the brow of the lovely Jacqueline.

It was summer; the broad waters of the rolling Danube flowed in front of the spacious area wherein the Turkish legions reposed; the snow-white tents, crowned with the gleaming crescent, glittered in the sun, as they contrasted with the dark forests of pines on the summits above; the towers of Belgrade were seen in the distance; and, seated at her father's couch, with Osmyn by her side, the beautiful Austrian marvelled that she should feel so secure, nay even so happy, in the power of an infidel, who threatened to deluge that fair river with blood, and to crumble the proud walls of the beleaguered city to the dust.

As the time approached, destined for an assault on the town, which, in all probability, would prove final, the Count of Altendorf—so was the prisoner styled—dreading the danger to which his gentle daughter would be exposed should her generous protector fall, and thereby leave her to the mercy of his troops, grew evidently worse. The anguish of his mind was painted on his countenance; and Osmyn, having ascertained that a removal would not be attended with any immediate

danger, generously offered to forego the pleasure which he enjoyed in the society of his guests, and conducted them himself in safety to the limits of his own jurisdiction.

Scenes of strife and danger, in which Osmyn became subsequently engaged, did not banish the sweet image of his fair captive from his mind; and, when restored to the haunt of her childhood, far removed from the din of battle and the clash of arms, Jacqueline dwelt fondly on the remembrance of that invincible enemy to her country, who now triumphantly waved the standard of his Prophet over the Christian spires of Belgrade.

The Sultan Achmet, whilst his favourite son was pursuing the full career of his glory, died. Breathless with speed, a favourite slave of the Princess Chandara arrived at the head-quarters of Osmyn's army, then moving towards the Russian frontier. He brought intelligence of high import to the young Prince from his mother. The jealousy of Ibrahim, one of those monarchs who would not endure a younger brother near the throne, threatened his life; a few hours alone would elapse before the fatal mandate for his execution, or more properly his assassination, would reach the camp; and the crafty and ambitious Georgian conjured him to employ this precious interval in proclaiming himself Sultan; promising to aid an insurrection in Istamboul, by fomenting the discontents which were already visible in the capital and by bribing the licentious Janizaries who guarded the royal person. But Osmyn, though condemned to die by a brother's voice, would not purchase empire by revolting against him. He promulgated the news of his father's decease in the camp, and eloquently exhorted his troops to preserve their allegiance to his lawful successor. The soldiers with one consent loudly exclaimed, "We will have no Sultan save Osmyn; no King save the conqueror who leads us to victory." The youthful hero thanked his brave comrades for this warm expression of their affection, but solemnly assured them, that rather than plunge his country into civil war, and usurp a crown which of right belonged to another, he would pour out his blood before them with his own sword. Having somewhat succeeded in calming the rebel-

lions spirit, which, however, still manifested itself in murmurs, he retired to his tent, secreted his most valuable jewels about his person, and having given the rest of his moveable wealth in charge to a trusty friend, to distribute amongst his brave companions in arms, he disguised himself, and reaching the coast in safety, sailed to Venice.

In the interim the Count of Altendorf died : his heiress was consigned by his last will to her maternal relations in Italy ; and, surrounded by a mercenary and selfish family, who, though her near kindred, were yet strangers in sentiment, Jacqueline languished in the deadly fear of becoming the prey of her cousin Leonardo, who, seeking her wealth, in despite of her expressed aversion was a suitor for her hand.

It was under these circumstances that Osmyn met the fair Austrian at the Venetian Carnival ; and, almost forgetting his country and his creed, she flew to him as the only friend upon whom she could rely. It was not wonderful that, thus situated, the gay pageant around should be disregarded, and that Osmyn and Jacqueline, wholly absorbed in each other, should rejoice in the festival, only as the means of affording them a free opportunity for conversation.

Every hour strengthened the tie which bound them together, and one obstacle alone seemed to oppose a legal union between hearts already entwined as one—the creed of the Moslem. Jacqueline would have relinquished country, fortune, and relatives, but not to one whose faith she held in detestation ; but daring, when the welfare of a soul so dear to her was concerned, she essayed to turn him from these erroneous doctrines in which he had been educated. Osmyn's mother was a Christian ; and though in her, religion was merely nominal, her son dutifully held the opinions which she professed in respect. The devoted lover became a convert. Already had they meditated a retreat to some sweet sequestered spot, where competence and ease would bless a life of peaceful obscurity. These anticipations, however, were speedily annihilated by intelligence which arrived from Chandara. The sudden death of Ibrahim called Osmyn to the Ottoman throne. Fired with the zeal of

a young proselyte, grand designs came crowding to his heart for the advancement of Christianity in the East ; nor in such a cause did the timid Jacqueline fear danger. Young and enthusiastic, both confidently expected the realization of their projects in the promulgation of the true religion throughout the realm which owned their sovereignty ; and, with these hopes and determinations, they withdrew from Venice, where their marriage could not have taken place without such publicity as would have inevitably ruined their prospects. The blessing of a priest sanctioned their union in one of those sweet isles which smile, like fairy gardens, on the Adriatic sea ; and full of hope and love, they pursued their blissful voyage to Istamboul.

Hours of rapturous felicity, too exquisite, too bright to last ! Sailing upon the Bosphorus, the gorgeous city, with mosque and minaret, tower and dome, rising in the midst of myrtle groves and tufted orange trees, burst upon their admiring eyes. They felt as if destined to bestow the only blessing denied to the happy soil, and their hearts beat high with pious exultation. Chandara, the still beautiful Georgian, rushed into the embrace of her son, but coldly received his fair companion. Osmyn's dream of bliss was disturbed by the painful discovery, that his mother, whom he had fondly hoped would aid him in his endeavours, was unworthy of his confidence. Ibrahim had been murdered, and the guilt of this outrage was fastened on the proud Sultana. The necessity of dissembling his feelings, and of outwardly conforming to a religion which he held in detestation, was irksome to him ; yet, aware that it was only by observing the utmost caution that he could ever hope to succeed in his designs, he submitted to many painful duties. Still his evident departure from long established customs gave offence. Murmurs and whispers of discontent reached the ear of Chandara ; she saw her son tottering on a throne which she had secured for him by the commission of a deadly crime. To the influence of Jacqueline she attributed his estrangement from Oriental manners, and her fate was instantly decided.

Inhabiting a superb suite of apartments, where the fervid heat of the climate was

cooled by the fresh breeze from the river, admitted through shades kept constantly dripping with rose-water; surrounded by pomp and splendour, and her every wish anticipated, Jacqueline languished and drooped. Imagining that the gushing fragrance of those clustering flowers whose perfume she loved to inhale, might have formed a deleterious atmosphere to one so delicate, the heliotropes, the Persian lilacs and hyacinths, together with all the breathing sweets of blooming myriads, were withdrawn, and scentless blossoms alone permitted to deck her chamber. But the precaution was vain. The resplendent light of day now became too powerful for her weak frame, and a soft twilight was shed, during the blazing hours of meridian heat, through the still open lattices. Osmyn, half distracted by his fears, hung in speechless anguish over the silken couch whereon the pale and wasting form of his beloved reclined. No entreaties could lure him from the spot; and the stern Chandara, perceiving that the means which she employed worked too slowly for her purpose, increased the deadly draught; and, devoured by an insatiable thirst, the lovely victim eagerly drained the poisoned chalice. Even by the faint uncertain light which rendered every surrounding object dim and indistinct, Osmyn saw the lily fairness of that

angelic countenance, which he watched with such fond solicitude, change to a livid hue. Jacqueline lay a corse before him! The frightful truth struck upon his soul; he knew that she was murdered, and by whom. He called vehemently for lights; but, ere the attentive slaves had yielded their prompt obedience, he was stretched in happy oblivion on the floor; and, before he had recovered to a sense of his wretchedness, the lifeless form of Jacqueline was hurried to the grave. Osmyn awoke to fruitless rage, to hopeless misery. Breathing vengeance, he resolved upon the sacrifice of the cruel destroyer of his happiness; but the bitter reflection, that his powerless arm might destroy the living, but could not restore the dead, changed the fierceness of his anger into gloomy despair. Spurning his mother from his presence, he demanded to be left alone. Many hours elapsed ere the chief officers of the household dared to invade his retirement; but when, at length, they burst the door of his chamber, they found it untenanted. Osmyn had resigned the crown—had fled from the throne. No trace of him could be discovered; until, at the expiration of twenty years, on the dead body of a grey-headed hermit, who died in his cell upon Mount Caucasus, was found the signet ring of the Sultan.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.—No. II.*

AN ENGLISH 'SQUIRE.

"The gentry of England are the treasury of the Nation, the support of the Crown, the safety of the Kingdom, the walls of the Church, the pillars of the State, the honour of the Bench, the credit of the Bar, the heroes of the Camp, the learning of the Court, the patriots of their Country, and the maintainers of Honour, Arts, and Arms."

If there is a true Englishman existing, it is my friend, Harry Harebrand, Esq. He is now passed the hey-day of his youth, the blood has ceased to run gallop in his veins—and he has retired to his *unencumbered* paternal inheritance of some ten or twelve thousand per annum, where he resides in the bosom of his family, adored by all who come within the sphere of his influence.

In politics he is a Tory; in religion a

high churchman; as a father he is kind and affectionate; as a husband, attached and sincere; as a friend, true and firm-hearted; as a landlord, liberal and humane; as a magistrate, merciful and just. You will tell me, I am drawing an ideal character—one that never did, nor ever will exist—"a faultless monster which the world ne'er saw," nor shall see—indeed I am not; but I have in my eye one of the worthiest beings in the world—and he is one of the staunchest fox-hunters and

* Vide page 149.

sportsmen in this kingdom: a man who has so lived through the season of youth, that the approach of age brings with it no terrors, nor scarcely any diminution of vigour: who will follow the hounds with as much spirit as the youngest rider in company in a morning, and spend the rest of the day—not in riot and debauchery—but in domestic enjoyment and rational recreation, and charitable, legal, and other pursuits—for he never neglects a duty, nor slights a petitioner.

For fifty years he has never raised his rents. As he inherited his estate from his father, so he has kept it: his tenants have grown grey under him, and he says he hopes he shall live to see their children do the same. No agricultural distress was felt by them; for they were not rack-rented by their landlord to afford him the means of pursuing vicious pleasures in the metropolis, or on the Continent; on the contrary, by residing upon his estate the greater part of the year—and by personally attending to their complaints, and remedying their little grievances—he has created a paradise around him, where all is happiness and content; and where discontent and repining are unknown.

My friend is a constant attendant upon his parish church—the income of which he has raised, from his own property, so as to make it a respectable living for a clergyman, and one upon which he can reside with comfort and satisfaction. On going to, or returning from church with my friend, I have often been reminded of the Spectator's description of his visit to the sacred edifice with Sir Roger de Coverley. His tenants, and the inhabitants of the adjoining village of — (nearly all of whom, by the bye, come under that description) crowd the simple fane; and, after service, as the worthy "Squire" is returning home, every one is eager for a word of recognition, a kindly shake of the hand, a friendly smile, the good-humoured "how d'ye do?" or some other little notice from him; and the children in particular, early taught by their parents to lisp his name, as their friend and benefactor, are indeed pleased if they can attract his attention. When I have seen him thus in the midst of his dependents, receiving and dispensing happiness—how have I wished, that many of our

wealthy proprietors would also see, and take example by him. Happy days would there be in England, if all her affluent sons were like 'Squire Harebrand.

In his family circle, you meet with all the elegancies of social life, in strict accordance with the refinement of the age. His sons are fine dashing young men, educated to walk in the steps of their father—his daughter (he has but one) is an angel—his wife is worthy of her husband. In fact, they are a family united and at peace with themselves—and in harmony with all around.

Three days in the year are gala days on his estate. His own birthday; the King's Birthday; and Christmas Day. On those occasions he keeps open house in the old English style; all comers are welcome: the tenantry are regaled in the spacious hall, where the tables groan with substantial viands—and which rings with the shouts of its jovial occupiers, when "The King," "The Royal Family," and "Church and State," are given by the 'Squire, who always presides on these occasions. Nor are the cheers less hearty, when some honest farmer rises to propose, "our good landlord." Then you may see the glasses of old October turned off "in a twinkling, aye, before you can say Jack Robinson," as old Robin Homespun, who has "lived in the family, man and boy, any day these seventy years," says: then you may see the warmest, truest attachment beam in the hard features of the unsophisticated rustics, and hear them halloo to the very top of their voice, as they answer the call of their leader to "whoop, boys, whoop!" I have seen the 'Squire, at such moments, leave the hall, overcome with his grateful emotions; whilst the sons have heartily shaken the hard hands of the good people, pleased by their devotion to the best of fathers.

It is such a picture as this which I would hold to the aristocracy. How easy would it be for them to obtain the love and esteem and veneration of their inferiors. How easy would it be for them to spread the charm of content over the land, and to make our dear England a garden inhabited by industry and content. Oh! why will they not do this!

FORD.

MISS CHESTER.

FROM ALBINA IN LONDON TO THERESE IN THE COUNTRY.—No. II.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
 A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
 A brittle glass that's broken presently:
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead, within the hour.—*The Passionate Pilgrim.*

AND yet how great is the world's valuation of beauty, even to the loss of that mental accompaniment which should lend a light to the painted lamp, and bestow an odour on the rose. To this valuation may the lady of the present disquisition owe that trifling popularity which she at present enjoys, and which is held indeed but by a slender tenure; as by a species of sophistry frequent with the world, its consideration is only paid as long as the circumstance which prompted its first devotion exists: hence Miss Chester, admired but for her beauty, must with that "beauty's date" lose admiration and popular applausé. With other actresses it is not so: although the first blush of mortal charms may be swept away by time's "defacing fingers," yet genius outlives the perishable part of humanity, and commands observance. In my opinion, there never was an actress more indebted to the force of external charms, with less obligation to mental assistance, than the lady of whom I am writing; and I think Miss Chester is conscious of the debt to beauty, and her independence of intellect. I have noticed in real life an assumption of power, an apparent consciousness of the right to fascinate from the possession of beauty, which feeling has gone to the extermination of worthier and more solid refinements of the mind; and hence, she who possessed external charms, might find *all* her blandishments in a looking-glass; when, had not nature been so bounteous in her gift of feature, education would have been more industrious in its efforts, and the present beauty would have been more beautiful: so with Miss Chester. I think had her opinion been less excited by the ornament of face, the little genius she possesses would have been expanded, and would

have presented her an actress of more mind, than I fear she will ever prove to be, under the present self-valuation.

Beatrice is one of Shakespeare's most brilliant and witching characters; a part in which a feminine genius might sport with electrifying beauty; her wit should be more than looked by her eyes; speech should have some part; but it is not so with Miss Chester—she appears to conjure up her whole force of spirit into a glance—but the tone that should accompany its fire, is weak and childish. Her want of that nicety of discrimination which existed with real genius is palpable in the more vivacious and less guarded moments of *Beatrice*; where it should be the pure sporting of a sylph, it is the coarseness of mortality without the chastening influence of education. Her *badinage* with *Benedict* is boisterous and unlady-like; and where Shakespeare means her to tease, yet bewilder the soldier, forswearing women, the style of Miss Chester is persecutingly offensive, and virago-like. The wit of *Beatrice* "bears not a heart-stain away on its blade," but is bright and piercing. *Beatrice* uses but a small-sword; she does not, like Camilla, wield a battle-axe. The best line in Miss Chester's *Beatrice* is, "Kill Claudio;" she relinquishes for a moment the childishness and coarseness of her general demeanour in the expression of this passage; and, I have thought from this trifling circumstance, that she is capable of better efforts than her general practice evinces.

Violante in the *Wonder* has been frequently played by Miss Chester, and with rather more success than the foregoing character; there is not that intensity of spirit requisite for the development of the Spanish Mistress, as for that of Shakes-

peare. *Violante* is a mere first-rate lady of a fashionable novel; and as such Miss Chester represents her; vivacious without being intellectual, the speciousness of beauty, without that accompaniment which "adds a perfume to the violet."

Diana Primrose, in *The Young Quaker*, is quite at variance with Miss Chester's talent. It is the simplicity of Quaker attire, clothing the fashionable lady of routs and coteries; the unassuming garb of meekness unfortunately contrasted with an affectation of "shame-facedness" and assumed propriety: her sentiment is forced and oppressive; it does not flow in that stream of heart-yielding eloquence,

which brings with it conviction and exciting sympathy; it is the mere rehearsal of virtuous doctrines and exemplary events. Let Miss Chester be adorned with a white satin train robe—corresponding jewels—a frequent opportunity to display a fine and well-turned form, and flirt a fan, and, perhaps, there is no lady on the stage, who can exceed her in beauty of appearance, and elegance of manner; but when she is disposed of in any character where feminine sorrow, patience, sensibility or Shakesperian wit is called for, and the adoption is unfortunate and distressing. I shall, in my next, make mention of Miss F. H. Kelly.

ALBINA.

THE LEFT EYE.

A CALMUC TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

A RICH old man, who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named *Kookju*, was as much distinguished for her beauty, as for her extraordinary wisdom.

One morning as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's marketplace, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents they wished him to bring to them on his return. The two eldest asked him for trinkets; but the handsome and wise *Kookju* said that she wanted no present, but that she had a request to make which it would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish, though it were at the price of his life. "If it be so," replied *Kookju*, "I beg you do as follows: sell all your cattle except the short-tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except *the Chan's left eye*." The old man was startled; however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked for the price of the short-tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else but the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring request soon

reached the ears of the Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished him not to use such an offensive speech against the Sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him as a madman before the Chan. The old man threw himself at the Prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, of whose motives he was perfectly ignorant; and the Chan, suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man, under the condition that he would bring him that daughter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked:

"Why didst thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?"

"Because I expected, my Prince, that after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me."

"And wherefore dost thou desire to see me?"

"I wish to tell thee a truth important to thyself and thy people."

"Name it!"

"Prince," replied *Kookju*, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and noble generally stand on thy right hand, whilst the poor and humble stand on thy left. I have heard in my solitude that thou most frequently fa-

vourest the noble and rich. This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy *Left Eye*; it being of no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected."

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened, and the president, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try, whether her strange proceeding was the effect of *malice* or of *wisdom*.

Their first step was to send to *Kookju* a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which the top? *Kookju* threw it into the water, and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, whilst the top rose to the surface.

After this they sent her two snakes, in order to determine which was a male and which was a female. The wise maiden laid them on cotton, and on seeing that one coiled herself up in a ring, whilst the other crept away, she judged that the latter was a male and the former a female.

From these trials the court was convinced that *Kookju* had not offended the Chan from motives of *malice*, but the inspiration of *wisdom* granted her from above. But not so the Chan: his vanity was hurt; and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He therefore ordered her before him, and asked:

"On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home most?"

"She," replied *Kookju*, "who instead of climbing up the trees, remains below and picks up those which have fallen off from maturity or the shaking of the branches."

The Chan then led her to a fen, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over it; and *Kookju* said, "to cross it would be farthest, going round, nearest." The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and pro-

priety of her replies; and, after having reflected for some time, he again inquired:

"Which is the safest means of becoming known to many?"

"By assisting many that are unknown."

"Which is the surest means of always leading a virtuous life?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with a good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites of a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a pea-hen, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as the scale of a fish; she must mourn for her deceased husband like a she-camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair *Kookju*; yet, enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found the means for attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; after which, he promised to absolve her from *malice* in questioning his justice, and to admit that she intended as a wise woman merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise her implicit obedience to her commands for four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last day, she placed a dish of meat before him, and said, "Confess, oh Chan! that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat." The Chan was so struck with the truth of her remark, that he confessed the truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his *Left Eye*.

POETRY NO FICTION.—No. III.

There is a love! 'tis not the wandering fire
That must be fed on folly, or expire,
Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor ray
That fades as rises reason's nobler day;
But passion made essential, holy, bright,
Like the rais'd dead, our dust transform'd to light.

* * * * *

Then join'd and join'd for ever, loving, lov'd,
Life's darkest hours are met, and met unmov'd;
Hand link'd in hand, the wedded pair pass on
Thro' the world's changes, still unchanging, one;
On earth, one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,
One closing hour, one undivided tomb.—*Cicely.*

AMID the various scenes of this fitful existence, the most delightful one is that which wedded hearts and sympathizing minds create. In the morning of life man looks around for one being in whose faithful and unchanging bosom he may repose his future confidence, and glide onward with, supporting and supported, through all attacks of the world, disease, and pain. Our nature is never seen to a more beautiful advantage than when enthralled by such a care; it shews man in his native and ordained dignity of character, and woman in all those blandishments of an ingenuous and uncorrupted soul, accompanying and delighting her lord in his summer hours of joy and sunshine, nor shrinking from him in the "elemental war" and earth's assaults; she then shews "the tender fierceness of the dove," and the placid, helpless being of peace is nerved beyond her nature, and inspired by circumstance, with the feeling of Apollo's priestess. The actions of women have at all times been quoted as illustrating the divinity of human nature; M. Diderot has said, "a man never sat at Delphi on the sacred tripod; a woman alone could deliver the Pythian oracle, could alone raise her mind to such a pitch, as seriously to imagine the approach of a god, and, panting with emotion, to cry, 'I perceive him! I perceive him! there! there! the god!' It was a woman too, that walked bare-footed in the streets of Alexandria, with dishevelled hair, a torch in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other, exclaiming, 'I will burn the heavens with this torch, and ex-

tinguish the fires of hell with this water, that man may love his god for himself alone.' Such parts are to be acted by women alone." In women, then, confessedly, nature asserts her greater nobility and power: the disposition of men may admit of greater constancy of decision, but it is to the female character alone to embody itself with a feeling almost supernatural—to spurn and rise above all circumstance in the decision—to attempt every thing, and evince, by the daring, the beauty, and the valuation of such effort. In the shocks that visit the connubial state in every walk of life, woman is seen as the superior being; her cares and attentions are strongly excited by circumstance, and she becomes a creature of feeling and energy: the late meekness and complaisance of her nature are lost in effort, and her whole existence is absorbed in one great attempt. Such situations have been frequently portrayed by the poet and novelist, and from the general and prevailing unbelief, are, with other feminine actions, deemed merely beautiful fiction; and yet how many instances in history prove their resemblance and justify their truth! Even our own common observation on the less fatal vicissitudes of life must demonstrate to us, that if feminine action is to be elicited by trifling means, its excitation must become stronger in proportion to the awakening power.—But to proceed to our task, that of proving the truth of our supposed fiction.

Eleanor Christina, the daughter of Christian IV. of Denmark, was, in the seventh

year of her age, betrothed to Corfitz Alfield, a Danish nobleman; but a Saxon prince having claimed her in marriage, when she attained her twelfth year, the alliance was considered more suitable to her dignity, and attempts were made to induce her to accept the offer. As her marriage-promise, however, had been given, though not by herself, yet by others on her behalf, she deemed it too sacred an engagement to be broken; she therefore continued true to her word, and married him at fifteen. On the death of the King, the overbearing spirit of Alfield began to manifest itself, and his enemies, either secretly or openly, availing themselves of his weakness, contrived to effect his destruction. One misfortune succeeded to another; he was exiled, recalled, and imprisoned, and then again banished; thus he was pursued from one place to another, until he died in the greatest misery. Eleanor, though the daughter of a king, and brought up in the greatest luxury, determined to share misfortune with her husband; she followed him every where, in exile and in prison, and endured every sacrifice and privation, in order to solace him. Happening once to be in great danger, when travelling in disguise, she attired herself in a male habit that she might guard him, and procure him every accommodation. At another time, Alfield, during his residence in Sweden, became suspected of carrying on a secret correspondence; in consequence of which, the King appointed a commission to investigate the business. His wife appeared before the commission, excused her husband's absence on account of illness, and pleaded his cause with such energy and zeal, that the commissioners brought in a verdict of acquittal, which was approved by the King. Eleanor suffered severely for her conjugal affection, even after the death of her husband, by being imprisoned for the dreadful period of forty-three years.

Is not this (by some termed) romantic devotion, a practical answer to the poetic question:—

“Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripe of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out

In some far climate, where our names are
strangers,
For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When on a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our
heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me?—Wilt thou
then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?”

It is the practising of that promised in the poetic reply—

“Oh! I will love thee, even in madness love
thee;
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'savage itself and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
'ts roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with
sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the
morning.”

The affection, the endurance and privation of Belvidera, are the fabrication of the poet realized. Who shall also read *Sardanapalus*, and pronounce *Myrrha* a fictitious character; assert that her self-sacrifice is merely the incident of a poet, when it is recounted, that at the death of the Prince of Marata, in 1710, forty-seven women, his wives, were burned with his corpse?

Patience under unmerited wrongs, is another of the first feminine virtues; which feeling is quickly surmounted by action in defence of the wronger should circumstance determine it. In the war which Regner Ladbrog, King of Norway, waged against Fro, King of Sweden, Lagertha, a young Norwegian female, displayed uncommon personal courage, and by her valour, contributed essentially to the overthrow of the Swedish monarch. Regner saw her, loved her, and made her his wife; but he soon deserted her, and married another. In the mean time, his subjects having rebelled, Regner was reduced to a most embarrassing difficulty. Legartha, who had lived in retirement since the neglect of her husband, was no sooner informed of his situation, than she forgot all her own injuries, and hastening to his relief, was the principal

means of enabling him to obtain a victory Have we not the feeling in principle, which would undoubtedly have been the same in effect, in *Hermione*—should the subjects of Leontes have fallen into revolt, and have awakened the calumniated Queen from her strong semblance? She who could exclaim—

“ I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are, the want of which vain dew Perchance shall dry your pities, but I have that honourable grief lodged there, which burns Worse than tears drown.”

would not have “ preserved herself to see the issue ” of her child being regained, if faction or treason had called for her endeavours, but, with the mind that could exclaim as above, would have sought the battle field, and dared all danger.

The sacrifices to conjugal chastity in the female sex have beautifully demonstrated the divinity of their nature. The poor untutored Indian, who replied to a man, soliciting her to love and look on him—“ Oulaman, my husband, who is for ever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you, or any other person,” is equal in soul to the wife of history, for whose death the Roman matrons put on mourning; and this Shawanec Indian was every whit as learned in nature’s uncorrupted school, as the delicate mind of Lucretia, when—

“ — with a sigh as if her heart would break She throws forth Tarquin’s name.—‘ He, he,’ she says,

But more than he, her poor tongue could not speak,

I’ll, after many accents and delays,

Untimely breathings, thick and short essays—

She utters thus—‘ He, he, fair lord, ’tis he,

That guides this hand to give this wound to me.’

E’en here she sheathed in her harmless breast A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed.

That blow did hail it from the deep unrest Of that polluted prison where it breathed,

Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed

Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly

Life’s lasting date from cancell’d destiny.”

Can it be questioned, that if the Indian had received the same motive for self-destruction as Lucretia, but that her purity of soul, which could fashion such an answer to the first advances of unrighteous love, had from an excess of sensitiveness wrought its own release? Nature is every where the same, whether breathing by the waters of the Ganges, or promenading the beach of a watering-place; at least when it is uncorrupted. Nor fashion nor place can pervert the pure gush of woman’s affections, if originally flowing from a spring of brightness. It forms an unearthly draught for man in the wide green fields of liberty, or in the damp and low-roofed dungeon—in the moments of enjoying health, or in the last fatal hour of weak mortality. This blessing may almost always be insured by a cautious and reasonable questioning of our own senses. Reflection shews us the real worth, and strips fancy and impulse of their fading trappings. As it is the first hope in this world, the possession of an unsullied and sympathizing heart, so should the care that seeks it be worthy of the prize. The search, well-directed, brings back, like the home-seeking bee, the sweets of every flower that adorns this earth’s garden—proffers to our senses that delirium to which all other joys are weak and vain—yields a grateful repast in the sunny hours of summer, and provides a never-failing banquet for the season of snow. This is woman’s love, which, let the apathetic and perverse denominate the bubble of a poet, is a real beauty on the stream of life, heavenly in its structure as it is lasting. As we float onward, it becomes incorporated with us, and leaves us but with destruction. By woman’s love our hearths are converted into bowers for wounded feelings—retreats against the world—asylums from the earth.

I shall, in my next, attempt “ Maternal Love,” in all its beautiful and soul-adoring attributes, contrasted with the *poetry* of the passion.

JUAN.

Original and Fugitive Poetry.

TO

Adieu!—the world's rude voice
Now sternly summons me away;
Regardless of my wish or choice,
It harshly says, "you must not stay."

No—I must once again embark,
To roam on life's too stormy ocean—
To brave its billows, loud and dark,
And strive to stem their wild commotion.

Well! be it so—I long have known
To dare the tempest when it lowers;
To meet the storm-wind's threatening tone,
And calmly look for brighter hours.

But oh!—to *thy* advancing years
May peace, and health, and joy be given!
Oh! may they, free from cares and fears,
Roll on beneath a cloudless heaven!

Thine is the age of Hope's gay dream—
Ne'er may thy fairest hopes be blighted!
Thine are the days of Love's pure beam,
Ne'er may thy fondest love be slighted!

No—thine shall prove a kinder fate:
That heart to guilt and guile a stranger,
Nor hopeless love shall desolate,
Nor withered hope its peace endanger.

And if we're e'er again to meet—
As something whispers me we are—
Thy own sweet smile, so softly sweet,
Shall chase each gloomy thought afar

The same bright eye and blooming cheek
The bosom's freshness shall betoken;
The same enlivening smile shall speak
Of joy and happiness unbroken.

G.

VERSES BY A YOUNG LADY,

On receiving a Sprig of the Nightshade.

Oh! say why from gardens of beauty and pleasure,
Where flowers the loveliest grow,

Hast thou sent me so drooping, so mournful a treasure,
The Nightshade, that emblem of woe?

Oh! say why in scenes where all nature is smiling,
Like Eden in infancy's bloom;

In bowers so fragrant, in shades so beguiling,
Why springs this sad flower of the tomb?

Perchance some sage lesson of wisdom to render
(For thine is the office to teach),

Thou hast chosen this blossom so pensive and tender,
The moralist's language to preach.

Thus, when life sparkles brightest—and hope gilds the morrow
With that sunshine so dear to the heart—

How oft in our path springs the nightshade of sorrow,
And fancy's fair visions depart!

And this flower so hateful, its beauty deceiving,
Is like pleasure that lures us astray;

So false are the hopes we so fondly believe in,
That flatter and bloom to betray.

How often where beauty or pleasure reposes,
And youth sheds its earliest ray,
The poison of death lurks to wither its roses,
And steal its young blossoms away.

Yet though fading life's hopes, may thy joy's sweetly flourish
With a glory not swift to depart;

Though thy garden the nightshade of sorrow should nourish,
May it never take root in thy heart.

SONGS.

I

LOVE'S BONDAGE.

I dreamt that young Cupid to Flora's path strayed,
And cull'd ev'ry beauty that deck'd her domain;

But no flower by lightning or canker betray'd,
Or heart's ease decaying he wove in the chain.

The garland completed around us he drew,
The cable of joy caught our hearts in the toil,

He shed o'er the blossoms refreshing bright dew—
Their tendrils entwining struck into the soil.

Methought I saw Time—on his lip sat a smile,
And joy lit his face as he sharpen'd his blade;

But Cupid, still watchful, suspecting the wile,
His cruel intention for ever delay'd.

The god in a rage seiz'd the impious steel,
And breath'd o'er its surface a clothing of rust,

Crying—"Ne'er shall this garland your keenness reveal,
But ever unite 'till ye touch them to dust."

D. W. J.

II.

THE TEAR OF FOND AFFECTION.

The kiss-inviting lip that woos
 The thrilling soft impression,
 The glowing blush that would refuse,
 But sweetly speaks confession
 Ah! still more dear, more sweet than this
 (And what alone's perfection)
 The damask cheek, or stolen kiss—
 The tear of fond affection.

It glisten'd in her bright blue eye—
 Pure gem of magic worth—
 Engender'd by young Pity's sigh,
 And truth too gave it birth;
 And as it trembled in its cell
 I gazed, of voice bereft,
 Then snatch'd the jewel ere it fell,
 And blest her for the theft. D. W. J.

III.

BEAUTY.

The painted fly in colours gay,
 By summer zephyrs tossed,
 The being of a sunny day,
 The victim of a frost.
 So beauty shines a fleeting hour,
 But quick the moment flies;
 Like painted worm in summer's bow'r,
 It dies—ah, soon it dies! D. W. J.

LINES

ON THE MOON SHINING THROUGH A WINDOW UPON MY BED.

How softly blew the evening wind,
 How gently heav'd the billow,
 When, on my pensive couch reclin'd,
 A light shone o'er my pillow:
 Then silence ruled the weary hour,
 No pageant cloud was flying;
 The moon, within her starlight bower,
 Look'd pale, like beauty dying.

I started from my couch of night,
 Though nothing dread was near me,
 And wonder'd that a friendly light
 Had thus been sent to cheer me.
 I should have slept had angry storms
 Urg'd their dread fury past;
 I should have slept had fearful forms
 Their spells about me cast.
 I should have slept if fortune bleak
 Had frown'd upon my bed.
 But ah! it was a stranger meek
 That gently touch'd my head.
 For he who feels the wint'ry storm,
 The sun's refulgent glow,
 Must still call that a stranger form
 Which cheers his brow of woe.

Some start at terror's maddening host,
 And some at pale distress;
 But wounded bosoms shudder most
 At things that come to bless!
 'Tis past—e'en now thy mantle lay,
 Like diamonds, o'er the sea;
 'Twas then as bright as fortune's day,
 'Tis now obscure like me.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BEFORE me lies the troublous deep,
 Life's ocean, tost by many a storm;
 Behind me, hushed, the billows sleep,
 Whose calm wild winds no more deform.
 I tempted childhood's laughing wave
 And reckless toyed with danger nigh;
 I trod upon the gaping grave
 And smiled at fear, yet knew not why.

In youth I sought a brighter path,
 Yet paused to gaze at childhood's beam;
 Fled was the angry lightning's scathe,
 For peaceful is love's early dream.

What dangers press on manhood's prow!
 His bark is tost on every gale,
 The shoals of folly thicken now,
 And perils rise, and cares assail;—

Yet manhood past, how slight appear
 The terrors strewn on manhood's way,
 Night's cowering phantoms disappear,
 And broad and brightly shines the day!

Before me lies the troublous deep,
 The sea which angry waves deform,
 Yet Faith shall bid the billow sleep,
 And Hope shall soar above the storm.

TO SORROW.

SAY, gentle Sorrow, tenant lone of night,
 Where is thy mystic solitary bower?
 Does Genius there display her beaming light,
 And art thou governed by her fairy power?
 The vulgar soul his joy alone explores,
 Where riot runs her clam'rous noisy dance;
 Or where supine eternal Dulness snores,
 With senses bound in dark Oblivion's trance.
 But fair refinement to thy power is given,
 For thee hath youthful genius struck the lyre,
 Thou art the daughter pure of poet's heaven,
 That first essay'd bright fancy to inspire.
 Yes, Sorrow! in thy bower of drooping vines,
 The star of fancy gleams, and genius shines.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1824.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

DRESS of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the Parma violet, ornamented at the border with separate *rouleaux*, each entwined by satin ribbon the same colour. The gown is made partially low, and the bust is elegantly ornamented with narrow *rouleaux* and antique robings, in a kind of treillage work. The mancherons are ornamented with a row of *rosares*, formed of the same material as the dress. A broad falling collar of fine muslin, trimmed with lace, set on rather full, hangs over the shoulders and part of the bust. A bonnet, of white satin, with a bird-of-Paradise plume, and a full blown canker rose placed on one side, is worn with this dress, and a small cornette of blond underneath. A superb shawl of white Cachemire, with a variegated border, is carelessly thrown over the shoulders. The half-boots are of black satin, and the gloves of yellow kid.

No. 2.—EVENING COSTUME.

DRESS of pink *crêpe lisse*, with a very full and broad *bouillonné* puckering of the same material next the hem; this puckering is confined by bands, formed of very narrow pink satin *rouleaux*. Above this trimming are five common tucks, lying one over the other; they are rather broad, and are each edged with a narrow *rouleau* of pink satin. The corsage is *à la Seigné*; and on the back are crossed Spanish bracers of pink satin, edged with narrow Vandyke blond. A pearl buckle fastens the *bouffant* drapery, both in the centre of the bust, and at the back part of the tucker, between the shoulders. The sleeves are of pink *crêpe*, short and full; and are ornamented downwards, but not confined, by narrow *rouleaux* of pink satin to correspond with the *bouillonné* ornament at the border. The hair is arranged in the ancient Roman style, *à la Faustina*; and pre-

fusely scattered over with full blown Provence roses. Ear-rings and necklace of pearls; the latter of an entirely new pattern and most excellent workmanship. White satin shoes, and carved ivory fan.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THE versatility now presented at the park, the theatres, and in the different parties of high life, by the votaries of taste and elegance, can be compared only to the choicest flowers of a beautiful and well-laid out garden. The charmed eye knows not where to fix, but wanders amidst the brilliant hues of tasteful costume, with equal delight and admiration.

The commencement of April seemed to threaten us with a new winter; the velvet pelisse of sombre hue yet maintained its station, and the mantle pelerine of costly fur hung again over the shoulders of the chilly fair one. A carriage pelisse was displayed at this time, which will not, we believe, though velvet, be yet laid aside. The soft texture of the material, and its brilliant colour and light trimming, will not allow, we believe, its noble wearer yet to quit so beautiful an envelope: the colour is a bright geranium, approaching to vermilion, and the trimming is swansdown. Pelisses of *gros de Naples* are, however, now the general favourites; and the colours most admired for these spring out-door coverings are the Parma violet, cornflower blue, and cherial blue. They are chiefly lined with white, and are made extremely plain; except the bust and mancherons, there is no ornament on them, otherwise than three very narrow flutings in bias, lying one over the other, down the front of the skirt: the bust is ornamented by a kind of treillage work, and the man-





cherons with rows across, formed of antique roses. The collar is broad, visibly pointed at the corners in front, and falls gracefully over the back and shoulders. When the pelisse is of blue, a bonnet of the same colour and material is generally worn with it; but it is expected that large Leghorn bonnets, tied with a handsome coloured ribbon, richly figured, will be very prevalent this spring: the new patterns in Leghorn can scarcely be said to have appeared as yet; and those that do boast any novelty, we cannot say we much admire; they are large, unbecoming, and flap over the forehead. We would warn our fair countrywomen against extremes; a little while ago, and it was all finery with them; now there seems a propensity to exceeding plainness of attire. It is well for pedestrians; but it is only among the higher classes that this propensity is beginning to take place. Among them, however, as among the more plebeian, there are countenances that very plain attire does not suit, and that look best with a little smartness to set them off. We saw, on a young lady of fashion, a mantle of celestial blue satin, with three pelerine capes, each narrower than the other: the capes were each bound with elegant, richly embossed fancy trimming, the same colour as the cloak, which was lined with white twilled sarsenet.

The carriage hats are large, as are the bonnets; and though a kind of village manner is adopted in the putting them on, they have no claim to simplicity. The new hat is somewhat in the Opera form, and is placed very much on one side, and very backward; it is generally of a spring colour, with feathers of the same tint. The bonnets are very fancifully trimmed in various ways, with puckering, of gauze, ring-straps of fluted satin, &c. &c.: they are of figured *gros de Naples*, chiefly white, lined with pink, with a blond on the lining; the shape of these bonnets is becoming, and they have an air of much fashion about them. The favourite *armenienne* bonnet is of fine black beaver of a most charming shape and size, with a superb plume of ostrich, uncured feathers: some of these costly bonnets are from five to seven guineas each.

Is it because English silks are getting so very cheap, and that they know that the

price of foreign silks will, most likely, be as high, as to render them only easy of purchase to the wealthy, that many ladies among the first circles appear resolved to explode silk for their home costume? Beautiful chintzes, of the most elegant patterns, are now invariably adopted by them, when the greatest part of the day is devoted to home seclusion: their trimming is rich and novel; three rows of flounces, set on at equal distances, ornament the border; they are plaited down the middle, which gives an entirely new effect to the flounce: the dress is made partially low, and the corsage plain, but very distinctly marking out the contours; and when the chintz is striped, the stripes are laid in the most beautiful diversity across, or slanting over the bust; this depends entirely on the taste of the dress-maker: the *mancherons* are full, and formed of narrow frills, *en jabots*. For dinner parties, *en famille*, light coloured dresses of *gros de Naples* are much in favour; for those of ceremony, striped silks of a richer hue are preferred, particularly those of the Parma violet colour, or of the polyanthus red; these are invariably trimmed with white satin, consisting generally of two rows of lotos leaves united. A beautiful article for dress parties has lately made its appearance, in a white silk, most delicately figured, in a small pattern, the flowers of which are so closely grouped together, that the silk appears as if it was stamped. In order to display the beauty of this dress to advantage, very little trimming is requisite; the one we saw was lightly trimmed with blond; and this is certainly the most appropriate for a dress that bids fair to be highly patronized for evenings during the spring. Dresses of turquoise-stone-blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed with a profusion of white blond, are much admired for dress parties. Slight silk dresses, or those of crape, are trimmed with *cheveux de frené*, set on in festoons; these are terminated by one simple satin bow; that lame looking fashion which we hoped had been laid aside. If these last-mentioned dresses are worn at balls, it is generally a *bouquet*, either of flowers or beads, that distinguishes the termination of the border on one side. Levantine and Chinese crape are favourite materials for evening dresses: they are

trimmed in various ways, as fancy may suggest. Long sleeves are made to sit almost close to the arm, and short sleeves are very full.

Turkish turbans of white gauze, the folds confined by the gold or pectolus gauze, form a beautiful and truly becoming head-dress for evening parties; in front is placed a Seraskier plume of white feathers, at the base of which is a handsome pearl ornament. A rose-coloured turban of gauze, with a superb white plumage, is among the newest head-dresses for evening parties; it is made up in full puckering, and placed very much on one side, discovering the hair, arranged in a profusion of full curls; over the other side floats the plumage, but does not hang lower than the tip of the ear. For morning head-dresses, cornettes, entirely of lace, and lined with coloured satin, pink, blue, lilac, or jonquil, are universal; they are tastefully ornamented with bows of gauze ribbon, striped to correspond with the colour of the lining. The dinner cap for receiving a large party at home is peculiarly elegant; it has the appearance of a hat bent down in front, but it is very small; this hat part is of white satin, and instead of a crown, it has a transparent cawl like a cap, that discovers the hair, elegantly braided underneath; this cawl is encircled with a wreath of full blown Provence roses; and next the face, under the white satin hat brim, is a plaiting of blond, set on rather scanty, appearing like a small cornette; this blond is caught up on each side by a half-blown rose, that lies on the hair over each temple. This is a favourite afternoon head-dress with a very amiable and lovely royal Duchess.

The favourite colours are Parma violet, ethereal blue, bright geranium, pink, and polyanthus red.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

"We are as gay as possible, now," in this capital; our musical parties, and our brilliant dress parties, are without end; while

balls and public spectacles fill up every moment of a fashionable female's existence.

High dresses, forming a pelisse robe, are much worn in the carriage; they are of *gros de Naples* of some striking summer colour, chiefly pink, and are trimmed down the sides and border with a rich foliage trimming of satin; the bust has three strait rows downwards, of this trimming, which, I cannot say sets off the contour; otherwise, the dress is beautiful: the mancherons are extremely full, and are quartered like a melon. A falling collar of muslin, with a plaiting of fine lace round the edge, finishes the dress at the throat. I saw two pelisses yesterday, at the Thuilleries, that I much admired; they were of Cachemire, of a light brimstone colour: they had three pelerine capes that were braided from the very top to the bottom. Ladies, however, have entirely laid aside their fur collars with their riding dresses, and have substituted those of velvet. Mantles of Auricula brown satin, with a broad falling collar of velvet, are much in request for the promenade; these mantles fasten in front, with buttons of polished steel finely cut.

Hats of chip and rice straw are placed very backward; they are trimmed with ribbons of two different colours; they are puffed one over the other in the Spanish fashion; a few branches of lilac or of peach blossoms are added as ornaments. Straw hats are also becoming very general; they are of the same shape as the Bolivar hat, and are as large in the brim behind as in the front and at the sides; the strings that tie them are placed under the hat; they are trimmed with plaid ribbons, and a wreath of Parma violets, or common field violets. The hats made of *gros de Naples*, resemble very much the Scotch caps; though they have a brim, standing off very much from the face; bouquets of jonquils ornament these hats. Some carriage hats of white satin have the bewitching title of "The Furies' Hat!" The ribbons that ornament them are of the most striking colours, such as bright yellow and grass green, or *ponceau*, cut in leaves or long stripes. The sempstress bonnet is still worn *en déshabille*, but not close, as usual: it is stuck almost at the back of the head, like every other hat and bonnet. Blossoms of the almond-tree, and of the

Portugal laurel, are favourite flowers on hats.

Many dresses for the evening are made of *crêpe* or *tulle*, and are ornamented with *rouleaux* of rose-coloured satin, or with other colours equally gay and striking; these *rouleaux* are generally placed in bias across the skirt, and sometimes ascend as high as the girdle: when this kind of dress is worn at a ball, then a large *bouquet* of flowers is placed on that part of the *rouleaux* that ascend as far as the knee. There is generally a *bouquet* placed at every third *rouleau*; and the flowers in each should be of different kinds. Festooned flounces of blond, headed by *rouleaux* of satin, are favourite trimmings on dresses for concerts and evening parties: *gros de Naples* is in high estimation at musical meetings. White muslin dresses have already appeared at the theatres, with the bodies of the dresses drawn: over the long sleeves are worn five bracelets. At balls all the young ladies are dressed in white or rose colour; the bodies of ball dresses are laid in full small plaits; a white satin sash, with a rosette and long ends, confines the waist. A very elegant evening dress, of white satin, has drawn universal admiration; the border has a rich *boullonné* of *tulle*, confined above and below with Gothic ornaments in satin *rouleaux*; the body has antique robings, formed also of satin *rouleaux*; they close in a point under the sash, and then spread out again, in three double *rouleaux*, which keep widening down the front of the skirt, till they end at the *bouillon* that ornaments the border; this dress has long sleeves of *tulle*, the *mancherons* of which are prodigiously full, and are puckered and ornamented, *en calèche*, with *rouleaux* of satin: two broad gold bracelets are worn over the long sleeves. Clear muslin blouses, with tucks laid across, in bias, as high as the knee, with embroidery between, in a running pattern, either in white or in different colours, are among the favourite dresses of the present day. *Gaufrée* gauze flounces with *bouquets* made of feathers, constitute a beautiful trimming for ball-dresses.

A dress of Barbel blue, ornamented with white feathers, and called the Mexican robe, is much admired for full dress; with this is worn the Mexican head-dress, consisting of white feathers, standing upright,

in the Peruvian style, with an *Inca diadem* next the face, of gold and turquoise stones. The body of this dress is made quite plain, and the sleeves short and very full.

The Russian toque is the newest head-dress; it is becoming to most faces; a gold *bandeau* encircles it next the hair, fastening in front by a buckle: the toque itself is of pale pink velvet, and a superb plume of white, well curled feathers, floats over the right side. The head-dress *à l'Indienne* is very beautiful, and particularly becoming to young persons; the hair is arranged in very full curls, and flowers made of feathers are disposed in the most beautiful and fanciful diversity: they are chiefly foreign flowers, and generally those peculiar to Asia. For very full dress, the turban of a lady of fashion is composed of white gauze, elegantly folded and confined by gold lace; two plumes of Marabout feathers, bent down, one on each side, and spreading out towards the front of the turban, while they augment its size, add to its splendour. In front is a little point *à la Marie Stuart*, which, instead of descending on the forehead, is turned up. Some turbans are worn at dances; these are of gold or silver lame, are embellished with pearls, and are surmounted by an *esprit*, or a bird of paradise plume. A young lady, famous for introducing new fashions, has appeared in a Dutch head-dress; under a muslin cap is seen a half circular piece of gold highly polished; a veil, in folds, falls behind, as low as the small of the waist. The Mosbitish turban is a favourite head-dress, as are demi-turbans, which discover the hair beautifully arranged, and fastened by a comb of diamonds or different coloured gems.

The most fashionable purses are made now of red Cachemire; with a Turkish border wrought in gold; the cordons are of gold.

I heard the following conversation between two young ladies at a ball last week. "I thought, Mademoiselle, that perfumes were no longer in fashion at balls; and, yet I see a little smelling-bottle suspended from your neck-chain." "What you take for a smelling-bottle is only the case of a pencil with a gold head, which I want to make use of continually." "A pencil! at a ball!"—"Certainly! and this little memorandum—

book, with the mother-o'-pearl outside, which I put under my sash, contains two or three ivory leaves on which I write down my invitations for the evening." "Will you permit me to ask you if that is the only use of your memorandum-book?"—"Not exactly; sometimes I write on it a name I wish to remember; or I put down the description of a new dress that is worthy of imitation."

You see my hearing, as well as my eyes, and all my powers of observation, are diligently employed in giving you all the fashionable intelligence in Paris; and I must not forget to tell you, that, at this ball, which was extremely splendid, one lady wore on her hair a wreath of red poppies, in each of which was a brilliant on a moving pivot. They were common corn poppies, consequently very light, and they were made of the lightest kind of feathers, which ren-

dered the diamond the more 'conspicuous object.

The favourite colours are rose, celestial blue, grass-green, Auricula brown, lilac, and Nile-water green.

BAVARIAN COSTUME.

A petticoat of rose-coloured satin, made short enough to display a well-turned ankle to advantage; a corsage of black velvet, ornamented and laced with silver, with long sleeves of white *tulle*. Shoes of black satin, fringed and embroidered with rose-colour. A toque of gold brocade, and the hair arranged in the most tasteful, light, and becoming manner. Such is the national dress, in which an elegant Bavarian Baroness appeared on the 24th of last March, at a ball at Paris, given by the English Ambassador.

Monthly Miscellany :

CONTAINING

A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

LAST month we had to complain of a paucity of new publications; this month we may complain of a superflux. Entitled to priority of consideration, from the importance of the object to which it relates as well as from its intrinsic interest, is Captain Parry's "*Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1821-2-3, in His Majesty's Ships Fury and Hecla.*" Within our circumscribed limits, however, it is utterly impossible for us to offer even an outline of this expedition; an impossibility which we the less regret, as the book will almost necessarily be in the hands of every reader, and as in our last volume* we gave a brief notice of the course of the voyage, from its commencement, in May 1821, to its close, in October 1823. We would willingly offer an extract or two, but the attempt, on our

confined scale, would be little more than a mockery of the reader. The account of the Esquimaux, and of their habits of life, possesses considerable interest, though too diffuse and too full of repetitions. Excepting those tribes whose integrity and morals have been unpaired by an intercourse with civilized nations, they appear to be a quiet, harmless, inoffensive people, and by no means so stupid or ignorant as they have been generally represented. Some of them have even constructed ingenious charts of their coast for a considerable extent. Theatrical entertainments were resorted to in the ships as in the former expedition; and when the weather was too cold to be upon deck, the officers occasionally held musical *convivialities*. They also established a school, and at the termination of the voyage there was not a sailor in either ship who could not read the bible. During the milder intervals of the winter, they were engaged in exploring the island where

* Vide page 284.

they were sheltered, or in attempting to catch the white foxes, which were numerous, and of a very curious species. Unfortunately, they were not able to bring any of them home alive.

Captain Parry is said to be still decidedly of opinion that a north-west passage exists. It appears, however, that by the month of August 1823, the officers began to entertain doubts of success in the discovery; and about the same period the opinion of the medical gentlemen attached to the expedition became hostile to a longer absence from England. This important circumstance is thus stated:—

During the last winter and subsequently, the aspect of the crew of the *Fury* in general, together with the increased number and character of their complaints, strongly indicated that the peculiarity of the climate and service was slowly affecting a serious decay of their constitutional powers. The recent appearance also of several cases of incipient scurvy in the most favourable month of the year, and occurring after a more liberal and continued use of fresh animal food than we can calculate upon procuring hereafter, are confirmatory proofs of the progression of the evil.

With a tolerable prospect of eventual success, other circumstances remaining unchanged, I should yet expect an increase of general debility, with a corresponding degree of sickness, though at the same time confident of our resources being equal to obviate serious consequences.

The *Hecla* and *Fury* have been refitted, and are expected to sail upon another expedition (as we announced in a preceding part of this volume)* to pursue the discoveries towards the north, about the 10th of May. On the 7th, if we recollect aright, Captain Parry has announced his intention of giving a farewell ball and supper on board the *Hecla*.

Two somewhat formidable quartos have presented themselves to our notice, under the title of "*Picturesque Views of the Severn; with Historical and Topographical Illustrations, by THOMAS HARRAL: the Embellishments from Designs of the late Samuel Ireland, author of Picturesque Views of the Thames, Avon, Medway, and Wye.*"†

* Vide page 157.

† There is an edition also in royal octavo. In the quarto edition the plates are coloured from

"These volumes," observes Mr. Harral in his preface, "independently of the interest which they are of themselves calculated to excite, and of their value as companions to the *Thames*, the *Medway*, and the *Wye*, are necessary to the possessors of Mr. Ireland's '*Picturesque Views on the Avon*;' in that publication the Avon was illustrated no farther than Tewkesbury; in this, it is pursued, conjointly with the Severn, from Tewkesbury to the ocean. Thus, while complete in themselves, they form an essential sequel to, and completion of, Mr. Ireland's work relating to the sister stream. Of the designs," continues the author, "it is unnecessary to speak. They who are conversant with the picturesque beauties of the Severn and its varying banks—now bold, and bleak, and rocky—now modest, mild, and fertile—require not to be told of their truth to nature; and the connoisseur in art, unaided and uninfluenced by the dictum of others, will instantly decide upon their merit as productions of the pencil."

The embellishments of these volumes—about fifty-two in number—are executed in lithography, a branch of art to which we confess we are not extremely partial. Some of the views, however, are very beautiful; and, from being well acquainted with the scenery of that charming river, the Severn, we can bear testimony to their being faithful to nature. Contemplating this production in a literary view, we can venture to say that it indicates extensive reading and research; that the style is neat, compact, and well adapted to its purpose; and that, from its historical and topographical information, it constitutes one of the most pleasing and respectable works of its class.

Readers desirous of becoming acquainted with the state of Brazil, may derive much information by consulting a scientific work entitled, "*Travels in Brazil, in the Years 1817, 18, 19, and 1820, undertaken by command of H. M. the King of Bavaria,*" by Dr. John Von Spix and Dr. Charles Von Martius; and a production of a lighter and more general cast, entitled, "*Journal of a Voyage to Brazil, and Residence there, during part of the Years 1821, 22, and 23,*" by Maria Graham. Relating to South

nature; in the octavo they are plain, upon tinted paper.

America, Captain Basil Hall's "*Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the Years 1820, 21, and 22,*" will also be found to contain much curious, useful and entertaining information.

Another serviceable, and indeed valuable publication to persons proceeding to, or residing in India, is Wallace's "*Memoirs of India; comprising a Brief Geographical Account of the East-Indies; a Succinct History of Hindostan, from the most early Ages to the End of the Marquess of Hastings's Administration in 1823, &c.*" This volume is divided into three parts: the two first are devoted to the geography and history of the country; and the third presents a mass of varied information. The execution is clever and judicious.

"*The Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence; with Correlative Details of the Literature and Manners, &c. in the 13th and 14th Centuries,*" in two volumes octavo, is a respectably compiled work, presenting much amusement in its details; and it is not improbable that, at a future period, when room will permit, we may select a few passages for the entertainment of our readers.

As materials for the history of an important and deeply interesting period, we have to mention, "*Memoirs of his Serene Highness Anthony Philip d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, Prince of the Blood, written by Himself,*" from the French, and "*Memoirs of the War of La Vendée,*" by Madame Sapinaud, also from the French. The former may be regarded as a companion to that affecting volume in which the Duchess d'Angoulême related, with a simplicity and tenderness of pathos almost unrivalled, the sufferings of the Royal Family of France; and the latter may with great propriety be classed with the memoirs of Madame La Rochejaquelein and Madame De Bonchamps. Madame De Sapinaud was the sister-in-law of the Vendean leader, La Verrie, and was also related to other distinguished Vendean generals. Much of her volume touches upon the same events as those of the unfortunate ladies just mentioned; and she, like them, was placed in situations which unhappily qualified her to describe too well the miseries and atrocities of the Vendean conflict.

Subservient to English history may be

mentioned, "*Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her Second Husband, the Hon. George Berkeley, from 1712 to 1767; with Historical, Biographical, and Explanatory Notes,*" in two volumes octavo. This work lets us into a great deal of secret history, far more curious in its nature than edifying in its tendency. It proves, however, beyond all doubt or controversy, that the women of the present day are at once more enlightened, more amiable, aye, and more virtuous too, than they were at the period when these letters were written. Indeed, some of the representations which they contain of the manners of men, and also of women, are absolutely disgusting. Nor were their morals better than their manners. One little specimen of harmless wit, however, or humour—we know not which it might be intended for—we will exhibit. A Miss Chambers writes thus respecting a Lady Tyrawly, who was short-sighted:—

Lady Tyrawly has lately met with some misfortunes in her travels upon the walks and places thereabouts: she fell into a bowl of cream by endeavouring to pass over a table upon which it was placed, supposing it to be the common road every body went.

Some time after she met with a post, which she stumbled against with some violence; but, to avoid any disputes that might afterwards arise whose fault it was, she curtsied, and begged her ladyship's pardon; the post not answering, my lady took it for granted it had forgiven her, and so passed on her way."

These volumes, however, contain much curious anecdote, and much amusing display of character.

"*Memoirs of Goethe,*" written by himself, in two volumes, octavo, may be very amusing in Germany, but they strike us as being very dull in England. Yet most people will like to know something of the man who wrote "*Charlotte and Werter.*" Goëthe is the most eminent of German authors; and, though defective in taste, he is a man of surprisingly great and versatile talents. Born in the year 1749, he is yet in full possession of his powers.

Of a very different character from the memoirs of Goëthe, are the "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan,*" by her granddaughter, Alicia Lefanu. The work is executed in good taste and good feeling, abounds with literary

anecdote, and is altogether a most amusing and interesting volume.*

"*The Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewett, only Survivor of the Ship Boston, during a Captivity of nearly three Years among the Savages of Nova Scotia*," &c. is a very strange importation from America. It professes to relate the actual adventures of an individual now living. Those adventures are of an extraordinary character; and, from their extreme improbability, we strenuously suspect that if they are founded in truth at all, they are the production of one Major Longbow, a gentleman, as most of our fair readers are aware, of much *Mathewian* notoriety. The style is very humble and bald.

"*The History of Matthew Wald*," is another extraordinary book of a very different class. It is by Mr. Lockhart, one of the most efficient writers in Blackwood's Magazine, and who has been ridiculously considered as one of the numerous tribe of imitators of the great northern empiric. "Valerius," "Adam Blair," and "Reginald Dalton," had previously attested his capability in the art of novel writing, and proved him to possess a genius of great force, power, and originality. Lockhart is no imitator, nor can any of the works here mentioned be justly considered as an imitation of his brother Scotchman. "*Matthew Wald*" will increase, rather than detract from, the reputation of its author.

"*Ellen Ramsay, a Novel of Fashionable Life*," understood to be the first production of a Miss Hannah W. Moore, is a sweetly interesting and unimagined tale, in three volumes. Ellen, the daughter of a retired clergyman, becomes the *protégée* of a wealthy lady, by whom she is introduced to the world of fashion, where she makes sad havoc amongst the hearts of the *beaux*. A mutual passion arises between her and Lord Ashdale, who, unfortunately, is betrothed to a lady whom he does not love, and who does not love him. Many embarrassments and difficulties occur. The proffered hand of Lord Desborough, a wild

and profligate nobleman, is refused; in the progress of the tale Lord Desborough is put *hors de combat* in a duel; and, ultimately, Ellen and Lord Ashdale are united in the holy bands of matrimony. The story is conducted with great skill, and some spirited and strikingly descriptive sketches of fashionable life and character are given. The style, we may add, is neat and pointed; and the fair author has shewn herself a complete mistress of the pathetic.

We have a new work, in two volumes, entitled "*Frederick Morland*," by the author of "*Lochiel, or the Field of Culloden*." In this tale, the plot of which is extremely simple, the author's chief aim, as he observes in his preface, "has been to depict the world as it is, and as he has experienced it." Frederick, the hero, is at an early age placed by Sir Hector Holdfast under the tuition of a clergyman, with whom he resides until he enters the University of Edinburgh. He is liberally patronized by Sir Hector, but remains in total ignorance of his birth and parentage. He subsequently visits the Continent; but, in consequence of some youthful indiscretions, his pecuniary supplies from Sir Hector are withdrawn, and he is under the necessity of exerting his talents for immediate support. He tries his hand at authorship, but fails in all its departments, and is nearly reduced to despair, when a letter informs him of Sir Hector's death and of his own claim to all his valuable estates, the Baronet having acknowledged him in his will as his lawful son. Thus it may be said, "all's well that ends well;" and in the way of light reading, these volumes may serve to while away a few hours at a watering place, &c.

The admirers of that delightfully amusing work, "*The Hermit in London*," will be glad to hear that its author has been exercising himself in the production of a novel, called "*The Highlanders*," which is likely, we think, to attain considerable celebrity. The chief character, alledged to be the portrait of a certain *Noble Bard*, is drawn in colours "dark as Erebus." The descriptive portions of the work contain great beauty and truth.

Aurus, or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign, written by himself, is an imitation, though a very humble one, of that

* At page 47 of the present volume of *La Belle Assemblée*, we have given a biographical memoir of Mrs. Sheridan (accompanied by a finely executed portrait) abstracted from the work above noticed; and, at page 134, will be found three or four characteristic extracts.

once popular work, "The Adventures of a Guinea." Some of the anecdotes related, however, are sufficiently amusing.

Passing to subjects of a graver nature, we have to mention—and whether our limits or the character of our work will allow us to do more than mention—"Tactical Sermons; an Attempt to develop, and to exhibit to the Eye by Tabular Arrangements, a General Rule of Composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures," in two parts, by the Rev. Thomas Boys, A.M., of Trinity College, Cambridge: Curate of Widford, Herts. To the lovers of biblical literature, this will be found an extremely curious and valuable production. The principal object of the author—an object, in the attainment of which, it appears to us, he has been completely successful—is to shew that there prevails in the scriptures a mode of general arrangement, and that, as the essays of moralists, and the speeches of orators, are often composed according to a certain plan, a skeleton as it has been called, so the words of the spirit are delivered with an order and method peculiar to themselves, and possessing peculiar advantages of emphasis and perspicuity."

Medical works can rarely expect to be noticed in the pages of *La Belle Assemblée*; but, from the deep family importance of the subject, we are induced to make an exception to our general rule in favour of Mr. Farr's "*Treatise on the Nature of Scrofula; in which the Origin of that Disease is accounted for on New Principles: illustrated by various Facts and Observations explanatory of a Method for its complete Eradication*," &c. a new edition of which has just appeared. We can venture to assert, on the faith of a professional friend, that some practical inferences of important utility are to be obtained from the adoption of the plan laid down in this essay for the treatment of scrofula. The author appears to be a person of talent and observation, one who has had extensive practice, in which he has shewn considerable skill and much judgment. The cases adduced are strong proofs of his acumen and medical knowledge. As a physiologist and legitimate practitioner, he appears to advantage by his deductions. The medical and general public are much indebted to him for the doctrine he has broached; and we have no

doubt that, if the *modus curandi* he has detailed be persevered in, many unfortunate subjects of scrofula will be prevented from becoming victims to the merciless ravages of that dreadful disease, which has been so long in the list of the *opprobria medicorum*.

"*Letters from a Journal, or Sketches of Rambles in North Britain and Ireland*," by Andrew Bigelow, are the production of an American, and were originally published, in portions, in the Philadelphia Literary Gazette. The "Rambles," performed in 1817, consist of an "Excursion from Edinburgh to Dublin," a "Walk to Holyrood," a "Tour to Loch Katrine and the Grampians," "A Day in Lorn," a "Visit to the Grave of Colonel Gardiner," and a "Pilgrimage to Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys." Mr. Bigelow speaks in the highest terms of the hospitality which he experienced in Scotland and Ireland, and his observations on the scenery of the countries through which he passed are at once liberal and just, although he is sometimes tempted to indulge a smile at the expense of our rivers and mountains in comparison with those of North America. This little volume, though not of striking novelty or interest to the English reader, displays considerable ease and vivacity.

It may be expected that we should mention "*Alasco, a Tragedy in Five Acts*," by Martin Archer Shee, Esq. R.A., "excluded" as the title page somewhat strangely states, "from the stage, by the authority of the Lord Chamberlain." We have no desire to enter into the angry discussion which has arisen from the circumstance of Mr. Colman, the deputy stage licenser, having put his veto upon certain passages in Mr. Shee's drama. Individually, those passages appear to us to be perfectly harmless; but, on the other hand, they strike us as having been conceived and expressed in bad taste. The play itself is heavy, cold, and declamatory, and in all probability would not have succeeded in representation. Perhaps it might have obtained a temporary circulation, and celebrity in the closet, had it not been for its enormous price.

A new publication, in monthly parts, of "*Shakespeare, with Notes, Original and Selected, by Henry Noble, Esq., and Embellished by G. F. Joseph, Esq., A.R.A.*," has just been commenced. The specimen num-

ber that we have seen—"The Tempest"—is neat, and altogether respectable. In the plate, however, Miranda, by the side of Prospero, does not appear a tall woman, and yet Ferdinand is no taller than she is. The effect of this is bad. We are rather surprised, too, that the engraver's name is not mentioned.

"*Eugenia, a Poem, in Four Cantos*," by [Mrs.] E. P. Wolfurstan, indicates great amiability of mind, and perfect correctness of sentiment and feeling.

MUSIC.

An Explanation of the Harmonic Diagram invented by C. Wheatstone. Part I: The Elements of Melody, containing Elementary Definitions; the construction of Scales, Modes and Keys; Transposition and Progression of the Keys, different Classifications of Intervals, &c.—Wheatstone.

THE object of the present work, which may be gathered from the following portion of a short and well-written preface, is of the most laudable description. "The difficulty attending the acquirement of musical theory, has been the principal cause of the little attention paid to it by the generality of practical students. The intention of the *Harmonic Diagram* is to diminish this difficulty, and to render the groundwork of the science more familiar." The author goes on to shew the reasons which induced him to make use of the present novel mode of conveying instruction by the subjoined illustrative comparison. "As on a geographical chart, the relative situations and analogies of the various places can be more readily comprehended, than, by the most accurate and diffuse independent explanation; so on the *Diagram*, which is a representation of the principles from which the science of music is derived, the rules constituting the theory, from the apparent mutual connection of their elements, are rendered more evident than they could be in a desultory treatise." The truth of this observation will be readily allowed, and we feel much pleasure in saying, that the excellence of the plan has not been marred by the want of merit in the execution. Perhaps it would not be possible to inculcate the elements of a science which has been so generally neglected in a more clear and succinct manner.

The second portion of this work, and No. 187.—Vol. XXIX.

nounced at the end of the present, and which has for its object the explanation of the elementary principles of Harmony, will, if executed with equal ability, be highly acceptable to every lover of the delightful science of music.

Native Land, or the Return from Slavery: an Opera in three Acts, performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden; composed, with Selections from Zingarelli, Boileau, and Rossini, and arranged for the Voice and Piano Forte, by Henry R. Bishop.—Goulding, D'Almaine and Co.

FOR Mr. Bishop's talents as a composer we have always entertained and expressed the highest respect; and though the present opera will not, as a whole, allow us to speak with our accustomed warmth, it possesses many individually beautiful passages, which, from the pen of any other composer, would demand high praise. The overture is by Rossini; and though it is not one of the best of that composer's efforts, it is here well arranged for the piano-forte. In some passages it is marked with figures to express the most eligible method of fingering.

The introductory chorus, "*From burning Afric blows the Gale*," which is by Mr. Bishop, is bold and effective; and the trio, "*How beats my Heart*," introduced in the time, is eminently beautiful. The style is imbued with that elegance of sentiment which is so much admired in the works of Boileau combined with a small portion of the more pleasing mannerism of Rossini, and worked up with all the masterly ability of Bishop. The succeeding chorus, "*Rejoice, rejoice*," is striking, and well adapted for theatrical representation. The bells are introduced with much effect.

This is followed by a comic air, "*A Cousin I have, Sir*," which is another of those pieces wherein the genius of this author shews itself. It is particularly expressive of the words: the fall of the seventh from the C to the D on the word "*extremely*," is novel and effective on account of the great relief which is thereby given to the preceding passages. The musical phrase, set to the words, "*Nay, nay, never frown, Sir*," is at once beautiful and original: in a word, the whole song is remarkably characteristic of the best and most pleasing style of Mr. Bishop.

The air set to the words, "*Farewell thou Coast of Glory*," is an adaptation of "*Aurora che sagerai*," from Rossini's "*La Donna del Lago*," and it is too well known to need any further notice from us.

The air, "*Is't Art, I pray, or Nature?*" is in Bishop's flowing style.

The duet, "*Sir Stranger, turn*," opens with a subject possessed of a very slight portion of meaning. Had it continued in the same style, we should have considered it as a complete failure; but the allegro moderato movement in $\frac{4}{4}$ time is a redeeming trait. Though highly characteristic of the mannerism of Rossini, it is well wrought up, and therefore effective.

"*Sweetly o'er my Senses stealing*," adapted from Zinganeli, is remarkable for its elegance: the subject of the allegro movement is strikingly similar to the air of Mozart, in *Nozze de Figaro*, *Non so più cosa son' cosa faccio*.

The subject of the duet, "*Lo, when Showers descending*," is from Boileau's arrangement of an old French air, "*Au clair de la Lune*," but the adaptation of it for two voices, the variations, and the coda, place the talents of Mr. Bishop in as favourable a light as any piece in the opera. The words are, moreover, such as may be sung without the slightest reference to the scene; a circumstance that will still farther ensure its popularity.

The duet of, "*Oh, by that blue Eye's Brightness*," is airy, light, and pretty; well adapted to the subject, and highly dramatic. The accompaniments are simple, and far from difficult. This piece will be in requisition when the opera itself is on the shelf.

"*Oh, brave Rub-a-Dub*," is lively and martial, and well adapted to the subject.

"*Julia told me when we parted*," is arranged with taste and elegance. The parts both for the voice and the harp are very easy.

"*Deep in a Dungeon*," is common-place and ineffective throughout, with perhaps the exception of the passage,

"With burning grasp my hand he rung,
And thus the wretch in madness sung;"

and this is a decided imitation of a passage of the air, "*Per lui ch' adoro*," in Rossini's "*Italiana in Algeri*."

The *finale* to the second act is effective, and interspersed with many delightful passages of elegant melody. The *pas de deux* is delightful, and in our opinion the most tastefully beautiful composition in the whole opera.

"*Ye silent Stars*," presents several passages of great merit, particularly the one set to the words, "No, no, never," but as a whole it is common-place.

"*Oh, Listen to the Nightingale*," is quite unworthy of the talents of Mr. Bishop.

"*Set the Bells ringing*," is very little better.

"*There is an Isle clasped with Waves*," is pretty, though common-place, and a palatable imitation of the delicious melody, "*Home, sweet Home*."

"*Hours of Sorrow*," is selected from Rossini's *Zelmira*, and is a composition of considerable talent, and well adapted for displaying the great flexibility and powers of Miss Paton's voice.

"*Away with Grief, my Doubts are o'er*," is another selection from Rossini, viz from the opening of "*Otello*." The original chorus has been judiciously omitted. This is an air of great brilliancy and spirit. The andantino movement in $\frac{3}{8}$ time is singularly beautiful and impressive.

"*Had loved and lovely Shore*," is worked up from a subject in another opera, we believe in "*Brother and Sister*," at all events, from the beautiful melody of "*Go, Trifler, go*." The arrangement of the different parts is conducted in a masterly and judicious manner, though it reminds us very much of Rossini. We must own that we feel disappointed at seeing Mr. Bishop give himself up so largely as he has done in two or three of his late dramatic productions to the imitation of Rossini; we hope that in his next production he will not cramp his own originality, by following what is not worthy of being followed, at least by a man of his talents.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE activity of the present manager of the Italian Opera never was more conspicuous than during the last month. He had to contend, not only with numerous accidental impe-

diments, but with the inclemency of the temperature, which disabled nearly all his most favourite singers, and thus deranged all his plans. However, deprived, from that cause, of the powerful assistance of Madame Catalani, he has succeeded in obtaining that of Madame Pasta. The latter had already appeared on this stage, in the year 1817, when her youthful graces and happy endowments excited more attention than her talents. We are told that, when she quitted England at the close of that season, she went to Italy, where for several years she devoted herself exclusively to the study of her art, and made such progress that, when she went afterwards to Paris, she soon acquired a great celebrity, and her popularity has since increased to such a degree, that many of us, who had seen her first *début* here, could not help suspecting our neighbours of exaggeration in their praises. We were, therefore, the more anxious to see her again. She has already appeared several times, in Rossini's *Otello*, which Madame Camporese chose last year for her benefit. There is as much difference in the manner in which these two ladies act and sing the part of *Desdemona*, as there is between our immortal Bard's tragedy and the *Otello* of the *Marchese Berni*, upon which Rossini has wasted some fine emanations of his genius. Madame Pasta is now a clever actress; her countenance is expressive, and her gestures are correct, although they may appear sometimes more conformable to the rules of art than to the impulses of nature; but her peculiar and masterly style of singing surprised and delighted us more than her acting. Instead of those redundant ornaments by which the melody is disfigured by the generality of modern singers, she contrives to produce a greater and more pleasing effect, by a chaste simplicity, a pure and true intonation, and a taste which is always excellent and not unfrequently original. Her figure is rather under the middle size, but not devoid of dignity; her features are regular, as our readers may have observed in the portrait which we had the pleasure of presenting to them in our last number, and are susceptible of strong expression. Her voice has nothing very remarkable in its compass or power, but it is very sweet and flexible, and she manages it with a wonderful ability. She was extremely well received on her first appearance, and was greeted with several peals of applause, and when the curtain fell, there was a general call for her. She came on the stage, led by Signor Garcia, who had performed the part of *Otello* with great feeling and animation, and he had his share in this tribute of approbation paid by the public.

Begrez has resumed his former place at the opera.

Signor Remorini, primo buffo cantante, will soon appear, with Madame Ronzi de Begnis, in the "*Turco in Italia*."

Madame Caradori is to have her benefit next month, and *Don Giovanni* is to be revived for the occasion.

Signor Rossini is now composing a new opera, in which dances are to be intermixed with the drama, and he condescends also to write the music for the ballet.

Mlle. Noblet, after two years of absence, is come back to the King's Theatre, and has already re-appeared.

M. Ferdinand, one of the first dancers at the Académie Royale de Musique, who had never been in England before, is just arrived, to take the place of Albert, who is obliged to return immediately to Paris.

Signor Benelli, in consequence of the advanced period at which the King's Theatre opened this season, now gives occasionally three representations in the week, to make up the usual number of performances.

DRURY-LANE.

Pizarro has been performed at this theatre. Mr. Kean, as *Rolla*, presented a striking instance how genius may divide its efforts into unsuccessful monotony, and beautiful illustration. as a whole performance, it is a work of much character and talent, but eminently failing in the grand requisites which have hitherto been deemed indispensable for the representation of the Peruvian Hero. The celebrated address to the Peruvians again most forcibly assured us of the correctness of our opinion before expressed, that Kean is only the orator of passion, and not the set speaker. He must act while he breathes, he must have much to delineate, or he falls into supineness. Where his genius could grasp at any thing worthy its giant hold, Kean again asserted his powers, and soared high with great circumstance, which feeling particularly pervaded the scene in which he enters wounded, throwing the child of *Cura* to her arms. *Rolla*, as a whole performance, however, will add but little to the fame of Mr. Kean. But where were the fire and energy, the ambitious soul, heightened by some degree of generosity, in the *Pizarro* of Mr. Younge—it was, in truth, all remorseless tyranny. Wal-lack was interesting and soldier-like as *Alonso*.

Mrs. Bunn, as *Elvira*, fully met our highest notions of the gallant-minded heroine; linked to suffering by the strong restless power of early

passion, making her the floating mistress of a man, whose soul and acts are contamination to the loveliness of woman. The scene in which she leaves *Pizarro* was highly descriptive, of a noble mind re-asserting its first energies, and shaking off the bonds which love and passion had worked around it. Mrs. W. West, as *Cora*, gave an interesting delineation of the affection of the wife, and tenderness of the mother; her adieu to *Alonso*, and the speech to *Rolla*—

“Farewell! the god of war be with you;
but bring me back *Alonso*—”

were the effusions of a subdued yet trembling heart, the love of the general cause hardly conquering the fears of the wife.

The Road to Ruin has been played, and calls for more than a mere passing notice, as it will, to all appearance, be some time before the genius of another Munden shall awaken our best affections by the personification of *Old Dornton*, that compound of fatherly indulgence and amiable weakness. Munden has played it for the last time, and the stage has lost one of its most natural and fascinating portraits. The overflowing kindness of the floating parent breaking through all predetermined resolution, and again and again forgiving and welcoming his profligate child, was given with a nicety and truth beautiful and affecting. It saddened us, as we heard the repeated testimony of admiration await Munden's *Old Dornton*, to think, what time might elapse before the echoes of those sounds might be awakened by kindred genius. Though all the other characters were performed with much talent, yet they were partially neglected by the audience, who felt that they would still be present, they would survive; but Munden was fast fading from their sight through the clouds of oblivion—he concentrated all the interest within himself—and when the curtain fell, the assurance that *Old Dornton* was dead, brought with it all that melancholy resulting from the knowledge that one of the best and most affectionate beings that ever adorned the stage, had quitted it for ever. We would speak of the other characters, but we cannot break these associations.

In the tragedy of *The Stranger*, Mr. Kean represented the heart-broken husband. This piece has all the absurdities and contradictions of the German stage, yet still maintains a degree of pathos, yielding effect to the performance of the actor, and awakening a momentary interest in the auditor. The portrait of the *Stranger* is well-drawn, except at the conclusion, when he tacitly consents to “take his run-away wife upon his arm,” the weakness of which he, a few days before, execrated

with the most pointed acrimony. The moral of the play is decidedly bad; and if the stage gains its chief argument for existence, from the notion of its influence upon public example, the pardoning of a wife, guilty of the most flagrant crime, should not form an incident for theatric representation.

Kean played the *Stranger* with much effect; it has throughout that restlessness of feeling, that withering of hope, and slow-consuming despair, in whose development Kean is so pre-eminently successful. The passion of the *Stranger* is a smothered flame, whose inward burning is palpable in every sentence; his every word seems issuing from a furnace, and when excess of feeling bursts its barriers, even then intellectual strength, and settled pride, fight silently, yet hardly for the mastery; and so was it delineated by Kean. The appearance of his friend, the awakening of early associations, and the unclosing of that “close-shut sepulchre,” his heart, afforded much matter for sensibility; as did his last scene; and his speech, “she shall not live in mean dependance,” beautifully illustrated the native generosity of his mind, even under insult, asserting its first noble attributes.

The *Mrs. Haller* of Mrs. W. West was a simple and affecting performance.

Zoroaster, or the Spirit of the Star, is the Easter piece at this theatre. The plot is that of a Shepherd's Boy being visited by a Spirit, who yields every thing to his wishes, provided they never exceed the bounds of reason. As might be expected, the desires of the youth are the more excited with their enjoyment; and he finally breaks the treaty first formed with the Spirit, in asking of him immortality. The youth is confined in one of the pyramids, but ultimately gains his release from refusing to murder the queen his mistress.

With *Zoroaster* every thing has been done for shew, and nothing for sense. The scenery is beautiful, and presents a continued change of illusion; the panoramic views by Stanfield are particularly good, but here all praise must end. We would that some portion of reason could be infused into these holiday pieces—they are generally flat and uninteresting, but *Zoroaster* is the dullest of the dull. Harley, as an Egyptian pig-herd, is continually eking out old English proverbs, and bringing in his late companions, the swine, with most persevering industry. Wallack looks well—he is not permitted to do more—as does Mrs. W. West, whose introduction in such a piece as *Zoroaster* reflects little credit on the judgment of her employers.

The scenery and dancing will, no doubt, obtain for *Zoroaster* the vitality of a month.

COVENT GARDEN.

The School of Reform has been produced with its usual effect. Rayner fully maintains, by his vigorous and effective delineation of *Tyke*, that name which his first appearance created. Blanchard, as *General Tarragan*, gives a humorous sketch of the blunt, irritable soldier, whose penchant is, from custom, fighting—but whose benevolence and kindly feelings spring from the recesses of nature—and yield a pleasing contrast to the predilections of the soldier, Jones, as *Ferment*, displays all that spirit and quaint mutability which so eminently distinguish his character—there is such an air of whimsicality and good nature; yet the errors arising from the heedlessness of the former are amply repaid by the reconciling quality of the latter. His scene with *Lord Avondale* was particularly amusing. Abbott's *Frederick* is gentlemanly, as indeed are all the efforts of this gentleman; but they have too much method and apparent ambition to raise the subject above its merits—we advert to his first scene with *Lord Avondale*. Chapman was very respectable as *Old Tyke*, as was Egerton as *Lord Avondale*.

Mrs. Gibbs played *Mrs. Ferment* with the most irritating, yet pleasing taciturnity; she appeared worthy of being the first founder of the new system of governing by silence. Mrs. Davenport's *Mrs. Nately* is a most charming performance; she endows her with all that mildness of temper and kindness of spirit which make age fascinating. Mrs. Pearce added nothing to the interest of the piece by her performance of *Shelah*—her dress, too, was strangely out of place. Miss Henry's *Julia Tarragan* was misapplied meekness personified.

"*The Spirits of the Moon*" is the Easter looked-for spectacle, and possesses all those requisites necessary for what is termed holiday-pieces, when an audience is supposed to be in a merry mood, and without questioning the reason or probability of the work presented, is sufficiently gratified if every scope has been given to the mechanist and scene-painter—whose abilities are the only points to be discussed. Criticism is supposed to be in aberration, and good temper is called upon to reconcile incongruity, and smile at disorder. We will, however, endeavour to state the plot in which these wonderful transmutations and events take place.

Miran, the rightful heir to the throne of Egypt, has been some time disguised as an Arabian boy, and partaking of the toils and lowliness of the "sons of the desert." He is aroused from this life of humility, by the appearance of a *Seer*, who conjures him to seek

the city of his fathers, and dethrone *Zereck* the usurper. The boy quits the Arabian hut, and is followed by *Antola*, an Arab woman, under whose care the Prince has been left. *Miran*, however, gains the city, and, by the assistance of his attendant genius, is, after the usual "hair-breadth escapes," reinstated on his father's throne. His nuptials are celebrated with *The Princess Zephina*, after the evil powers have borne away the usurper.

Farley, of course, plays the usurper, and perhaps leaves all competition hopeless in the personation of the tyrant of fairy tales. His melo-drame is correct and forcible, rather a little too royal and authoritative, but "e'er stepping the modesty of nature" cannot be much censured in spectacle. Cooke, as the secret friend of the *Princess Zephina*, caught every opportunity, which we regret was too much limited, for the display of his excellent melo-drame acting. Meadows, as a *Major Dono* to the Court; was amusing, as was Blanchard, as *Stockpantitch* (rather a modern name for an Egyptian tailor) and they both delivered their anachronisms with as much good-nature as possible. Of Young Grimaldi, too much cannot be said—there may be intellect even in the distortions of a tumbler, and perhaps no one was ever more entitled to grave admiration than Grimaldi, as the slave to the diamond-merchant. We are happy for the present and future generation that so considerable a personage to our amusements as *Chon*, will be no whit abridged by the succession of the son to the father.

Miss Love, as the youthful Prince, contributed in no small degree to the success of the piece. She executed a song, in which her fine lower notes were brought into great effect. Yet we wish she had been made less subservient to decorations and scenic beauty. Mrs. Vining, as *Antola*, the Arabian woman, in no way forfeited the fame which *Cherry and Fair Star* and *The Vision of the Sun* had obtained for her. But the prevailing want of incident in the present piece is a great fault, and makes the actors mere automata. Notwithstanding, what Mrs. Vining could do she fulfilled with the most tenacious ability. Miss Beaumont, as the *Princess*, looked sufficiently handsome for the heroine of a fairy-tale—more was not allowed her. Mrs. Pearce we do not admire; there is an abrupt coarseness in her manner much at war with our opinion of feminine refinement. We know that a villager should not be portrayed as the tenant of a drawing-room, but there is a line, at least, for decorum to choose.

The Spirits of the Moon possesses some of the

most beautiful scenery, and capable illusions we ever witnessed, particularly the first scene—the “Inundations of the Nile,” which most forcibly brings to our recollection that most beautiful address of Barry Cornwall’s—

“O thou vast ocean—ever-sounding sea!

Thou symbol of a drear immensity!

Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal.”

The panoramic exhibition also calls for the most unqualified praise, and every thing as far as the arrangement of mammoth matter is concerned reflects the highest credit on the taste and assiduity of Mr. Farley. We regret that there is not more interest in the piece, or a little reason in the dialogue. We should like to have our ears gratified, if possible, as well as our eyes. ‘Tis said, the stage is a mirror of the events of the world, if so, these exhibitions are rather satiric, for common sense and splendour are never in company.

The Hunters of the Alps has been revived with some success. Jones, as the gay-hearted *Felix*, must ever please, whilst T. P. Cooke, in his poetic delineation of the wretched husband and father, forms the most forcible opposite to the picture of affluence, and calls up our sympathies by the contrast. *Meadow*, as *Jeronymo*, was loquacious and subservient, and Keeley, as *Baptista*, industrious to please.

Miss Love, as the Savoyard *Genevieve*, was all rustic fascination, and sang her music sweetly, and Mrs. Faucit, as the wife of *Rosalva*, called for equal praise.

The Man of the World has been repeated with much approbation.

ORATORIOS.

THE Oratorios have not, we believe, been so successful as those of last season, a circumstance which must be attributed, not to any deficiency in the talent employed, or to any mismanagement on the part of the proprietor, but to the unexpected opening of the Opera House on the Friday nights. The powerful aid of *Madame Catalani* has, in this instance, been injurious to one concern, without being in the slightest degree beneficial to the other. All our English singers of celebrity, male and female, have contributed to the gratification of the public during the series, and, on the whole, the performances at the regular Oratorios have been infinitely superior to those in the Haymarket. The principal new pieces have been “*Jerusalem Delivered*,” and the “*The Prophecy*.” The former did not meet the expectations which we had formed from the reports of those who had heard it on the continent,

but the latter, by Mr. Wade, far surpassed our hopes. The composer, though a very young man, seems likely, ere long, to hold a conspicuous situation among our English professors. In this production there are many imperfections, and even errors, in the instrumental arrangements, but such a spirit of genuine melody pervades the whole, that we are satisfied experience alone is necessary to raise Mr. Wade to the first rank of our native composers.

APOLLOCON.

For musical amateurs, a favourite Saturday morning’s lounge presents itself, to hear Mr. Purkis’s grand selections on that stupendous instrument, the Apollolon, at Flight and Robinson’s rooms in St. Martin’s Lane. The delicacy and precision, the fineness and force of the performer’s fingering, are truly surprising, while, at times, the deep tones and powerful swell of the instrument seem to shake the building. We have been present several times, and have invariably found the attendance numerous and highly respectable. The instrument, we believe, may be heard every day, but it is only on Saturdays that Mr. Purkis performs.

MR. SMART’S LECTURE ON ELOCUTION.

In the Passion Week, Mr. Smart broke into his regular series of Shakespearian Readings, by delivering a Lecture upon Elocution, which excited extraordinary interest. In the progress of the Lecture, to the advantage of instruction, were superadded the charms of tasteful recitation and oratorical display. Having expatiated on the value and importance of good reading, and on the superior advantages which that art leads to in public speaking, he most happily illustrated the subject, by first reading, as he was permitted, he said, to read it when at school, that noble passage from Young’s *Night Thoughts*, commencing—

“The bell strikes one! we take no
note of time,
But from its loss,” &c.

He then gave the same passage in the *song* style; then in the *mouth* style, then in the *flippant* style; and, last of all, in the *solemn* and *impassioned* style in which it would be read by a man of education, taste, and judgment. This was as fine, as correct, and as impressive a specimen of the art as we ever witnessed. The elocution of the pupil, of the senate, and of the stage, were in turn disposed of with great effect. All reading, Mr. Smart remarked, partook, more or less, of the

vehement, the grave, the pathetic, or the gay and humorous manner. To exemplify the first of these, the *vehement*, he gave the well-known curse of *Kehama*, by Southey; the second, or *grave*, a passage from Blair's Poem of *The Grave*; the third, or *pathetic*, Charlotte Smith's almost inimitable *Sonnet to the Moon*, and the fourth, or *gay*, one of Southey's minor poems, in which the appearance and properties of the *Pig* are very happily treated in a burlesque strain.

In the course of the evening he delivered a characteristic or dramatic reading of the tent-scene in the acting play of Richard III., and a scene from Goldsmith's comedy of *The Good-natured Man*. He also recited Collins's *Ode on the Passions*, a celebrated passage from Lord Byron's *Guano*, &c.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

ACADEMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE.—*IPSIBOE*, Opera en quatre acts, paroles de M. de St. Yon, musique de M. Kreutzer, ballets de M. Gardel, décorations de M. Cicri.

THE subject of this opera is taken from a novel written by the Viscount Arlicourt. The fair *Zenair*, one of the principal characters in the piece, is seated on the throne of the kings of Provence, where the Salic law, as it appears, was not in force. As her right is not well established, a strong party took upon her as an usurper. The head and soul of this party is *Ipsiboe*, whose wild habits, eccentric temper, and mysterious life, throw upon the piece a deep shade, which strikes the fancy of the spectator, and prepares him for all sorts of romantic impressions. The Duke of *Solamire*, one of the grandesees at the Court of *Zenair*, supports *Ipsiboe*, and is the leader of those faithful subjects who wish to reinstate on the throne the lawful heir of the kings of Provence. But this heir, who is called *Alamède*, and wears the plain dress of a Troubadour, does not himself know who he is. The secret of his birth is known only to *Ipsiboe* and to *Solamire*, and they are to reveal it to the people, and to *Alamède* himself, when the proper time is come. But the execution of their plan is thwarted by an unforeseen obstacle—love, who knows no prejudice of rank or birth, no legal opposition, has subdued *Alamède*, and the object of his affection is the very person who has usurped his throne. Such, in the world, as well as at the opera, are love's frolics.

Ipsiboe has made an assignation with *Alamède* in the subterranean vaults of the kings of Provence. There she is to impart to him the secret of his birth and of his high destiny.

There he is knighted by *Solamire*, and *Ipsiboe* shows him, in a magic picture, the fate which awaits *Zenair*. This picture, which is exhibited at the end of the second act, is executed with a perfect optical illusion, and with all the magnificence of the opera, and it had a powerful effect on the beholders.

Alamède, still surrounded with mystery, is determined, whatever his fate may be, not to live or to reign without *Zenair*. Meanwhile, the conspirators meet, and *Alamède*, who is not yet informed of their plan, is anxious to promote it. But he learns with surprise, that all their preparations tend to the overthrow of *Zenair*. He vainly wishes to protect her, and vainly swears to die with her; all is ready, and *Zenair's* palace is soon on fire. *Alamède* runs through the palace, among the burning wrecks, to save the object of his love.

In the end, *Zenair* is triumphant and settles every thing. She generously declares that, as *Alamède* (whom she loves) would not reign without her, she will not reign without him. *Ipsiboe*, at last, moved by their mutual affection and then virtue, says "My children, come to your mother's arms." *Zenair* and *Alamède*, who takes his true name of *Edjar*, run to her, and their union is celebrated by *fête* and dances.

The music of M. Kreutzer is well adapted to the rapid succession of those wonderful incidents. His chorusses are on a grand scale, and produce a powerful effect. There is in the first act a beautiful duet, quite original. This new composition has well crowned the fame which the author had acquired by his *Paul and Virginia*, and *L'idoiska*.

Nothing has been spared to give to this piece a magnificence worthy of the Académie Royale. The scenery, designed and executed with that talent of which M. Cicri has already given so many proof, has amazed even those who are the most familiarized with magical changes. The ballets show that M. Gardel still preserves some of his youthful vigour and imagination.

PREMIERE THEATRE FRANÇAIS.—*Jane Shore*, tragédie en cinq actes, et en vers, par M. LEMERCIER.

This is a translation, or rather an adaptation of ROWE's tragedy to the French stage. The success was rather doubtful at the first representation; but M. Lemerrier having unhesitatingly made alterations and retrenchments in the most obnoxious scenes and passages, his piece has been since very well received, and it will most likely have a long run. Still, some fastidious censors persist in loading him with

never reprobated, because he has not avoided "those outrageous violations of the rules of Aristotle which are so striking in the original tragedy."

SECOND THEATRE FRANÇAIS.—*Jane Shore*, tragédie, en cinq actes, par M. LADÈRES.

The *Jane Shore* of this author has also undergone many alterations; and it has now very few features of resemblance with that of ROWE. Those scenes which in the latter produce the deepest emotions and the most powerful effect, are not to be found in the other, and perhaps for that very reason, it is more congenial to the taste of a Parisian audience. Its success is said to have been very great.

THÉÂTRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN.—*Jane Shore*, Melodrame, en trois actes.

The name of the principal character in this melo-drame is almost the only thing which its authors (two poets) have borrowed from ROWE. They have taken the main fact from our history, and with melo-dramatic fidelity they have founded upon it an action of which the following sketch will give some idea. Edward V. before his death, entrusts Jane Shore, then his mistress, under the title of Countess of Windsor, with the education of his two sons. The Lord Protector asks Jane to give up to him Edward's children; she refuses, and the law against adultery is enforced. Whoever offers her any assistance, any food, is to be put to death. Her husband, whom she has injured, dares to do it.

The part of Jane is very interesting, and there is in each act a striking scene. The scenery is beautiful, and the ballet does great honour to M. Blache, the chorographer.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academy is not yet open; but, from a hasty private view with which we have been favoured, we can venture to say that the approaching annual exhibition, to be commenced on the 3d of May, will be found to contain many valuable specimens of art in every branch but the highest. Portraits, as usual, are very numerous, and many of them of the first order. Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., has the full complement of eight—the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Devonshire, a child of the Marquess of Londonderry, a group of two children, Lord Stowell, &c. Mr. M. A. Stue, R.A., and Mr. Jackson, R.A., have also each portraits each those from the pencil of

the former, are Sir Anthony Cadisde, Mrs. Berridge, the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, (the Catholic Bishop of Rhosina, in Canada), an infant Bacchus, Miss E. Hornby, a young gentleman in a Vandyke dress, Henry Moffat, Esq., and a young gentleman, the son of — Tooke, Esq., of Russell-Square: those from the latter are—Miss Chester, Lady Normanby, Lady Macdonald, the late Sir H. Blosset, the Bishop of Winchester, the Hon. General Phipps, Sir B. Hobhouse, and the Rev. Mr. Rawes, Master of the Keper Grammar School, at Houghton-le-Spring, Durham.

Mr. James Ward, R.A., has some admirable portraits of horses, amongst which will be particularly noticed, the almost breathing resemblance of old Copenhagen, immortalized as the charger which for fifteen long hours bore the Duke of Wellington through the perilous field of Waterloo. Mr. Ward has portraits also of a celebrated Newmarket racer, the property of the Duke of York; a racing mare, belonging to Sir Thomas Mostyn; an old hunter, the property of Unwin Heathcote, Esq.; and two Persian rams and three ewes, the property of Sir John Fleming Leicester. From the same pencil we have a little composition of rabbits pursued by ferrets; and a portrait of Colonel Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart., exercising his regiment of Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry on the sands at Liverpool.

Mr. Leslie has a picture painted for the Earl of Egremont, of Sancho Panza's interview with the Duchess, which is likely to attract much notice.

Wilkie has only two little pictures, and a sketch of Commodore Truncheon, on coloured paper. One of the pictures represents a cottage, at the door of which some smugglers are soliciting shelter. It displays, in the artist's usual style, great force and variety of character. The other picture is a composition from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," in which Jenny and Peggy are seen at their rustic toilet. This picture, we believe, is for the Duke of Bedford.

Mr. Constable has a landscape composition of a barge passing a lock on a navigable canal. Amongst other interesting subjects may be mentioned, Hilton's Muses instructing Cupid to sing; Newton's *Malade Imaginaire*; a Doctor feeling the pulse of a plethoric hypochondriac; Brockedon's Piferari, playing before a picture of the Virgin at Rome; three or four compositions by Collins; Etty's Vulcan showing Pandora to the Gods, from Hesiod; Calcott's Rochester Bridge, &c. Mr. Pickersgill has portraits of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Belgrave, Mrs. Delfield, Arthur Stanhope, Esq., and Evelyn Shirley, Esq. He has

also a composition of a Lady interpreting an Oriental Love Letter.

When we have had the pleasure of inspecting this exhibition more at leisure, we shall enter somewhat more into detail.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WHEN we reflect that within our own time there was a difficulty in collecting a sufficient number of new pictures to fill one-half of the rooms in Somerset-House; that, for several years past, the walls of the Royal Academy have been annually crowded with from twelve to fourteen hundred subjects, in painting and sculpture; that, independently of water-colour exhibitions, &c., a new institution—the British Gallery—has for some time contributed several hundreds of pieces annually; and that, from the great increase in the number of our artists, it has been found expedient to erect another “extensive gallery for the annual exhibition and sale of the works of living artists of the United Kingdom, in the various branches of painting (in oil and water colours), sculpture, architecture, and engraving, at the period when the tasteful and opulent are usually resident in the metropolis, *viz.* during the months of April, May, June, and July,” we cannot refrain from admitting, that, if the fine arts have not experienced, in this country, all the patronage that they deserve, they have been honoured with far more than could reasonably have been expected within so brief a period of time. We rejoice sincerely in the circumstance, and as sincerely hope that the patronage of the British nobility and gentry will be yet farther extended, and that British genius may be enabled to vie—as we have abundant proof that it is capable of vying—with the proudest names of antiquity.

The exhibition which has elicited these observations, is that of the Society of British Artists, whose new and elegant suite of rooms in Suffolk Street, Pall-Mall East—built, as we understand, by Mr. Nash, from the designs of Mr. Elmes—were opened to the public, for the season, on Monday, the 19th of April.

We have taken one cursory survey of the new gallery and of its contents, comprizing 754 subjects, with much satisfaction and delight. At present we must be concise; but, in our ensuing number, we trust we shall be able to atone in some measure for the present deficiency.

The apartments are six in number; of which, two are appropriated to paintings in oil, one to water-colour painting, one to sculpture, and one to engraving: the sixth, distinguished as the council room, it has not been found necessary

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to open this season. The principal room, in the centre of the building, is spacious and magnificent; and all the apartments are judiciously lighted, and extremely well adapted to their respective purposes. The annoyance experienced at Somerset-House, in going up and down stairs, is here avoided.

One of the most striking pictures in the gallery is Martin's “Seventh Plague in Egypt.” It is a sublime and almost appalling composition, precisely of the same style and character as this artist's far-famed “Feast of Belshazzar.”

Excepting some indifferent productions of Mather Brown's—an artist of whom we had lost sight for several years—there is little to notice in the historical branch of art. Portraits are numerous, though by no means so preponderating as they generally are in Somerset-House.

H. Richter has only one piece, but that will attract and command universal attention. It is entitled “The Widow.” It exhibits a blooming and voluptuous widow casting off her weeds, and, conscious of her charms, attiring herself, with the assistance of her maids, in gorgeous apparel. She is trampling on her discarded dress; and on the floor are scattered epitaphs, and designs for monuments, to the memory of the departed. In contrast with these, are a box of artificial flowers, splendid jewellery, &c. The colouring is rich and glowing, and the accessories of the picture are all in admirable keeping. It is, however, a severe satire upon woman, and, upon that score, can be excused only by the total and judiciously-conceived absence of intellectuality in the countenance of the fair widow. In our view, this feeling is not a good one. We would rather see woman developed in all her native glory of goodness—of chastened affection—of tender and devoted love.

J. Glover has no fewer than seventeen pieces, most of them landscape compositions of great merit. His “Narcissus” (No. 169) is peculiarly beautiful and attractive.

Our favourite, Miss H. Gouldsmith, has four landscape pieces, all more or less meritorious, but we cannot now dwell upon their beauties.

From the pencil of T. C. Holland we have fourteen subjects in the same delightful department. Some of the moonlights—in particular No. 27, “a luxury of deep repose”—are exquisite. His “Ullswater,” (No. 60) is also very fine.

Linton is another of our rising favourites. If an English production may be termed classical, his “Vale of Lonsdale” (No. 149) is well deserving of that epithet. It possesses all the artist's accustomed spirit and brilliancy, and

beauty of aerial perspective. Linton has ten other landscapes.

Under Heaphy's name, we find nine subjects. "The Game of Put" (No 167) is full of humour, talent, and nature. "Leap Year, Ladies!" (No. 193) is also very good.

Lonsdale's portrait of Talma, as Hamlet, is a striking, spirited, noble production. This artist's portraits, &c are very numerous.

E. V. Rippengille's "Cross-examining the Witness," is a very humorous and characteristic performance.

Barney has several clever flower pieces, &c.

L. Cosse has three pieces, of which "The Hypochondriac" (No 238) replete with humour, is most deserving of notice.

C. Landseer's "First Sight of Woman" (N 251) is a truly original and charming display of art, yet much more, we conceive, might have been made of the subject.

Northcote's "Sylvan Doctor" is warm and spirited, his "Portrait of an Old Man" hard and cold.

Meyer's portraits and engraved sketches evince, from their number, unusual industry.

Charles Heath has also a great number of engravings, which we have not had time to examine.

"Silenus, intoxicated and moral, reproving Bacchus and Ariadne on their lazy and irregular lives," by Haydon, is full of genius—real poetic genius—but the colouring is extravagant and glaring. Haydon has several other pieces of minor note.

In the room appropriated to drawings, some fine miniatures and enamels attract attention, and, in that of sculpture, we find several interesting specimens of the art. Some of Hennings' restorations from the Pithonion, &c in bas relief, are beautiful. C. Rossi's model of the late Benjamin West, Esq., for a statue in marble, to be placed in St Paul's cathedral, is chaste and impressive, and, without impropriety, the group of Mary Magdalene anointing Christ's Feet, by the younger Rossi, may be said to possess the same excellence, with the additional charm of beauty.

The remainder of our observations are from necessity postponed, yet we cannot relinquish the pen without expressing our opinion to be very warmly in favour of this infant institution, which, under the auspices of an improved and improving national taste, we trust will rise and flourish in a glorious maturity.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This exhibition closed on Saturday, the 24th of April, and although many of the pictures then remained unsold, we are glad to find that

the sales have been extensive. Their amount, it is said, has exceeded three thousand guineas. Painters and painters, and also the patrons of the art, are greatly indebted to Mr Young for the zeal and attention which he has uniformly displayed during the present as well as the former seasons.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The twentieth annual exhibition of this society was opened on Monday, the 26th of April, a period of the month too late to admit of our entering into its merits. Robson, Barrett, Fielding, Prout, Nash, Stepanoff, Nesfield, Varley, Wright, Crisall, Hills, Harding, Pugin, Cox, Gastneau, &c, are amongst its contributors, and, having mentioned these names, it is hardly necessary to add, in a mere announcement, that in this beautiful department of the art, in which the English excel all other nations, a rich treat awaits not only the amateur but the connoisseur.

ENGLISH DRAWINGS.

Mr Cook's Collection of Drawings, chiefly of the English School in Soho Square, is another very pleasing exhibition to which, at present, we can only direct the attention of our readers in general terms. The Cross of St Pierre at Rouen, and Maillet Day at Rouen, by the late H. Eddridge, the Ouse Bridge at York, by Thomas Girtin, a few sketches by the younger Mr Munro, Smugglers off Foulkston at twilight, by Turner, the Ruins at Venice, and the Castle of St Angelo at Rome, by the same artist, some valuable heads, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mulready Wolf and Lamb, Stothard's Designs, from The Heart of Mid Lothian &c are amongst its numerous attractions. Raphael's Entombment, and several Rembrandts, enrich the collection, and though last, not least in estimation, here are two moonlights, by Gainsborough, exhibited by an artificial light, and a landscape with cows, by the same artist.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MEXICO.

Two exhibitions, one of Ancient, the other of Modern Mexico, each extremely interesting and perfectly unique in its character, have recently been opened by Mr Bullock, at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. The former is chiefly composed of antique remains, collected by Mr Bullock upon the spot, in 1823, by the assistance of the Mexican Government, the latter presents a panoramic view of the city in its present state, with specimens of the natural history of New Spain, and models of the vegetable produce, costume, &c. We shall have the pleasure of

noticing them both at some length in our publication for next month.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Museum Worsleyanum.—The publication of a splendid work in imperial quarto, to be completed in twelve monthly parts, has just commenced under the title of "*Museum Worsleyanum* ; or a *Collection of Antique Basso Relievs, Bustos, Statues and Gems, with Views in the Levant*." This title explains the nature of the work, of which only 250 copies are to be printed, and the plates, all highly finished in the line manner, are then to be destroyed. Sir Richard Worsley, it appears, formed the plan, and the drawings were made, and the engravings executed, under his immediate inspection. By a small impression, which was gratuitously distributed amongst Sir Richard's friends, the character of the work was completely established, and thus it comes before the public under the best possible recommendation. The first, or specimen number, is, in every respect, extremely beautiful.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain.—Lodge's *Illustrious Portraits* were originally published in twenty parts, or two volumes, large folio ; and, as the readers of *La Belle Assemblée* are aware, they have been

for some time in the course of republication, with extraordinary and deserved success, in octavo. The work to which this little notice immediately refers, is the folio edition, of which the twenty-first part, or commencement of a third volume, has recently appeared, with the portraits of the Duke of Marlborough ; Sir Thomas More ; Sir Christopher Hatton ; Sir Nicholas Bacon ; Frances Theresa Stewart, Duchess of Richmond ; and Francis Lord Colington. This additional volume will enhance the value of its precursors. The plates are all very finely engraved ; and the history of some of the pictures from which they have been taken, particularly that of the Duke of Marlborough, is very curious. The beautiful Duchess of Richmond was the original of the Britannia upon our coinage.

Italian and Swiss Scenery.—Six views, etched as *fac similia* of the original drawings, by W. Cowen, and dedicated, by permission, to the artist's patron, Lord Milton, have recently come before the public. The etchings possess great ease, freedom, and spirit, and the work is altogether very creditable to Mr. Cowen. The subjects are : 1. Lago Maggiore ; 2. Lake of Lugano ; 3. View of the romantic shores of Torrento, near Naples ; 4. Town of Luvino and Lago Maggiore. 5. The Grand Approach to Sion, Switzerland. 6. Como.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Mr. J. Burton, who is employed by the Pasha of Egypt in a geological examination of his territories, has made several important discoveries in the desert, to the eastward of the Nile, and along the shores of the Red Sea.

The Board of Longitude has voted the sum of £500 to Mr. Peter Barlow, for his simple invention for correcting the local attraction of ships. It consists of a plate of iron abut the compass, which being regulated so as to correct the effects of the ship in *any one* place, does the same in *all* places.

The head of the statue of Juno, belonging to the Parthenon, at Athens, has been found ; though rather damaged, yet in far better preservation than the Elgin Marbles. It is in the possession of Mr. Weber, who has been long engaged in researches respecting the figures in the pediment of the Parthenon. He has had a mould made, from which it is his intention to send casts to England, France, and Germany.

Mr. Young (whose pictorial catalogues of Sir John Leicester, Mr. Miles, and Mr. Angerstein's Galleries have obtained for him so deserved a reputation) has been directed by his Majesty to form a *Catalogue Raisonné*, not only of his private collection of pictures, but of that which belongs to the Crown, in the different

palaces of St. James's, Buckingham House, Hampton Court, Kensington, and Windsor. At present Mr. Young is engaged upon the exquisite Dutch and Flemish pictures in Carlton Palace.

Among the prizes offered by the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, at Ghent, for the competition of 1826, is one exclusively intended for the ladies. The proposed subject is a picture representing one of the nymphs of Diana asleep. The prize is to consist of an honorary medal, a purse of 200 florins, and a crown of myrtle and roses.

It is stated in *The Philosophical Transactions* for 1823, that the maize which is found in the graves of the Peruvians, who lived before the arrival of Europeans in that country, is still so fresh, that when planted, it grows well, and yields seed ; and further, that, since the great earthquake of 1687, no wheat will grow on the coast of Peru. In some places, indeed, a little is raised, but it is very unproductive. Rice, on the contrary, yields a great return. Before the earthquake one grain of wheat yielded 200 grains.

In France the Minister of the Interior has just ordered the publication of the *Voyage round the World*, performed by the command

of his Majesty, in the *Uranie* and *Physicienne* corvettes, in 1817, 18, 19, and 20, by M. Louis de Freycinet. The work will form 8 vols. in 4to, with four atlases 248 plates, of which 117 are coloured.

Mons. F. C. H. L. Pouqueville, author of "Travels in Greece," has written "A History of the Regeneration of Greece," comprising a sketch of the events from 1740 to 1824, 4 vols. 8vo., with five maps and seven portraits.

Dr. L. Thienemann, who spent the winter of 1820 and 1821 in Iceland, made numerous observations on the Aurora Borealis. He states the following as some of the general results of his observations: 1. The polar lights are situated in the lightest and highest clouds of our atmosphere. 2. They are not confined to the winter season, or to the night, but are present, in favourable circumstances, at all times, but are only distinctly visible during the absence of the solar rays. 3. The polar lights have no determinate connexion with the earth. 4. He never heard any noise proceed from them. 5. Their common form, in Iceland, is the arched, and in a direction from N.E. and W.S.W. 6. Their motions are various, but always within the limits of the clouds containing them.

Works in the Press, &c.

Captain King's *Survey of parts of the Coasts of Australasia*, in the *Mermaid*.

Major Gray's *Travels in the Interior of Africa*. An Appendix to Capt. Parry's *Second Voyage*, containing the *Natural History*.

Tales of a Traveller, by Mr. Washington Irvine.

Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, &c. by J. Prior, Esq.

Captain Lyon's *Private Journal of the Polar Voyage*.

European Scenery, by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards.

In one volume, 12mo., *Instructions to Mothers and Nurses on the Management of Children, in Health and Disease; comprehending Popular Rules for regulating their Diet, Dress, Exercise, and Medicines; together with a Variety of Prescriptions adapted to the Use of the Nursery*, by Dr. Kennedy, of Glasgow.

The Bride of Florence, a play, in five acts; illustrative of the Manners of the Middle Ages; with Historical Notes, and Minor Poems. by Randolph Fitz-Eustace.

Entertaining Varieties.

Marriages in India.—India is a mart for every thing, and has long been a receptacle for such ladies as could not find husbands at home, or whose connexions in that country are respectable. European ladies were formerly in high repute, and from the fact of being born in Europe, unconnected with accomplishments or other fascinating qualities, were sure to get husbands of some rank; men who longed after domestic happiness, would not, of course, wish to see children of a mixed breed destined to inherit their property, and carry their name to posterity. The number of European women too was small, so that, like every other scarce article, they became highly valuable. At this time men of the first rank in India often married women who had moved in a very humble sphere at home. However, the case is somewhat altered; European ladies have become more numerous; people are not so ready to tie the matrimonial knot on account of their Anglo descent, and many of them, at present in Calcutta, have got a very indifferent train of lovers. This change in people's inclinations may be ascribed to various causes; the most prominent amongst which, is this: of the numbers who came out, all could not be immaculate either in virtue or temper; and from the matrimonial unhappiness which would naturally ensue, the value of such connexions became depreciated. Persons who saw an unpleasant result, in some

instances grew timid from the fear of incurring a similar evil, and preferred being contented bachelors to the risk of becoming miserable husbands.—*Huggins's Sketches in India*.

Mimicry.—There is a sort of railery, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities, for which no man is the least accountable, and in the imitation of which he makes himself for the time as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics.

Love.—To love, is to live in a world of the heart's own creation, whose forms and colours are as brilliant as they are deceptive and unreal. To those who love, there is neither day nor night, summer nor winter, society nor solitude. They have but two eras in their delirious but visionary existence, and those are thus marked in the heart's calendar—*Presence—Absence*. These are the substitutes for all the distinctions of nature and society. The world to them contains but one individual, and that individual is to them the world. The atmosphere of his presence is the only air they can breathe in, and the light of his eye, the only sun of their creation, in whose rays they bask and live. To love, is to live in an existence of perpetual contradiction, to feel that

absence is insupportable, and yet be doomed to experience the presence of the object as equally so—to be full of ten thousand thoughts while he is absent, the confession of which we dream will render our next meeting delicious, yet when the hour of meeting arrives to feel ourselves, by a timidity alike oppressive and unaccountable, robbed of the power of expressing one—to be elegant in his absence and dumb in his presence—to watch for the hour of his return, as for the dawn of a new existence, yet when it arrives, to feel all those powers suspended which we imagined it would restore to energy. To be the *statae* that meets the sun, but without the music his presence should draw from it. To watch for the light of his looks, as a traveller in the desert looks for the rising of the sun, and when it bursts on our awakened world, to sink fainting under its overwhelming and intolerable glow, and almost wish it were night again. To feel that our existence is so absorbed in his, that we have lost all consciousness but of his presence—all sympathy but of his enjoyments—all sense of suffering but when he suffers—to be only because he is—and to have no other use of being but to devote it to him, while our humiliation increases in proportion to our devotedness; and the lower you bow before your idol, the prostrations seem less and less worthy of being the expression of your devotion—till you are only *his*, when you are not yourself; all other sacrifices are inferior; and in it therefore all other sacrifices must be included.

The Approach of Summer.—Pure elevated minds receive more pleasure from the genial warmth, the cloudless sunshine, and soft zephyrs in fine weather, than from any sensual gratification. In spite of the auxiliary bottle and sea-coal fire, the masculine sex are apt to droop in a gloomy day, and no domestic amusement for the fair can so exhilarate their spirits as a walk with pleasant companions amidst rural scenery in a bright July morn. An admirable writer confesses, “I have often, in a splenetic fit, wished myself a dormouse during the winter, and I never see one of those animals snugly wrapt in his fur, and completely happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the globe, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes the heart glad at the return of Summer. How delightful is the face of nature at this season, when the earth puts forth her plants and flowers, clothed with green, and diversified with ten thousand dyes! How pleasant is it to

inhale such fresh and charming odours as fill every living creature with delight!”

A Semi-fashionable Party.—Never having seen much of that part of the town, in which this semi-fashionable lived, and desirous of ascertaining how people “make it out” in the recesses of Bloomsbury and the wilds of Guildford Street, and feeling that “all the world to him” would be there, Henry at length agreed to go, and accordingly proceeded with the ladies in their carriage through Oxford Street, St. Giles’s, Tottenham Court Road, and so past Dyott Street and the British Museum, to the remote scene of gaiety, which they, however, reached in safety. Arrived there, if it had not been for the undisguisable distance at which it was placed from all the civilized part of the world, nobody would have discovered that they were amongst a different race of people from that which inhabited our part of the metropolis. Such names as were announced “coming up,” Mr. Fish, and Mrs. Plush, and Miss Duggin, and Mr. Coggin, and Lady Grubb, and Sir George Pott, and Mrs. Hogg, and Mrs. Moakes, and Miss Cowcross, and Mr. Crump, and Mrs. Groust, and Miss Gill; it all sounded like Hebrew to the unaccustomed ear; but when they really were in the rooms, which to do them justice were hot enough, and disagreeable enough to be quite fashionable, these persons with the odd names looked just as well as their betters; and as it is not the custom to label ladies and gentlemen as one labels decanters, it all did mighty well. They were a good deal finer, to be sure: gold and jewels, and greengage-coloured velvets, and crimson and fringe, and flounces and tassels, and tawdry necklaces and ear-rings abounded; but the girls perked themselves up, and wriggled themselves about, and flirted their fans, and rapped their partner’s arms (for they danced quadrilles after the manner of Almack’s), and gave themselves all the little coquettish airs of their superiors. But the rooms, somehow, smelt badly; they had no more idea of *Eau à brûler* than they had of nectar; and the people drank hot punch, which was handed about in little tumblers by under-sized livery servants in cotton stockings and without powder; in short, it was altogether vastly oppressive. However, there was a tremendous supper, and a Lord Mayor to partake of it; and the solemn gravity with which his lordship (who was in full dress, sword, chain, and all) was treated, was eminently ludicrous. (His lordship was a shoemaker, or a linen-draper, or something of that sort). “However, taken altogether, it was “uncommon good fun.”—*Sayings and Doings.*

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Clifton, the lady of J. Fielder, Esq., of Whitton House, Lancashire, of a son.

At Bissrons, Canterbury, the Marchioness of Ely, of a daughter.

At the Hurst House, Moseley, the lady of Sir Charles Sullivan, Bart., of a daughter.

The lady of R. Rushbrooke, Esq., of Rushbrooke Park, Suffolk, of a son, still-born.

In Upper Seymour Street, the lady of the Hon. William Jervis, of a daughter.

At Brixton House, the lady of Lord Roile, of a daughter.

At Stockwell, the lady of Major-General George Cookson, of a son.

In Sackville Street, the Honourable Mrs. Smith, of a daughter.

At Jersey, the lady of His Excellency Major General Sir Colin Halkett, K. C. B., and G. C. H., of a daughter.

At Charlton, the lady of Lieut. Colonel William Power, of a son.

At the Admiralty, Mrs. Keith Douglas, of a son.

At Seaton House, Aberdeenshire, the Right Hon. Lady James Hay, of a daughter.

At Stanley Hall, Shropshire, the lady of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart., of a son.

In Upper Wimpole-Street, the lady of George Arbuthnot, Esq., of a daughter.

At Clifton, the lady of Lieut. Colonel Samuel Hall, C. B., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Farley Church, Lieut. Colonel John Wilson, to Emily, second daughter of Colonel Houlton, of Farley Castle, Somersetshire.

At Mary-le-bone New Church, Sir Charles Richard Blunt, Bart., of Heathfield Park, Sussex, to Mrs. Achmuty, widow of Richard Achmuty, Esq., late of the Hon. Company's Bengal Civil Service.

The Rev. Robert Leman, second son of the Rev. N. T. O. Leman, of Brampton Hall, Suffolk, to Isabella Camilla, youngest daughter of Sir W. Twysden, Bart., Roydon Hall, Kent.

Major Duncan McGregor, to Elizabeth Douglas Trotter, youngest daughter of the late Sir W. Dick, Bart., of Prestonfield.

At St. Mary-le-bone, Sir W. E. Rouse Boughton, Bart., to Charlotte, youngest daughter of T. A. Knight, Esq., of Downton Castle, Herefordshire.

At Edinburgh, C. C. Halkett, Esq., to Susan, youngest daughter of Sir John Majoribanks, Bart., M. P.

At Hemsworth, John Childers, Esq., to Anne, only daughter of Sir Francis Lindley Wood, Bart.

At Cheltenham, T. H. Hesketh, Esq., only son of Sir T. Hesketh, Bart., to Annette Maria, eldest daughter of the late Robert Romford, Esq., of Rahenstown House, county of Meath.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Jesse Cole, Esq., to Letitia Charlotte, youngest daughter of the

late De Courcy Ireland, Esq., and niece to the Hon. Sir Edmund Stanley, Chief Justice, &c. at Madras.

The Rev. Whitworth Russell, son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russell, Bart., to Frances, daughter of Vice Admiral Carpenter.

DEATHS.

At Clifton, Miss Sophia Lee, author of "The Chapter of Accidents," "The Recess," &c.

Catherine, daughter of the late Hon. W. Cockayne, of Rushton Hall, Northamptonshire.

Lieut. James Reid, R.N. eldest son of Sir John Reid, Bart.

At Bath, aged upwards of 90, Lieut. Colonel Hill.

At Edinburgh, Louisa Hope, daughter of the late Commissioner Charles Hope, of His Majesty's Navy.

Aged 84, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart.

At Paris, Miss Berkeley, daughter of Robert Berkeley, Esq., of Spetchley, Worcestershire.

At Dresden, aged 71, his Excellency Baron Just, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Saxony to the Court of Great Britain.

At Castle-Taylor, county of Galway, aged 19, Hester Mary Stewart, only daughter of the late Colonel George Stewart, and niece to his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.

At the British Museum, aged 69, the Rev. Thomas Maurice, author of "Indian Antiquities," &c.

At Martley, near Worcester, aged 17, Henry, youngest son of the Hon. and Rev. P. Meade.

In Portland Place, Lady Dalling, widow of General Sir John Dalling, Bart.

At Mitcham-Grove, G. H. W. F. Hartopp, Esq., eldest son of Sir E. C. Hartopp, Bart.

In the Regent's Park, aged 73, the Right Hon. Lord George Coleraine.

At Broom House, Fulham, the Dowager Countess of Lonsdale.

In Somerset-Street, Portman-Square, the Hon. Elizabeth Turnour, wife of the Hon. and Rev. E. J. Turnour, M. A.

In South Audley-Street, Thomas Gore, Esq. Jun., late Lieut. Colonel of the Coldstream Guards.

Thomas Hussey, Esq., aged 78, formerly M. P. for Aylesbury.

At Rome, aged 64, Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, widow of the late Duke, and sister to the present Earl of Bristol.

At Knightsbridge, Colonel Robert Ellis.

At Wykeham Abbey, Yorkshire, the Hon. Dorothy Langley.

Sir James Graham, Bart., of Netherby.

At Edinburgh, Lady Caroline Macdonald, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe.

At Trenant Park, Cornwall, Vice Admiral Sir Edward Buller, Bart., aged 60.

At Taunton, aged 75, Elizabeth, Lady Farrington, relict of General Sir Anthony Farrington, Bart.

At Ongar, Miss Jane Taylor.

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has also graciously encouraged its reception at the **DRAWING-ROOMS**, ever foremost to discountenance the undue predilection for foreign manufactures, and has officially appointed **G. F. U. and Co.** Manufacturers in Ordinary. The Foreign Ambassadors have introduced Urling's Lace into their Courts; and

A PATENT IN FRANCE

has been obtained for the Lace, which is imported to England by Adventurers, to impose on the public as foreign lace, at double the price which the same article is sold for in the Strand. **U. & Co.** possess every facility for securing the newest Parisian Fashions, and invite attention to

A Daily Succession of Novelties,

which being continually prepared for Agents in all the Country Towns in the Kingdom, and various parts of the Continent, must obviously present a most extensive and fluctuating assortment. The Point and Brussels Work will justify comparison with the most perfect foreign specimens; all kinds of the Patent Lace will wash clearer, and the figuring is performed wholly by industrious females,

WITHOUT THE AID OF MACHINERY.

Court Dresses, Lappets, Frills, Ruffles, &c. in peculiar style, with every other fashionable article; Tamboured Goods, Chantilly Veils, Mechlin Laces, warranted of real Thread, and Nets of every description, at the reduced Wholesale Prices.

N.B. Urling's Lace is invariably sealed with the initials, "G. F. U. & Co."

MANUFACTORY, BASFORD, NOTTS.

R. and C. GREEN having completed the Alteration and Improvement of their Premises, and being thereby enabled to offer Accommodations in all respects superior to those they heretofore possessed, respectfully solicit the Attention of their Friends and the Public in general, to their present Stock, consisting of very extensive Assortments of the Newest and most Fashionable Articles in every Branch of Mercery, Haberdashery, and Hosiery. In Linen Drapery also, **R. and C. G.** purpose materially extending their Trade, and can venture especially to recommend their Irish Linens, Damask Table do., Sheetings, &c. as of the best Fabrics. The Support and Patronage which their Father and themselves have together experienced, for upwards of Thirty Years, will operate as the strongest possible Inducement for **R. and C. G.** to merit a Continuance of Favour, by strictly adhering to the System of purchasing no Goods except of the best Quality, adapted to each successive Season, and charged at the most moderate Profit for ready Money only.

N.B. In consequence of the Reduction of the Duty on Silk, **R. and C. Green** have lowered their Charges.

6, Marylebone-Street, Golden-Square, 31st Jan. 1824.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MAY, 1824.

MESSRS. GUTHRIE and SON, 98, Jermyn-Street, St. James's, respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, that by strictly adhering to the Ready Money System, they are so far enabled to reduce the usual Scale of Profit as to offer Clothes of the best Materials, made in the same Style, and by the same Workmen, as by the first Houses in the Trade, at the following Prices:—Best superfine Olive, Green, or Brown Coat, 3*l.* 3*s.* to 3*l.* 8*s.*; ditto, Black or Blue, 3*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* Best superfine Frock Coats, 3*l.* 12*s.* to 4*l.* 4*s.*; Kerseymere Trowsers, 1*l.* 10*s.* to 1*l.* 16*s.*; Kerseymere Waistcoats, 16*s.* to 18*s.*; Quilting Waistcoats, 14*s.*; Drill or Nankeen Trowsers of peculiar quality, 16*s.* to 1*l.* Drab Great Coats from 3*l.* 3*s.* to 4*l.* 4*s.* Dress Suit of Footman's Livery, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Groom's or Coachman's, 4*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* 18*s.*; Stable Jacket and Overalls, 1*l.* 16*s.*

N.B. Plush Breeches, Gold or Silver Lace, Crest Buttons, Silk Linings, &c. are small extra charges.

ARMY AND NAVY WAREHOUSE, EXETER 'CHANGE SHOW-ROOM.

This extensive APARTMENT is at the back of the old-established place of business. Open every day, from Eight in the Morning till Eight in the Evening, for the accommodation of Fitting out Gentlemen in the Army and Navy, and Cadets for India. Where may be seen a large and well-manufactured Stock of the New Regulation Swords, Heavy and Light Cavalry, Infantry and Navy Swords for the Honourable East-India Company's Service, and the Army and Navy in general. Regiments supplied with any quantity of Accoutrements, on the shortest notice.

Harness, Saddles and Bridles, for Home, East and West Indies, New South Wales, and the Spanish Main. Trunks, Cots, Bedding, Writing Desks, and Dressing Cases. The Saddlery and Harness merit inspection from their excellent quality, first style of workmanship, and moderate price.

N.B.—The MIDDLE DEPARTMENT in this large Emporium affords Families and Proprietors of Hotels an opportunity of seeing some of the most modern patterns of SILVER and PLATED GOODS now manufactured.

PATRONIZED BY THE KING AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

EGAN'S ROYAL PORTABLE IRISH HARPS. These Instruments are strung, tuned, and played on in the same manner as the PEDAL HARP; they possess all the sweetness and brilliancy of tone of that Instrument, are capable of making all its changes of Keys, and are not one third the size or price. The elegance of form, and superior advantages they possess over all other Portable Instruments, have obtained for them the distinguished honour of the Royal Patronage, also that of Ladies of the first distinction and highest musical taste, and the decided approbation of Professors of the first consideration and eminence. They are to be had at the Manufactory, of (the Inventor) Mr. JOHN EGAN, Harp-Maker to His Majesty and the Royal Family, Dawson-Street, Dublin; at Messrs. Chapple and Co., Music Sellers to His Majesty, New Bond-Street, London; at Messrs. Clementi and Co., Musical Instrument Makers to His Majesty, Cheapside, London, and at No. 26, Bryanstone-Street, Portman-Square, London; from Mr. Charles Egan, Professor of the Harp to Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta. An Instruction Book written for the above Instrument to be had of Messrs. Chapple and Co., New Bond-Street.

HOGARD and AMBER, late of St. Paul's Church-Yard, gratefully sensible of the distinguished patronage bestowed on their House during so many years, beg leave most respectfully to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public at large, that they have OPENED a NEW ESTABLISHMENT at No. 4, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALM-MALL, with an extensive Assortment of BRUSSELS, MECHLIN, VALENCIENNES, BLOND, and ENGLISH THREAD LACES and VEILS, Irish Tabbinets, Plain and Figured Gros de Naples, Levantines, Bombazines, Hosiery and Muslins, with an elegant display of Millinery and Dresses. The whole selected with the greatest care and attention. H. and A. beg to state, that it is their determination to adhere steadfastly to the plan which has given such general satisfaction—to admit no goods into their Stock but such as are of the very best fabrics, and which they can warrant. As their prices are fixed according to the present reduced rate of manufactured Goods, no abatement can be made. Foreign and Wedding orders tastefully executed.

NAISH'S DIAMOND SEWING COTTON,

Sold Wholesale and Retail, by
W. NAISH,
37, Gracechurch Street,
London.

By a peculiar process, this Cotton is rendered remarkably strong, and free from curling.



The acknowledged excellence and extensive sale of this Cotton, having induced other persons to imitate the manner of winding, the Public are respectfully informed, that each genuine Ball is labelled "NAISH'S PATENT."

An Assortment of the most useful Articles of Haberdashery of the best Manufactures.

EMMETT'S QUEEN'S GOLD AND SILVER-EYED NEEDLES.

T. EMMET (late TROTT), PIN, NEEDLE and FISH-HOOK Maker (*by Appointment*), to their late Majesties, Wholesale and Retail, 27, Holborn Hill, London: *established upwards of a century.* Pins and Needles of every description. Fish-Hooks, Lines, and Tackle. Gilt, Plated, Black and White Hooks and Eyes. THIMBLES; Gold, Silver, Steel, White Metal, &c. Bodkins, Knitting Pins, Meshes, Cap Pins, Quilters, &c. WORK-BOXES; RETICULES; and NEEDLE-CASES; in Tortoiseshell, Morocco, Russia Leather, &c. CUTLERY; Scissors, Pen-knives, Razors, Tweezers, &c. COMBS. FANCY STEEL GOODS. Bracelets, Buckles, Centres, Clasps, Ear-Rings, Elastic Girdles, Neck Chains, Necklaces, Purse Snaps, Reticules, Slides, Watch Chains, and every other Article in the Fancy Line. Pin and Needle Points; Hair and Lustre Pins; Brass, Copper, and Elastic Wire.—*A liberal Allowance to Merchants, Captains, and others.*

TO THE LOVERS OF TRUE FITTING.

P. O'SHAUGHNESSY and Co. beg leave respectfully to inform the Nobility and Ladies, that they have opened a New Establishment, No. 28, PALL-MALL, with an elegant Assortment of LADIES' BOOTS and SHOES, of the French and English forms, at very reduced Prices.

N.B. No. 28 is next door to their old Establishment, at No. 27, Pall-Mall.

SEVEN Hundred Pieces of CAMBRICS, JACCONETS, and MUSLINS, of various descriptions; likewise IRISH LINENS, SHEETINGS, PRINTED FURNITURES, Dimities, Bed Ticks, Quilts, Counterpanes, Blankets, and other Linen Drapery Goods of superior qualities, with every description of Goods usually kept by Linen Drapers. Sold at the WAREHOUSE, corner of REDCROSS STREET, Barbican (the name of MEDHURST over the doors), without any reserve whatever, being Bankrupts' Stocks and Undereamed Goods of Pawnbrokers.—The TRUSTEES of the Bankrupts beg to inform the Heads of Families and the Public in general, that they are authorized to SELL NINE THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH OF PRIME GOODS, and recommend the following Articles to immediate attention:—Muslins of every description, at less than half the usual prices; 512 pieces of 4-4 and 7-8 Grass-Bleached Irish Linens, very strong, 6d. a yard; beautifully fine and particularly stout, 1s. per yard; the finest quality 1s. 6d. per yard, same as generally sold at 4s. 6d. per yard; a large quantity of Home-spun Sheetings, at 6d. per yard; real Russia, 1s. per yard; large-size Blankets, at 4s. a pair; Counterpanes, soiled only in one fold, fit for four post beds, 5s. 6d. each; Twilled and Plain Stuffs, 3d. per yard; excellent Black and coloured Bombasines, 9d. per yard; Figured and Plain Lustrés, only 10d. per yard; Cambric and Jaconet Muslins, yard-and-half-wide, at 6d. per yard; Sprigged, Checked, and Corded Muslins, at 5d. per yard; full-width Black, Twilled, and Plain Sarsonets, 2s. per yard; real Chintz Furnitures, warranted fast colours, 6d. per yard; Calico, 1d. per yard; beautiful ell-wide India Longcloth, 6d. per yard; Prints, 3d. per yard; superfine, and quite new patterns, 8d. per yard; yard and-a-half-wide wove in Cotton Shawls, 9d. each; 700 Silk Shawls and Scarfs, at 7s. 6d. each, worth six times the money; a lot of Silk Handkerchiefs, at 2s. 6d. each; real Welsh Flannel, 4½d. a yard; Bed Ticks, that will wear for 20 years, only 6d. per yard.

Men's and Women's Stockings, to be sold for Sixpence per pair.

Yard-and-half-wide Table Linen, double the substance generally to be met with, at 1s. per yard; also several hundred rich Damask and Diaper Tablecloths, somewhat soiled, at half price; the whole warranted sound, and suitable for Families of the first respectability.

Observe, at J. MEDHURST'S, Corner of Redcross-street, Barbican.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

THE most invaluable discoveries are frequently opposed in their progress to celebrity, by Prejudice and Unbelief; but intrinsic Merit surmounts all difficulties, and triumphs, ultimately, in the attainment of public approbation. The desideratum of perseverance is now obtained, by an inestimable discovery; and the Amateurs of personal attraction are earnestly invited to a proof of unparalleled excellence, by the use of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, a Cosmetic of vital importance to the support of Female loveliness, in the plenitude of Nature's gifts, and where she has more sparingly concealed her favours, veiling her omissions under the grace of irresistible fascination. Powerful of effect, yet mild of influence, this admirable specific possesses Balsamic properties of surprising energy. It eradicates FRECKLES, PIMPLES, SPOTS, REDNESS, and all cutaneous Eruptions, gradually producing a delicately clear soft Skin; transforms even the most SALLOW COMPLEXION into RADIANT WHITENESS; resists the scorching rays of the Sun; successfully opposes the attack of inclement weather; renders harsh and rough Skin beautifully smooth; and even imparts to the NECK, FACE, and ARMS, a healthy and juvenile bloom; diffuses a pleasing coolness; and, by due perseverance in the application of ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, promotes a free and uninterrupted exercise of those important functions of the Skin, which are of the utmost necessity for the preservation of Health, and attainment and continuance of a beautiful complexion.

The KALYDOR is equally indispensable in the Nursery as at the Toilet. Perfectly innocuous, it may be used by the most delicate Lady, with the assurance of safety and efficacy. To MOTHERS NURSING their OFFSPRING, it gives, in all cases of incidental inflammation, immediate relief; cools the mouth of the Infant, and enhances maternal pleasure in the act of administering elementary nourishment.

To Gentlemen whose Faces are tender after Shaving.—A great infelicity which attends the operation of Shaving, is the irritation of the Skin; many Gentlemen suffer greatly from this cause. ROWLAND'S KALYDOR will be found excellent beyond precedent in ameliorating and allaying that most unpleasant sensation.—It removes unpleasant harshness of the skin, occasioned by intense solar heat, or cold winds; and thus to the Traveller, whose avocations expose him to various change of weather, proves an infallible specific—a prompt resource—and as conducing to comfort, a pleasing appendage and invaluable acquisition. Sanctioned by several Illustrious Personages, and the most Eminent of the Faculty. Finally, it is the most beneficial preparation of any extent, and should be a VADE MECUM for every Family.

Sold in Pint Bottles at 8s. 6d. and in Half Pints at 4s. 6d. each, duty included, by the sole Proprietors, A. ROWLAND & SON, No. 20, Hatton-Garden, Holborn; and, by appointment, by Messrs. Hendries, Perfumers to His Majesty, Titchborne-Street; Mr. Smith, 117, Gattie and Pierce, 57, Rigge, Brochbank, 35, New Bond-Street; Bayley and Blue, Cockspur-Street; Sanger 150, Oxford-Street; Berry and Co 17, Johnston, 15, Greek-Street; Butlers, 4, Cheapside, and 220, Regent-Street; Rowney, 106, Hatton-Garden; J. T. Rigge, 65, Cheapside; Tate, 41, Johnston, 68, Cornhill; Edwards, 66, St. Paul's Church-Yard; Burgess, 63, Holborn-Hill; Low, 330, Prout, 226, Strand; Barclay and Sons, 95, Fleet-Market; Stradling and Nix, Royal Exchange; and most Perfumers and Medicine Venders who vend their celebrated MACASSAR OIL.

THE most prolific Discovery that really prevents the Hair falling off or turning grey and produces a thick growth on bald places, is ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL. This OIL is the first production of the age, and the ORIGINAL and GENUINE, which, for many years, has been universally admired; also PATRONIZED and SANCTIONED by the most Illustrious Personages:—His Royal Highness the DUKE of SUSSEX, and the Whole of the ROYAL FAMILY; Their Imperial Majesties the EMPEROR and EMPRESS of RUSSIA, the EMPERORS of PERSIA and CHINA. This Oil is also acknowledged, by the most eminent Physicians, as the best and cheapest article for nourishing the HAIR, preventing the HAIR being injured by illness, change of climate, study, travelling, accouchement, &c.; removes the scurf, harshness, and dryness; renders it soft and glossy; prevents its falling off or turning grey; creates a thick growth on the baldest places; makes the Hair strong in curl, which it keeps in damp weather, exercise, &c.; imparts a pleasant perfume; and produces whiskers, eyebrows, &c. The Proprietors warrant its innocence, and to improve the Hair from infancy, to the latest period of life. Ask for ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, and strictly to observe, that none are genuine without the little book inside the wrapper; and the label is signed on the outside, in Red, "A. ROWLAND and SON." The prices are 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d.; and 21s. per bottle. All other prices are impositions. The Genuine has the address on the label, "No. 20, Hatton-garden."

Also, RED WHISKERS, Gray Whiskers, Eye Brows, Hair on the Head, effectually changed to Brown or Black, by the use of ROWLAND'S ESSENCE of TYRE. By merely wetting the hair it immediately produces a perfect change.—Price 4s.; 7s. 6d.; and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

Sold by the sole Proprietors, A. ROWLAND and SON, No. 20, Hatton-garden, Holborn and, by appointment, by most Perfumers and Medicine Venders.

Ask for "ROWLAND'S OIL," or "ROWLAND'S DYE," and observe the Signature, "A. ROWLAND and SON." All others are Counterfeits.

By His Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES on SALE at No. 4, REGENT-STREET, PALL-MALL.

A Variety of FOREIGN and BRITISH MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES, in the Newest Fashions, unequalled in Execution and Polish, being made by Machinery.

Prices moderate, and the Trade supplied, by GEORGE BROWN, Agent to the Patent Marble Working Company, No. 4, Regent-Street, Pall-Mall, London.

ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF TWENTY YEARS.

For the Sale of IRISH LINEN by the Piece, at the Factor's price, No. 4, on the SOUTH SIDE of BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, four doors from the top of Southampton-Street, Holborn.

The IRISH LINEN COMPANY beg leave to announce to the Public, that the above House is their only Establishment in this country; where they continue to supply the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public with WARRANTED grass-bleached Linen, for Shirts and Sheets, of the best fabric and colour, at a price considerably lower than they can be procured through any other medium. They also engage to return the purchase money should any fault appear. Good Irish Bills and Bank of Ireland Notes taken as usual. Country and Town Orders punctually attended to.

AGENTS:

J. DONOVAN, 4, Bloomsbury-square, London.—JOHN DOYLE, 31, St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin.

EDWARD EAGLETON and Co., Wholesale and Retail TEA DEALERS and GROCERS (established Fifty Years), respectfully announce to their Connexions and the Public, that their New and Extensive Premises, Nos. 83 and 84, Newgate-Street, ARE NOW OPEN, where they solicit an Inspection of their various Articles, procured for Cash from the best Markets, and which they purpose selling at a small Profit, upon similar Terms.

Eagleton and Co.'s Stock of Tea has been selected in the present and former East-India Company's Sales, with peculiar care and acknowledged judgment, and from their long Experience, they have no hesitation in saying, they consider themselves competent Judges of the Flavours best calculated to please the Consumer. They therefore only request a Trial, and trust to the superior Quality and the moderation of their Charges for a continuance of that Support which has distinguished their Establishment during the last Half Century.

Eagleton and Co. have now on Sale, of their own Importation, a Cargo of very fine FOREIGN FRUIT. Very fine New Malaga and Smyrna Raisins for Wine, at unusually low prices.

All Orders sent (free of postage) to any part of the Metropolis. Country Orders, addressed to Eagleton and Co., by post or otherwise, enclosing Remittances, or Orders for Payment in London, will be punctually attended to.

STRENGTHENING PILLS, PREPARED BY DR. HARMSTRONG, FOR DEBILITY IN BOTH SEXES.

These Pills cure nervous complaints, evil swellings in the glands or neck, asthmas, coughs, consumptions, night sweats, and female weakness of every description, barrenness, and a bearing down, from difficult labours or other causes; lumbago; pain in the head, breast, or back, and seminal weakness in men. This medicine is a great restorer to the constitution after any kind of fever. *Price 6s. per Box, Duty included.*

Also,

HARMSTRONG'S FEMALE VEGETABLE PILLS,

For Females only, at the commencement and decline of the most critical period of their lives; which is the most proper physic for women after lying-in or miscarriages, being the only medicine in the world to be depended on for curing inflammations, obstructions, &c. *Price 2s. 9d. per Box, Duty included.*

By Appointment of the Doctor, these Pills are sold Wholesale and Retail, by Messrs. Barclay, No. 95, Fleet-Market, London; also Retail, by all respectable Medicine Venders in the United Kingdom.

THE DANDY TENTH!!!

Just Published, the following

NEW CARICATURES, by CRUIKSHANK, &c., viz. 1. The Cornet Battery opened on the Tenth—2. Arrogance, (or, nonchalance) of the Tenth retorted, "He won't do!! Trot him out!! Trot him out!!"—3. A Tenth rejected, or the Dandified Coxcomb in a Bandbox—4. Drilling One Tenth of the Military in the Manual Exercise, or a Dancing Lesson to the Tune of Whack Row-de-Dow—5. St. Shela "Trotting out" the Vermin from the Emerald Isle—6. Heroic exploits of the Tenth with Nobody; "The Tenth Fight with Nobody, the Tenth run from Nobody, the Tenth dance with Nobody, the Tenth play Cards with Nobody, the Tenth insult Nobody"—7. Catching Goose; or, A Rencontre between a Gallant Tenth, and a Valiant Ninth. Several others on the same subject will appear immediately, price Two Shillings each.

Published by John Fairburn, Broadway, Ludgate-Hill, where may be had,

THE QUIZZICAL GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY, for 1824, Price Sixpence, or in complete Setts stitched in a Coloured Wrapper, Price Three and Sixpence.

ARMY and Navy Stewards of the Mess, Captains of Ships, Military and Naval Officers, Travellers, Hotel Keepers and Families, will find a great advantage in using the PREPARED CHOCOLATE POWDER, in Pound and Half-Pound Canisters, and COCOA PASTE, in Half-Pound Pots; sold Wholesale and Retail by DEACON and Co., Coffee and Tea Warehouse, No. 2, Skinner-Street, Snow-Hill, London, two Doors from Fleet-Market. The above Articles are warranted to keep in any Climate, and are particularly nutritive, and adapted to weak Stomachs and Indigestions. The facility with which they are prepared for Table (in less than One Minute), renders them highly desirable Articles of Family Consumption.

A Liberal Allowance made to the Trade and for Exportation.—N.B. Fine Broma.

DR. SOLANDER'S ENGLISH TEA, so many years recommended and approved by the late Sir Richard Jebb (Physician to the King), and other eminent Physicians, in preference to Foreign Tea (more particularly during the Spring and Summer months), as the most pleasant and powerful restorative hitherto discovered, in all nervous, bilious, and consumptive disorders, and in every other debility of the nervous system. This Tea, so pleasant to the taste and smell, is an effectual purifier of the blood, and by promoting gentle perspiration, powerfully assuages those excruciating pains derived from the gout and rheumatism; and is of sovereign efficacy in removing complaints of the head, invigorating the mind from those self-created alarms, which too frequently render the existence of nervous people intolerable. Drank warm at night it promotes refreshing rest, and is a restorative cordial to the constitution of such as keep late hours, or live too freely.

Sold by Sanger, 150, Oxford-Street; Hawkins, Bond-Street; Harris, Ludgate Street; Tait; Cornhill; Nix and Stradling, Royal Exchange; and throughout the Kingdom, in Packets, 2s. 9d.; and Canisters, 10s. 6d.

WIDOW WELSH'S FEMALE PILLS

HAVE obtained the sanction and approbation of Gentlemen of the Medical Profession, as a safe and valuable Medicine in removing obstructions, and relieving other inconveniences to which the female frame is liable, especially those which at an early period of life frequently arise from: want of exercise, and general debility of the system. They create an appetite, correct indigestion, remove giddiness and nervous head-ache, and are eminently useful in windy disorders, pains in the stomach, shortness of breath, and palpitations of the heart.

Purchasers are requested to remark, that as a testimony of authenticity, each bill of directions is signed with the name of 'C. KEARSLEY,' in writing.

Sold wholesale and retail, in London, by Wright, No. 46, Fleet-street; Barclay and Sons, Fleet-market; Newbery and Sons, St. Paul's Church-yard; Sutton and Co., Bow church-yard; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street, opposite Bond-street; Evans and Sons, Long-lane, Smithfield; Johnston, Greek-street, Soho; Butler and Sons, Cheapside; Godfrey Windus, Bishopsgate-street: and by all Country Venders; at 2s. 9d. per box.

. It is necessary to inform the public that KEARSLEY'S is the only original and genuine Medicine, and has been prepared by them for more than thirty years.

MR. ROWLEY'S GREAT PICTURE OF
PARADISE REGAINED,

TAKEN FROM THE LAST, BUT MEMORABLE WORDS OF OUR LORD,
 "IT IS FINISHED."

Wherein are combined with the important Historical Representations of that most extraordinary Event, the Evidences and Tenets of Christianity, according to the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England;

NOW EXHIBITING

AT MR. STANLEY'S GREAT ROOM.

MADDOX-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE, OPPOSITE ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING—DESCRIPTION ONE SHILLING.

LUXURY IN BATHING.

According to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the Turkish Ladies universally indulge in the use of the bath, and consider it as highly conducive to the beauty of the complexion: the establishments in Constantinople for the exclusive use of females are on a most magnificent scale. In England, where bathing is more necessary to the health, and almost as general among ladies, it was to us a matter of surprise, that no baths for their peculiar reception were to be found. It is, therefore, with much pleasure, that we call the attention of our female readers to a Private Bathing Establishment, of the highest respectability, for ladies only, recently opened at 3, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE. It is under the immediate patronage of several ladies of high rank, and is, consequently, fitted up in a style of superior elegance, with every attention to the greatest cleanliness and comfort. The baths (Warm, Cold, Shower, Douch, and Aromatic Vapour) are daily visited by the wives and daughters of the Nobility and Gentry, from whom Mrs. C. CROSBY, the Proprietress, receives the strongest assurances of support: and, from her baths being the only ones in London confined to the reception of ladies, we have no doubt of Mrs. C. Crosby's receiving from our fair countrywomen all the encouragement such an undertaking deserves.

Mrs. C. Crosby, well known, as MISS CABBRY, to our fashionable readers, for her superior Court Plumes, Flowers, &c., still continues her business at the same house.

YARD-WIDE STRIPED GROS DE NAPLES are now 2s. 4d. a yard, the old price 3s. 6d.; rich plain do. 2s. 9d.; the stoutest Lutestrings and Laventecens, 3s. 6d. the old price 5s.; good Persians and fine Italian Nets, 12d.; rich Ducapes, 3s. and 3s. 6d.; Canton Crapes, 12s. the Dress; Genappe Cords, 14s. 6d.; Black, White, and Coloured Satins, 2s. and 2s. 4d.; rich do. 3s. and 3s. 6d.; beautiful Genoa Velvets, in every colour, 8s. 6d. commonly sold at 14s.; yard-wide Silk Gauzes, 8½d. a yard; Bombazines, 9d. a yard; rich figured Poplins, 12d. and 14d. a yard; yard-wide Crapes, 14d.; an extensive stock of Hosiery and Gloves, unusually cheap; Ladies' Silk Hose, 2s. 6d. a pair; rich do. 3s. 6d. and 4s.; Ladies' Dress Kid Gloves, 6d. a pair; Gentlemen's do. 8d.; French Kid do. 11s. per dozen; India Sprig Book Muslin Dresses, 12s. 6d. each (well worth 25s.); elegantly Flounced Robes for Morning and Dinner Dresses, 14s. 6d. each; fine Jaconots, 15s. the piece (20 yards); undressed Cambrics for slips, full 6-4th wide, 11s. the piece (12 yards); India Book Muslins, 6d. a yard; 300 dozen of French Cambric Handkerchiefs, from 16s. a dozen to 45s.—At HODGE and LOWMAN'S, Wholesale Drapers and Mercers, Argyll House, Regent-street, three doors from the Argyll Rooms. Thirty thousand pounds worth of the most superb damask Table Linen, Russia, German, and Irish Sheetings, fine Irish Linens, India Long Cloths and Muslins, elegant Marseilles Quilts and Counterpanes, Town printed Furnitures and Moreens, unusually cheap, for ready money.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1824.



A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Portrait of MISS CATHERINE HUTTON, from an original Drawing.

A beautifully finished whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Carriage Dress, appropriately coloured.

A beautifully finished whole-length Portrait Figure, in a Ball Dress.

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MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
CONTAINING A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN
DRAMA, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Supplement* to the *Twenty-Ninth* Volume of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, containing Biographical Memoirs of Madame Pasta, and of M. Albert, a *Summary of the Fashions for the last Six Months*; a *Sketch of the Progress and State of Literature for the last Six Months*; Original Contributions; a Title Page, and General Index, &c. will be published on the First of July.

"Shakespeare's Females, No. V." in our next.

The request of the writer of a tale entitled "*The Russian Maid*," shall be complied with.

Amongst the numerous favours to which our earliest attention shall be paid, are, "*Rupert and Mariana*;" "*The Dreamer*," No. I.;—and "*The Storm on the Lake of Samna, in Finland, by a Russian Officer*."

To the esteemed author of those truly poetical compositions "*The Dream of Death*;" "*The Poet's Child*;" "*The Death of Riego*;" "*The Unknown Grave*;" "*The Sons of Greece*;" "*The Song of Grief*," &c. our best thanks are most cordially tendered.

We are sorry to be under the necessity of declining the acceptance of the piece "*To the Memory of Shakespeare*."

If the author of "*Ernest the Rebel, and Fitzwalter the Baron*," will throw the incidents, poetically related at page 9, into plain prose, it may, with much laborious correction, be inserted in some portion of the succeeding volume. It pains us to remark, that the style of this writer is at all times deplorably loose, ungrammatical, and generally inaccurate.

To our very kind, obliging, and indefatigable friend, "B. G." we have the pleasure of renewing our thanks for several valuable communications.

"*Stanzas, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson*," shall appear in our next.

The lines "*To Mary*," and "*Lines supposed to be written by Clare, previously to his going to Plough*," are reserved for future insertion.

We thank GREGORY SCRIBLERUS for his attention: his corrected, and much improved effusion, shall appear.

The Drawing Room took place too late for us to present our fair readers with a Court Dress, but we shall endeavour to submit one to their notice next month.

. Errata in MRS. BARON WILSON'S poem, at page 162:—In stanza 2, line 3, for "*his guard*," read, "*her guard*." In stanza 6, line 4, for "*the bright gold is gained*," read "*the bright goal is gained*."

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

FOR JUNE, 1824.

A New and Improved Series.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MISS CATHERINE HUTTON.

CATHERINE HUTTON is the daughter of William Hutton, of Birmingham, author of "The History of Birmingham," and various other works. The first propensity she discovered, when a child, was to letters; and she cannot remember the time when she could not read fluently, and pronounce her words, with few exceptions, properly. She well remembers the difficulty she experienced in learning the use of the needle—the often-repeated threat of her industrious mother, "Catherine, if you will not work, I'll burn the books." She learned to write from her father.

At seven years of age, she was, at her own request, sent to a day-school: there she learned to dance, and wrote daily epistles to her school-fellows. Her mother said, Catherine had every kind of sense but common sense; and her mother's family, who thought all merit was confined to the useful, declared that the girl would never be good for any thing. She had, however, given some indications of usefulness; for her dolls, which were nineteen in number, were all of them clothed, and

some of them fabricated, by her own hands. Before another seven years had passed Miss Hutton was the contriver and cutter out of the linen of the family, and the maker of a considerable part of it. She then never saw any sort of ornamental needlework which she did not learn, or practised any in which she did not excel.

Her days now passed smoothly and pleasantly away. She read and worked, danced and rode on horseback; men of the first talent in Birmingham sought her acquaintance; and women, among the most accomplished, were her friends.

Such was the life of Miss Hutton till the year 1791, when the lower class of men in Birmingham assembled in crowds, vociferating "Church and King," and were permitted to scatter fire and devastation uncontrolled. Her father was a fit object for the vengeance of the infuriated multitude; for, in quality of acting commissioner in the court of requests, he had compelled many of them to pay their debts. His house in Birmingham was attacked, plundered, and destroyed; and

the succeeding morning saw his house at Bennett's-Hill in flames, and the family wanderers, whom no one cared to shelter.

Miss Hutton's mother, unable to breathe the air of Birmingham, had lived wholly at Bennett's-Hill, whither the entire family removed, as soon as the house had been rebuilt. Mrs. Hutton survived the shock of the riots four years and a half, in a state of great suffering and total helplessness; and during that period, Catherine was the devoted nurse of her mother, the superintendant of assistant nurses, and the manager—the skilful manager—of her father's household; her sole recreation, and with avidity she pursued it, being the cultivation of flowers in the garden.

In 1796, when death had released her from the care of her mother, she visited a friend in London. She went with her to a ball; but a ball had no longer any interest for her. She came home ill, and might have dropped and died, if her remaining parent had not taken her to the mountain air of North Wales, and the sea-beach of Barmouth.

From this time, her evenings were passed in singing and playing, or in reading to her father; her days were employed in ornamental needle-work, and in the garden. She also resumed a long interrupted labour; that of making a collection of English and foreign costume. She purchased prints, or obtained drawings of the habits worn in every country and every age; and, having cut away the paper close to the figures, she pasted them on large folio writing paper, and had them bound into volumes. The English figures alone fill several of these, and are accompanied by explanations and remarks, which probably form the most complete history of dress extant.*

It was not till about the year 1807 that Miss Hutton entertained the idea of writing for publication: she then tried her power, and in a few months produced "*Oakwood House*," which was first published in *La*

Belle Assemblée; and afterwards, with additions, under the title of "*Oakwood Hall*," by Messrs. Longman and Co. "*The Miser Married*" succeeded this; and "*The Welsh Mountaineer*" was begun, but laid aside in consequence of the increasing infirmities of Miss Hutton's father. After his death, in 1815, her first employment was the preparing his life, written by himself, for the press: this done, she finished "*The Welsh Mountaineer*. On the merit of these respective works, our limits will not permit us to enlarge; suffice it therefore to say, that the encouragement with which they were crowned—the truest test of their value—was more than adequate to the expectations of their author.

c Writing was now become a habit; and Miss Hutton undertook the laborious task of selecting from the works of the various travellers in Africa, all that was most interesting and most desirable to be known. She thought that by divesting books of travels in this interesting part of the globe of dry details, abstruse disquisitions, and all indelicacies, she should be rendering a service to her own sex; and that, while her work afforded them amusement, it might supply them with all the information on the subject of Africa which it was necessary for a well educated female to possess.*

Miss Hutton continues to reside at Bennett's-Hill, in the house in which her father and mother ended their days. There she is constantly visited by her brother and another valued relation. Her other friends are at a distance, and her intercourse with them is chiefly carried on by letters. Habit, and a delicate state of health have rendered her home inviolable.

"No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near."—*Cotton*.

* It has been said of the "*Tour of Africa*," that "it exhibits in methodical order the substance of sixty expensive and desultory publications, and the result is as accurate an account of this continent as can be found of any part of the earth's surface; that the style is clear and elegant, and the painting lively; and that the work blends so much amusement with instruction, that it must be deemed highly auxiliary to the great cause of African research, and the grand and dignified objects connected with it."

* This collection, originally intended only for private amusement, has been shewn to several of the first booksellers in London, with the view of a selection being published. All behold it with admiration, but none chose to venture on the expense of the engravings.

Original Communications.

TRANSLATION FROM PEGU, OR BURMAH POESY.

In every age and country, savage or civilized, the heroic sentiments, the fervid purity of communal law, resting on the firm basis of religious and moral principle, has produced in woman a splendor of soul, emanating in magnanimous self-devotion, which the loftier sex never have expressed. The following translation of Burmah Poesy, though wrapped in the graceful half-transparent veil of fictitious names, is supposed to record the self-immolation of a Princess, wife to the son of the Emperor Minderagree, who succeeded the great Alhompra. The Burmah laws unrepentably doom to death all the kindred, male and female, of persons convicted of high treason. The Prince had married the daughter of a Burmah warrior, who in early youth performed prodigies of valour and military skill, in the service of Alhompra; and, in remuneration of his renowned exploits, was appointed viceroy of a distant province. His second wife, of an illustrious family in the conquered realm, acquired unbounded ascendancy over his declining faculties. During a long illness, she obtained his signet, which she employed to erect in his name the standard of rebellion. Two faithful adherents of Minderagree, travelled with the utmost celerity to inform him of the revolt. The Prince met them when hunting, and having learnt the purport of their rapid journey, made his attendants detain them, while he hastened to remove his wife from the impending penalty of her father's crime. Night fell deep and dense, ere the Prince could make arrangements for escaping to an asylum, whence he hoped to be able to reach the English dominions, in the Western Peninsula of Asia. Loravalah first supposes her husband has been falsely accused, and determines to remain, at all risks, to vindicate his innocence; but when, in an agony of anxiety and grief, he involuntarily tells her the real cause of his alarm, she resolves to sacrifice herself to

the majesty of her husband's honour, and to the pious submission she believes due to the laws. Without revealing her purposes, she gives Orodola a last embrace, takes her children from the couch, and rushes to the imperial presence, delivering to justice the offspring of a reputed traitor. The Emperor, astonished at her intrepid virtues, wishes to spare her life; but the Zalopains assure him the sacred traditions of Burh prohibit even the monarch from granting prolonged existence to any individual, through whose veins flow one drop of traitorous blood. Loravalah implores the Emperor to remember, that the punishment of traitors is one of the ten duties of Kings, and calmly yields herself and her babes to the executioner.

We have abridged the story, but give at full length the last interview between Loravalah and Orodola.

Is it the soft breeze of night, stealing odours from the blossomy groves, which, with scarcely audible sound, flushes the pale cheek of Loravalah, quickens the palpitating heart with presentiments of evil, and affects her ear, watchful for the return of Orodola? The cautious movement draws nearer and more near; the golden latch is lowly raised; the attendant maidens withdraw; and the Prince takes the polished hand of Loravalah. He tries to speak; but gasping, his tongue clings to his mouth. Loravalah first found utterance to her voice of soul-entrancing melody.

"My Prince! my Orodola! wherefore has the ruddy hue forsaken thy lips; where are the raptured greetings of thy love speaking in thine eyes; when, after a few hours' absence, thy presence has again blest the fond Loravalah? Cherishing hope and buoyant hilarity no longer animate thy expressive features! Speak! Oh relieve me from distracting apprehension. Thou art not in wrath; some mighty

sorrow fetters thy eloquent tongue. Speak, or Loravalah expires with dreadful anticipations."

"Calm thy too sensitive spirit, Loravalah, and tell me, wouldst thou, for the sake of Orodola, endure to be a wanderer? Decide instantaneously, my love. By a moment's delay we may be lost. I must fly."

"And Loravalah will be thy companion in every extremity. But thou couldst not commit a deed to render thee a fugitive. And if thy fair fame has been aspersed, seek a safe retreat. Loravalah will brave every danger to confute the base slander, till, like the molten bowels of the precious mine, the name of Orodola shall come forth more bright than ever."

"It may not be. Thou must be the sunshine of mine adverse hours. I cannot exist without thee. Arise, Loravalah, we must fly."

"Let me stay to advocate thy cause. The glowing heart shall supply words of power; and till we meet again, mercy shall banquet on the delicious reminiscences of love, spotless, as ardent and unchangeable."

"Joy of my soul! wilt thou bereave me of the small portion of reason which stands between me and madness? With the spread of light, let me draw thee from this perilous abode. Dost thou resist? Oh, Loravalah! thy life, thy invaluable life, is forfeited. Thy father is a declared traitor."

"I have long dreaded this intelligence. My father, feeble in body and mind, wedded the daughter of an enemy, and she makes him the instrument of hereditary vengeance. She is cruel and perfidious; but I go an unsullied spirit to endless day."

"And leave me desolate? By every sacred right of Budh, I conjure thee, save thyself while safety may be insured. I have secured a place of refuge, till the

ocean wafts us to the all-potent people who rule the destinies of occidental India."

"Shall Loravalah make her husband the son of the lord of the earth and air, and his children the slaves or dependents of a white nation? Degradation is worse than death; and woe, woe, is the portion of all who refuse submission to the laws. What woe must fall on Loravalah, should she be the cause of depriving her sex of the freedom, which confidence in their virtues has conferred on all the women in India? O Orodola, thy spouse is weak. I go to seek my children. The choicest blessings of Budh rest upon thee."

One moment Loravalah was locked in the embraces of her Prince, but he remembered her jeopardy, and urged her to seek their babes; all unsuspecting of her pious resolves. With the rushing force of enthusiasm she quits her dwelling for ever; with the sleeping innocents in her arms, hurats into the royal apartments; and, kneeling to the Emperor, exclaims, "Behold the daughter and infant offspring of a traitor! Let the royal mandates shed their blood, as polluted waters are poured to the earth."

The Emperor, in anguish and amazement, hesitated to pronounce the fiat; but the Zalopins, guardians of the laws, interposed. Loravalah dies, meek as the bleeding dove. Orodola quenched his burning sorrows in the blood of rebellious Peguers. A spear restored peace to his princely bosom. With his last breath he implored that his heart might be entombed with the dust of Loravalah. A faithful confidante performed this hallowed office. The corse of Orodola, with great pomp, is conveyed to the mausoleum of imperial mortality; but his heart rests with Loravalah and his infants. The virgins plight their vow over the sanctified mound, and matrons ponder there the duties of their state.

B. G.

TRADITIONAL TALES.—No. I.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

INTRODUCTION.

THE traditional reminiscences, of which the origin is lost in the obscurity of antiquity, and with which the marvellous adventures of fable so readily blend themselves, invest with a tincture of romantic poetry the whole of this part of Germany which stretches along the banks of the Rhine between Mount Taunus and the Seven Mountains. On every eminence which rises above the bosom of the valley are seen either the ruins of some ancient and battlemented castle, or the sombre remains of some dilapidated and ivy-clad convent; and to every different place some murderous story is attached, of which the most minute particulars are handed down from age to age, with the firm belief that the whole had, in days gone by, absolutely occurred. The imagination easily resigns itself to the more incredible portions of these tales through their having much real history mingled with their details. The traveller is obliged to hear the whole, or he will be looked upon with a suspicious eye. He is, moreover, obliged to seem to believe the adventures which are related with so firm and warm a persuasion of their reality; for the narrator will regard it as an insult to have the truth of his story called in question. Under such circumstances, the following stories were first heard; and if the reader will bear them in mind during the perusal, the greater portion of the marvellous which they contain, will, if not overlooked, at least be accounted for.

TALE I.

IRMENGARDE AND RENAUD,

Or the Castle of Falkenstein.

On the height of a rocky eminence not far from Mount Alt Konig, on the other side of Kronenberg, the traveller may perceive the ruined and solitary walls of the ancient castle of Falkenstein. Around these neglected ruins the most sombre silence for ever reigns, except when broken by the melancholy voice of the owl. The castle had formerly only one entrance,

which was almost impassable on account of the broken pieces of rock which choked it up. Inhabited by a Baron of the most gloomy and fantastical disposition, no one would have ventured to visit this ancient manor, had it not contained the youthful Irmengarde, the only daughter of the possessor, and who was considered as the most beautiful maiden in the whole country around. A single look from her was sufficient to repay the traveller for the fatigues which he had undergone, and the unwelcome reception which he received; but her looks were so modest and diffident, that they inspired more of love than of hope. The young chevalier Renaud de Sayn, was far more successful than his rivals; for whenever he arrived he was received by the fair Irmengarde, not only with smiles but also with blushes, and this slight preference encouraged Renaud to make propositions to the Baron. He waited for some time for a favourable opportunity, but the fear of being refused hindered him from making the attempt. Standing one day with the Baron at a casement in one of the upper towers, and casting his eyes over the country around, "I did not think," said he, "that your castle was so favourably situated for enjoying the beauty of the surrounding country; but it is a great drawback, that the road hither is so very difficult and fatiguing."

"No one asked you to undergo it," was the dry answer of the Baron.

"Were it not love," hastily replied Renaud, "your daughter"—— he wished to continue, but his embarrassment increased, and he endeavoured in vain.

The old Baron fixed his eyes upon him and smiled, but with him a smile was always a bad omen. "Young man," said he, after some moments of silence, "I will give you my daughter, but it must be on one condition."

"I accept it before I hear it," said Renaud, interrupting him, "there is nothing which I will not undertake to obtain her. There is nothing impossible to love."

"Well, then," replied the Baron, "you

have only to make across these rocks a road sufficiently level to allow you to come and visit me on horseback. But it is also necessary that the undertaking should be completed in one night. You understand me? I give you, at all events, only twenty-four hours."

Renaud looked at him with an air of astonishment, and was about to reply, when the old Baron interrupted him by observing, "*There is nothing impossible to love,*" and bowing to him, with a smile of derision, retired.

But the love of the chevalier was too ardent to be damped, without at least some endeavour to obtain the object of his wishes: he, therefore, without loss of time, left the castle, and repaired to the mines of Mount Alt König; and, having called the head of the miners, made him the proposition, offering the most ample recompense provided he could succeed in the enterprise. The miner raised his head, and looking at him, "I know that castle wall," said he, "and if I were to employ three hundred miners in the undertaking, they would not be able to finish it in a month. It is an enterprise fit for a demon, and unless a demon undertook it, it would never be finished."

At this information, Renaud sat himself down at the entrance of the mine, and gave himself up to the most melancholy reflections. The twilight of evening had already begun to scatter its obscurity over the face of nature, when he raised his eyes, and beheld a little old man with locks as white as snow, standing before him, and who addressed him thus: "Chevalier de Sayn, I overheard the discourse which you held with the head of the miners; I am far better acquainted with the nature of the undertaking than he is, and I am willing to offer you my services."

"Who art thou, then?"

"We are called among ourselves subterranean demons, or spirits of the mountain; but the name is of no consequence. Our nature and powers are so far superior to those of men, that to make this road to the castle of Falkenstein would be to us merely a pride, the work of an hour."

"Oh! if thou couldst but perform this—"

"Not only can I, but I am willing," said

the dwarf; "and all that I demand in recompense is, that you should no longer allow the mines of St. Marguerite to be worked; for, if your people extend their excavations much farther, they will break into my dominions, and I shall then be forced to quit the mountain entirely with all my attendant spirits. You will lose nothing thereby; for the mountain which you see yonder, on the right hand, abounds far more richly in metallic productions, and I will give you the means of discovering in what direction that ore lies. You will find it by opening a mine from the west to the east; but do not touch the north side, for that is also a portion of my dominions."

Renaud vowed that he would willingly give all the mines of gold and silver which the whole world possessed for the beautiful Irmengarde; and the dwarf therefore promised him that his wishes should be accomplished before the first dawn of day.

The amiable Irmengarde was plunged in the deepest sorrow: her father had related to her the conversation which he had had with the Chevalier de Sayn, and all the arguments which she had used in order to prevail upon him to change his resolution, only tended to make him more firm in maintaining it. Sleep was not able to close her eyelids; and she was still sitting at one of the casements, when she thought she heard, all of a sudden, a noise which resembled that of people working with pick-axes and spades. A feeling of joy mingled with fear overcame her so far that she had not courage to lift the casement to satisfy her curiosity.

Her father then entered into her chamber. The same noise had awakened him from his sleep. "I think," said he, "that the Chevalier de Sayn has lost his reason. Perhaps in some way or other, he will make the rocks which impede the road to the castle sink into the earth, so that, for the future, we shall be obliged to descend to the mines."

As he sneeringly said this, he opened the casement; but the air was darkened with clouds of dust, the oaks of the neighbouring forests bowed their heads to the ground, the doors of the castle opened and shut of themselves with the most violent noise, and wild shouts of laughter resounded through the air. Irmengarde, seized with

fright, flew for protection to the arms of her father, who made the sign of the cross and repeated a psalm. By degrees the pains subsided, and silence reigned throughout the castle and the forest.

The old Baron sought to tranquillize his daughter by assuring her that all they had just seen and heard was occasioned by the hunting of the demons of the forest, and that he had often witnessed the same in his youth. This in some degree allayed the fears of Irmengarde; but the Baron, whose conscience was not quite so free from remorse as that of his daughter, could not, after every endeavour, entirely recover his composure; and it was not until the birds had given their first carols to the rising day, that he could close his eyes to repose.

The beams of the morning sun had scarcely shed their splendours on the walls of the castle of Falkenstein, when the Chevalier de Sayn, mounted on a superb courser, galloped across the draw-bridge which led to the castle. The old Baron, awakened by the neighing of the steed, started from his bed and ran to the casement: his first thought, when he saw the chevalier enter-

ing into the court-yard, was, that he must have fallen from the clouds. Renaud wished him a good morning, and added, with a smile, "You see it is not now impossible to visit the Baron of Falkenstein on horseback!" The father of Irmengarde rubbed his eyes, looked around him, and seemed in doubt whether he was asleep or awake; for he perceived that there was a most magnificent road cut, in a serpentine direction, across the rocks, to the portal of the castle. Renaud then entered into the hall, where Irmengarde was waiting to receive him, and he then repeated to her and her father the obligations which he owed to the spirit of the mountain, for giving him the means of obtaining his wishes.

"I do not wish to break my promise," said the Baron, somewhat softened by this recital, "I give her to you; and, saying this, he put the hand of his daughter into that of the chevalier.

The road, leading to the castle of Falkenstein, and which was made by the spirits of the mountain, may still be seen; and it retains to this day the name of the "Road of the Demon."

THE MARRIED MAN.

RAMBLING through the streets of this vast metropolis the other day, I met an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for above a twelvemonth: having remembered him a plump round-faced happy-looking fellow, I was somewhat struck on our rencontre to find that, though he had gained little in the *height of his figure*, he had added considerably to the *length of his face*. That enviable plumpness, which made him appear the very type of good living—a true disciple of British beef and pudding—had evaporated, and left him spare and meagre, while the deep dimples of his laughing cheeks were succeeded by most awful hollows.

"How's this, Charles!" I exclaimed, "you've lost *fat*." "Yes, and gained a *rib*." "Then your gain has been a *loss*, it seems: however, I suppose it is only a *transfer*, and the happy Mrs. Winner makes up for all your deficiencies. I am impatient to be introduced to the artstress of

your fate." A groan, "not loud but deep," was his only reply: when, thrusting his arm within mine, he hurried me along through several streets, till at last he stopped and thundered at the door of a very respectable house, into the parlour of which he ushered me. I was somewhat at a loss what to say, when he suddenly caught my hand, and, with a manner and utterance almost frantic, exclaimed, "Here I stand, a victim and a martyr to the diabolical system of female education and female manners; a system of the grossest deception that was ever practised on mankind. Talk of prowling wolves, and hungry tigers—they are nothing to the women of the present day, who are the very quintessence of both, under the semblance of lambs and fawns." "Softly, softly! my dear Charles!" I exclaimed, "this is a philippic fit only for the mouth of a madman. Let us argue this subject coolly—if you can. From all you say, I collect that

you are married?" A sigh of some thousand leagues in length was the response; "And," I continued, "rather unhappily!" "Rather," he drily replied. "Will you allow me to ask, what was the surpassing charm that caught you?"

"I see what you are driving at," cried he, with quickness; "you want to shake out, that it is all my own fault; but I tell you, and I'll maintain it to the last hour, it was all *her* deception. Stay, and I'll prove it. I courted a neat elegant woman: I have married a careless negligent slattern, who only wears the appearance of order, as she does her bonnet, when she goes out. I courted a mild silent girl, who never spoke ten words at a time, or raised her voice above B flat: I have married a woman with a tongue that would reach from London to Exeter; with a voice loud as the Old Tom of Lincoln; and, so far from wanting words, she strings them faster than Sancho strung proverbs. As for conversation, or comfort, I might as well expect the former from an Egyptian mummy, or the latter in an Egyptian pyramid. And how was I to anticipate all this? Could I believe that a girl who smiled upon every body, and at every thing—whose voice was not audible at the further end of a room—who, during all the time I knew her, never uttered an idea, or advanced an opinion, would turn out the reverse of all this?"

"I am sorry to say," replied I, "that your case appears to be a very hopeless one; but you have fallen into a common error, that of considering you did wisely in choosing a fool. If you ever have the opportunity of a second choice, let it be a sensible woman, and the odds will be ten to one in your favour."

I now bade my unlucky friend good day, having no wish to wait the return of his interesting helpmate.

The occurrence of the morning had formed a channel for my thoughts, out of which they refused to flow; so I even yielded to the current, and not a petticoat that I subsequently met but added something to the stream of reflection for a week at least. I observed, besides those who played the *silent amiables*, there were the *flirts* and the *rattles*, all alike idealless and vain; and I cried, from the bottom of my heart; Oh! one plain woman with plain

sense, is worth a million of these pretty butterflies; for they are indeed, "grubs in the morning and butterflies in the evening;" and, howsoever bright or busy abroad, are little better than wasps and drones at home. There is an ancient story of a rich man, in Thessaly, who had nine daughters: they were highly and variously gifted, but their vanity and ambition soared so high that they challenged the muses to a contest of skill. The divine sisters, as may be readily imagined, distanced all competition; and then, in punishment of the presumption of these damsels, they changed them into *magpies*. The class of young ladies to which I last alluded, seem to be *modern* descendants from this Thessalian family; for they bear too close a resemblance on the points of vanity and talkativeness to be only *collateral* branches.

As nothing tends more to perspicuity than to confine an argument or detail to one point, I shall select a single object out of the many that have fallen in my way for particular description: so little do the individuals of the class differ in essentials, that it may be fairly taken as a general portrait.

Miss Mary Ann Catchhusband—a type of that race of beings which divests the character of woman of all that is dignified or delightful—is descended from a very ancient family, even, I believe, from the *Pierides* themselves. Her family was always anxious for an alliance with that of the Younghusbands, a stock also of much consequence and great antiquity. Mary Ann is remarkable for dressing in the extreme of fashion, and is, in consequence, not always solicitous to preserve decorum: it is

Her heart's supreme ambition to be fair.

* * * * *

For this the toilet every thought employs;
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys;
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school;
And each instructive feature has its rule.

Sometimes, particularly when she has studied a bewitching set of looks in her glass, she plays off the winning airs of silent sweetness, broken only by an harmonious monosyllable, and entwined only by a smile that serves at once to display her teeth and brighten her eyes. An idea be-

yond the merest common places of dress and gallantry has never wormed its way to the frothy recesses of her brain. If, therefore, any person, unconscious of her incapacity, addresses her on any other subject, she flatters the party with a silent attention, the result of her utter indifference and total ignorance as to what has been said. This amiable young creature never lays her white hand upon a book unless it is a novel, and then only to pursue the thread of the story, and linger on the love scenes; all others, especially if they contain either advice or information, she judiciously passes over. It is, however, in a tête-à-tête with a dear friend, or in the midst of a gossiping coterie, that this lady indulges in the feast of folly, and the flow of tongue: the history of trimmings and turbans, flounces and furbelows, she has at her fingers' ends; to say nothing of stories, long as the galleries of a haunted castle, about discarded and rejected lovers, &c.

It is among her tenets to suffer no gentleman to remain in a happy state of neutrality. She, therefore, if she cannot win by smiles, quickens his dull nature by managing to quarrel with him; and, while he, poor innocent being, is utterly unconscious what it is all about, every body else is sure "there is something in it." Thus, the usual innuendos about "lovers' quarrels," &c., get whispered about; and, if the youth prove invincible, the lady has the credit of *appearing* to dismiss and discountenance him.

Among her female friends (friends! a profanation of the term!) she suffers none to remain on her list who does not give balls, and provided she does, she will overlook her possessing a pair of fine eyes and a handsome figure. Thus, she and the hundreds who resemble her, vegetate in folly and vanity, in a weak, not to say vicious perversion of their feelings and understandings. They become (and most industriously seek to become) wives and mothers, without possessing one requisite for those important stations.

Were women conscious how much they are capable of influencing the best interests of society, they would forego the petty varieties of private life for the proud ambition of ennobling and refining human nature. They are our first instructresses; our last consolers; the cradle and the bed of death alike require their gentle tenderness, their sustaining wisdom; but it is not in the tinselly disciples of the drawing-room and the assembly, we are to look for beings capable of giving conduct or consolation in either of those helpless stages of existence. Let women take from the toilet, the piano, and the dancing-master, a portion of the time which they so lavishly allot to pleasant trifling, and appropriate it to the improvement of their minds, and the exercise of their reasoning faculties. Then indeed, may they become the best and fairest creatures of heaven—at once the admiration and the pride, the honour and the glory of their species. L.

CORDELIA.

THE trite saying, that trifles often decide the destiny of men, may be repeated by me with little apology, for, howsoever impertinent and common-place such a truism may appear, the quotation will be justified by the narrative appended to its introduction here.

I was dressed for the opera. It was the first night of Rossini's *Doña del Lago*, and I question whether any temptation that London could offer, would have induced me to relinquish my determination to be present. It was a thing fixed, settled, reckoned upon; I was to be there on that

particular night. As I had not perused the English poem since its first appearance in the days of my boyhood, I had sent to Ebers for a copy, and was luxuriating over the picturesque descriptions of Leah Katrine and Ben Lomond, with my feet on the fender, and a bottle of Moselle on the table beside me, until the arrival of my friend M. interrupted my enjoyment. He proposed to attend the opera, too, but having mistaken the time by a whole hour, was at a loss to know what to do with himself in the interim. M. is one of those restless spirits that are never tranquil except

through mere exhaustion. He was just out of bed, with his strength recruited from his last career of dissipation; it was now too late, or too early, for almost every thing; how was this gloomy interregnum to be employed? he could not be satisfied to remain quietly sitting with me, though the book was of course thrown aside at his entrance. Suddenly a bright thought struck him; he would go to the subscription house in Regent Street, and as it was near the Italian Theatre, we could calculate to a minute the commencement of the overture, which I had sworn not to lose, and be in the pit the instant Spagnoletti should draw his bow across the catgut. I agreed to accompany him, in the hope that my determination to attend the opera might induce him to quit the more seductive amusement to which he was so unfortunately addicted, and we sallied forth together.

I have never felt any inclination to be more than a looker-on in these places, and merely staked my guinea by way of paying for my admission, and being therefore disengaged and uninterested, I was first struck by a hostile sound, and looking eagerly round for the means of evasion in the event of my conjectures being verified, I espied a door for which I resolved to make in case of a surprise. In another instant the alarm became general, and the greatest uproar and confusion prevailed; the police officers had established a footing in the ante-room. I instantly bolted, and was up several flights of stairs, and through a garret window, before any efficient pursuit could be commenced, my disinclination to figure in a Bow-Street report, having given wings to my flight. I wandered over the roofs of houses until I became weary of my journey: luckily the evening was too dark to render me visible to the watchmen below; I began anxiously to search for some open casement, and at length succeeded in gaining entrance to an attic, secure from the evil I apprehended, and out of the reach of Sir Richard Birnie's satellites. I shut the window which had so happily favoured my egress, and began to grope my way down stairs. A door at the foot of the first narrow flight yielded to my touch, and I found myself in a handsome stone lobby at the summit of a well staircase, lighted by a brilliant lamp.

I heard voices of expostulation and anger below, cross harsh sounds issuing apparently from the master of the mansion, and a justification uttered by the servants. The words, "thieves, and robbery, and we shall all be murdered in our beds through your carelessness," proved to me that this at least was no favourable opportunity for me to descend. I might be shot in a mistake, or perhaps, even a less pleasing alternative, dragged to the adjacent watch-house, to await an examination on a charge of burglary. There was something peculiarly disagreeable to me in the voice of the superior: it betokened fretfulness, suspicion, tyranny, and ill-temper; and I determined to remain above stairs until I should see a female servant, whom I could bribe with bright pieces and honeyed words to assist in my retreat. Accordingly, as the hall still rang with the dissonance of raging passion, I turned the handle of a lock nearest to me, and entered an apartment which was evidently a lady's dressing room. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate, and a lamp was left burning on the table. The decorations and furniture manifested the elegance of its owner's mind, for it seemed more calculated for intellectual gratification than for the exact purpose for which it was avowedly dedicated. A cheval looking glass, and another large plate upon the dressing table, a pin-cushion with two brooches and a ring stuck on it, a jewel case, from which depended a string of pearls, a cut-glass bottle filled with Eau-de-Cologne, and another of lavender-water, constituted all the appurtenances of the toilet. A very pretty selection of books stood upon the shelves of several cabinets. Implements for music and drawing were scattered about, and the productions of a superior pencil adorned the walls. Having scanned all these things, I began to feel a little impatient at my detention from the opera, and was just preparing to walk boldly out of the house which I had so unceremoniously entered, when a light footstep on the stairs caused me to hesitate. In the full belief that the lady's maid was not far off, I awaited her approach: the door opened, and it was the lady herself. She started back, apparently too much alarmed for utterance; though truly my appearance, a little dandified or so

for the opera, was not very formidable, and certainly as I had taken care to wear the slight disorder which my dress had sustained by the simple means before mentioned, I stepped forward, and with an air of ease that was unperceived in a few words explained the cause of my intrusion, and requested that she would allow me to put the garments on which I had fastened the street door. Indeed, she replied, "You are most unfortunate in having chosen that house for your passage. I fear it will be some hours before I can assist you to leave, for my guardian, even more suspicious than usual on account of the ladies having omitted some listening, is every moment out upon the stairs, and no assurances on my part, or on yours, could persuade him that you are here without any evil design. There is not a servant in the house that I can trust, and I am undone if you are seen."

Assuring her that I would not hazard her tranquillity for the world, and quickly perceiving that I was a gentleman, and therefore not likely to conduct myself in any unbecoming manner towards her, she apologized for the necessity of keeping me closely concealed from every eye until the moment that she could insure my departure unimplored. Drawing a key from her pocket, she opened a closet door: "luckily," said she, "this is a place which I always keep locked; will you have the goodness to enter it? I will release you at the first favourable opportunity."

I saw by the unaffected alarm that pervaded her manner, that she was placed in an awkward, and even a distressing situation, and I instantly complied with her wishes, and ensconced myself in my narrow retreat. She turned the lock upon me, and I was left in solitude and darkness to ruminate upon this strange adventure. My thoughts were wholly engrossed by my charming jailer. She was young, scarcely twenty, fair, delicate, blessed with dove-like eyes, and a voice of angel sweetness. Simply, yet tastefully attired in white muslin, graceful in her deportment, and evidently under very keen restraint, she was to me a very interesting, and even fascinating object. I puzzled myself with conjectures about her, and at least two hours rolled away in the contemplation. *La*

Donna del Lago was certainly very beautiful, and it now became a question whether I should get into the theatre, and see the last act of the ballet. The door of the wardrobe opened, I applied my eye to the key-hole, and the lady walked in, attended by a maid. The latter forthwith began to explain to her master's unaccountable behaviour, and in despite of my fair friend's entreaties to keep her silent, or, to dismiss her before she had finished her oration, she went room to room, she enlightened me very considerably on the affairs of the family. I learned that the young lady in whose house I had just introduced myself, was the niece and ward of the old gentleman of the house, the possessor of a large fortune, and destined by him to be the wife of his son; and for that reason closely immured from all other society. The sovereign appeared to be a sort of doting who had grown weary of her office, but to whose intelligent mistress denied all confidence. The purity and innocence of her mind, in all probability, had revolted from the idea of procuring stolen pleasures through the medium of this woman, and she now preferred any risk of detection to the mortification of a confession which would put her in the power of a base seducer. I easily gathered this from the dialogue which passed between them, and which clearly proved that the angel related by the trust, mistaken as it was, which her master reposed in her, took the liberty of forcing her conversation on the fair creature who was compelled to endure her importunance, and whose avowed dislike to the husband proposed to her, rendered her an object of suspicion to her uncle and his dependents.

Cardella, for that was the sweet girl's name, only allowed her officious waiting-maid to put her luxuriant tresses in order, and saying that she intended to sit up to finish a book, wrapped herself in her dressing gown, and peremptorily obliged her attendant to make her exit. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and then the lady opened her dressing room door, and seemed as if reconnoitring the premises. She returned in a short time, and unlocked my closet, with much sweet conversation told me that the butler had been ordered to sleep in the dining-room, and therefore it would

impossible for me to leave the house that night. Mutual apologies passed. I was shocked at having produced so much embarrassment and distress to one whose life was already made unhappy by the freaks and humours of her relations; and she appeared unaffectedly grieved at the necessity of exposing the secrets of her prison-house to an entire stranger. Requesting that I would endeavour to procure some repose in an arm-chair, which was placed near the fire, she retreated into her bed-chamber, and locked the door. Sleep was out of the question, and I suspected that my amiable neighbour was as little inclined towards it as myself. The key-hole was impervious; but by removing a piece of gilt leather which surrounded the door case, I obtained a glimpse into her apartment, and saw her sitting wrapped in a shawl attempting to read; her eyes, however, wandered from her book, and at the slightest sound she started, being evidently only restrained by the fear of making me acquainted with her vigil from losing the room in excess of mental agitation.

What a situation was mine, and how ardently I wished for that sort of address with which a writer of a comedy would have endowed his hero; the bold, yet not offensive assurance of Charles Kemble, for instance, when embodying the romantic imaginings of his author, that I might persuade her to pass the dreary hours in the same apartment with myself. To know that a door which she could open at pleasure only divided us, and that I might perhaps prevail upon her to accompany my solitude by the most sincere assurances of respect and reverence, tempted me strongly to make the trial; yet delicacy, gentlemanly feeling, and a horror of offending her, kept me silent, though with diffidulty; for sometimes an idea stole across my mind, that the lady might not entertain a very high opinion of my gallantry if I attempted to make one step to secure her presence, her smiles, her conversation, and exchange restraint and wariness for the delights of a *salon de Paris*. Then, when I recalled her modest demure look, so beautifully mingled with the dignity with which she made her final arrangements, I loathed myself for entertaining a doubt of the purity of her slandered sex, and smothered

ed my impatient spirit with the certainty that I was pursuing the right path to the esteem of a virtuous woman. In this continual struggle of my feelings the hours wore heavily away.

When the servants were heard stirring about the house, Cordelia opened her door, and, deeply blushing, assured me that it was time to seek the security of the closet again. I could not then refrain from uttering a few passionate exclamations at the misery which I had endured. A tear glistened in her eye. "Sir," said she, "I am unfeigningly compelled to give you shelter; an apprehension worse than death agonizes me, lest I should not get you undiscovered out of a house which you entered for me in such an evil hour; do not you, therefore, give me any additional reasons to lament the hard fortune which has placed me in circumstances so cruel and so critical." I was almost struck dumb at this rebuke; but, determined not to let her part from me in anger, I threw myself at her feet, and lifting the hem of her flowing robe to my lips, entreated her to forgive me. She raised me with a melancholy smile, and I ventured to press her hand to my heart, before the accursed, though friendly door closed upon me. As I could not expect, or hope to see, my charming friend again for some time, I soothed myself, and fell asleep. My slumbers were of course short and perturbed, and I began to wonder how long I should be detained in my sweet captivity, and to speculate upon the probability of its lasting another night, an event which I most devoutly wished. My sentiments being quite changed, I felt now as anxious to stay, as I had formerly been to get off. I was quite content to be fed upon rout cakes, or any other trifling aliment, in the interim, though I had some trouble in calming the impatience of my appetite, which was growing ravenous after my long fast. My lovely hostess opened the door for a moment, and very seasonably supplied me with a cup of coffee, and a roll, and I was then left, sure to watch the entrance which stole through the crevices of my dungeon, my only solace the idea that in the space of another night I might establish myself, so well in the lady's good opinion, that our acquaintance would not

and with my departure. Thus the morning passed away, and about two o'clock Cordelia once more approached my cell. She told me that she had sent for my retent was at hand; the servants were at dinner, her guardian in the library, and she had brought me a livery great coat, my dress should attract the attention of the neighbours. I put on the disguise, and as it was impossible to dispute her will, or even to express my desire to stay without running a risk of incurring her displeasure, I prepared to obey. We stole breathlessly down the stairs, together, walked across the hall as though we were treading off burning ploughshares, and opening the door without the slightest noise, I impressed a kiss on the hand of my fair companion, and then found myself in the street. I noted the number of the house which I had so clandestinely entered, and quitted; and throwing myself into the first hackney coach which I met, arrived at my lodgings, fancying that I had been transported to Madrid, for the incidents in which I had been engaged seemed so perfectly Spanish, that I could scarcely believe myself to be in London.

After changing my dress, my first occupation consisted in writing a long, and I trusted very eloquent letter to Cordelia. I dined, went to bed early, and as I knew that it would be ridiculous to commit my epistle to the post, ruminated upon the best means of presenting it in person. She was never allowed to go out alone, but sometimes the old gentleman took an airing in the carriage, or a walk, and then she accompanied him. The next day I ordered my cabriolet to my door, and drove to — Street, drawing up at some distance from the abode of my enchantress, and on the opposite side of the way, so that I could survey the house through the small window in the back of my vehicle, and be myself perfectly invisible to every body except the boy who held the reins; whilst the appearance of a cabriolet in waiting could not excite either attention or suspicion. In this manner I kept watch for two hours, and at the end of that period was rewarded by the sight of the old guardian's carriage moving slowly to his door, and into which soon after Cordelia stepped, followed by her vinegar-visaged kinsman. I tracked

their route at a convenient distance, and my great delight the equipage would before a shop—one of those extensive repositories which seem to offer every article, necessary or unnecessary, in the composition of female attire. Gentlemen were fortunately not excluded, and I had gloves and watch-ribbons to purchase. I planted myself at the counter by the side of Cordelia, acting the part of a careless indifferent spectator so well, that she, and she alone, was aware that we met by design. Her muff lay beside me, the letter was safely placed in it, and she had grasped it in her hand before five minutes had elapsed. The eyes of my sweet neighbour seemed studiously to avoid mine, yet she betrayed most delightfully her consciousness of my presence, and the internal satisfaction which it afforded, by a thousand nameless but most expressive actions. I had exchanged a small turquoise ring which lay upon her toilette, for a diamond from my finger, and I espied the token upon her hand too quickly for the haste with which she drew on her glove to avail. A delicious quarter of an hour flew away. Those only who have tasted the exquisite enjoyment elicited by a stolen intercourse, the communings of kindred spirits unmarked by gazing crowds, who see without perceiving, can imagine the pleasure which blessed me in this secret interchange of our feelings.

I was every day in the street watching her movements, and succeeded at last in establishing a regular correspondence, by convincing her of the respectability of my character, and situation in life, and the honourable motives of my pursuit. Yet still it was only by letter, or a brief word uttered in a shop, that we could express our sentiments to each other; and I became impatient for an opportunity of speaking to her freely, and of receiving the blissful confirmation of my hopes from her gentle lips. My prudence had been equal to my zeal, and hitherto I had escaped the notice of the watchful guardian; but, more jealous and suspicious even than his prototypes on the stage, he seldom allowed Cordelia to go twice to the same shop, and sometimes restricted her from making purchases any where except at home. I was standing sentinel at a bookseller's in the neighbourhood, in the expectation of seeing

finished for carriage pass, when a message arrived by the butler, directing that certain pieces of silk should be sent in the course of half an hour to his master's house. My plan was immediately arranged: I followed the shopman entrusted with the package, and without difficulty engaged him to aid my scheme, and to change dresses with me. Stultz's most efficient cut gave place to a rusty black coat and waistcoat. I altered the tie of my cravat, and a pair of thick unpolished shoes, instead of the glossy well-made boot, and a hat with sunken crown and worn edges, completed a metamorphose which I felt assured would elude the sharpest vigilance. I was ushered into the drawing-room with my load, and astonished myself by the solemn dissertation (for I carefully avoided all flippery and pertness) which I made upon *gros de Naples*, levantine, lustrings, and *Padua soie*. I seemed wholly absorbed in the calculation of profit and loss, and entirely engrossed by admiration of the richness of my goods, as though the experienced eye of a mercer was more delighted in the contemplation of a piece of silk, than by the most charming living object in nature. I succeeded to a miracle, the old gentleman saw nothing but a sordid trafficker, and left us together. Then I urged my suit with honest vehemence. Cordelia was not twenty, two years of wretchedness

were before her, and though she might, by appealing to the law, procure the appointment of another guardian, such a course would be little less unpleasant than my expedient, that of an elopement. She was not a ward of Chancery, her uncle's anxiety to get her property into his possession causing him to avoid any participation or interference in his office. My rank and fortune secured me from the imputation of mercenary motives. My sister friend was subjected every-day to solicitations from a man whom she detested, and whom she knew sought her hand only for the sake of her wealth, and she consented to become my wife, even under the necessity of travelling to Scotland before the ceremony could be performed. I retreated unsuspected, and soon made every preparation for our union. A pursuit being the most probable consequence of my beloved Cordelia's flight, I guarded against any unpleasant result that might accrue from it, by sending off my valet and his sister, a smart *soubrette* out of place, in a post-chaise and four on the north road, on the morning, that, quietly waiting at the corner of the street until my fair one stole from her uncle's door, I accompanied her to the steam-boat, which happily waited us to Leith, whilst her guardian was running a wild-goose chase after Betty Franklin and her quondam lord.

THE OAK OF HONOUR

In the metropolis district
 Her eye proclaims act of the Deity
 Her hon' port, her awe-commanding grace,
 Attendant sweet's virgin grace — *Grim*

This celebrated oak stood on the summit of Forest-Hill, close to the border of Brockley Wood. The original tree, long since mouldered in the dust, has been replaced by another to perpetuate the traditional legend attached to it. The view from this tree is one of the most splendid in the vicinity of the metropolis. To reach the spot, we thread a delightful path, known by the name of Shakespeare's Walk: it winds, through "alley's green," to the top of the hill, and all at once we burst upon a

scene, which for variety of objects and beauty of composition (to borrow a painter's phrase) surpasses all description. The view is concealed by the thickness of the foliage on every side, until it breaks upon us in all its grandeur. At our feet in the fore-ground, lies a delightful rural valley, bounded on each side and in front by what are termed the nearer Surrey hills; beyond which, just rising above their leaf-clad summits, stands London, the proud mistress of the ocean, with her splendid spires

and glittering vanes, rising out of a murky veil of smoke and vapour. Far and near, at intervals, the shining bosom of the Thames glistens beneath the sun. Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals rise upon the sight, like symbols of English hearts; for they remind us of generous valour rewarded by benevolent gratitude. Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's—the tombs of the brave, the good, and the learned! What heart can behold such sights, and not find the better feelings of the soul awakened? Beyond this, the view extends from Windsor, over Middlesex, into Essex, Kent, and Surrey; thus completing the panorama.

When Queen Elizabeth resided at Greenwich, she used often to indulge in the amusement of hunting; a pastime to which she was most attached. On one occasion, after a long chase, she is said to have rested beneath this tree, and to have stood under it when the knife was presented to her to make the first incision in the noble prey. The delightful prospect had so many charms for her, that she often revisited it, attended by the favourites of her court. Aided by the magic of the surrounding scenery, imagination can embody forth England's Queen in all her natural dignity, and surrounded by all her royal state—

“Gong our dames and Statesmen old,”

regarding her as a goddess rather than as a mere earthly sovereign. Leicester, perhaps, leaning over his royal mistress, listening with rapture, in all the anxious solicitude of duty and affection, to her enlightened sallies. Perhaps her favourite bards, Shakespeare and Spenser, might be of the party; and, encouraged by the support of their patrons, Southampton and Sidney, and the Queen's condescension, they might have enjoyed here the pleasures of her converse. On this very spot, in the free gaiety of her spirit, she might have conceived the wish of seeing Falstaff in love; and here might have commanded “merry Will” to produce him touched by the tender passion. To a wish unpremeditated as this, how often are the greatest pleasures of the world to be traced! A word produced “Paradise Regained;” and the list might be increased almost to infinity.

In such a scene as this indeed might

“Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.”

With such an audience, and with such a beam forth encouragement, how would he choose, but be inspired?

We are the more readily led to believe that Shakespeare has been here; for, independently of the path which still bears his name, a few years since several oak trees standing in a cluster were called “Shakespeare's Oaks.” The path remains, but the trees have been removed. Few anecdotes of Spenser as a courtier are extant. Indeed Elizabeth wished rather to shine by her own learning than to encourage men of literary genius by her liberality. Tradition has been less busy here with the name of Spenser than with that of Shakespeare; for, excepting “Spenser's Bank,” I can find no traces of him in the neighbourhood.

The reflexions which scenes like this awaken give value to celebrated localities—scenes, the actors of which have long since passed “that bourn whence no traveller returns”—which awaken the more tender and more glowing sympathies of our nature. What is there in one green mead beyond another? What is there in one tree more than in another, unless the mind can recall the moment which stamped its value? Runnymede, to the eye of the unlettered husbandman, is judged only by its crops; and the untaught wood-cutter cannot conceive why the Oak of Honour, or of Boscobel, should not fall beneath his sturdy stroke as well as its less portly fellows. He estimates them by the worth of their timber, and pities the man who, for a foolish notion, forbids them to be felled. Yet, with what different feelings do they impress cultivated minds! For them, Runnymede has charms beyond its natural features: it recalls the days which have long since faded into the oblivious bosom of eternity; it recalls to grateful hearts the struggles of their ancestors to establish the liberties of their native land. Boscobel tells of the toils and dangers of the youthful day of Charles, the merry monarch; dangers and toils which served him for objects of mirth in his happier hours; and the Oak of Honour presents the smiling image of Elizabeth and her train—peers, poets, statesmen,

“Through of knights and barons bold,
With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Ran influence”

The Queen loved this spot, and she might well do so, for here she might sit and survey the growing greatness of her beloved London. Could she behold it now, stretching far as the eye can reach from east to west, how would it gratify her English heart! And could she but behold the use now made of her favourite palace, how delighted she would be! Could there be one painful feeling mixed up with her pleasure, it would be that the idea had not originated with herself; for she loved her people, and did all she could to promote their happiness. This is still

known, and still acknowledged; and many are there at this time, who sigh for the return of the golden days of good Queen Bess. In my estimation, however, although the splendid pageantry of that age be passed, and although men no longer stalk abroad adorned in velvet and gold, so superior are the enjoyments of the present age to those of Elizabeth, that some magic charm of resistless power, must shed its influence upon the ~~by~~ ⁱⁿ time before it will be preferred by me.

W. H. L.

Dulwich Green.

FROM ALBINA IN LONDON TO THERESE IN THE COUNTRY.

No. III.—MISS F. H. KELLY.

“ Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye;
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
With ugly rack on his celestial face;
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
‘Twas so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow,
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine.”

THE above may as truly be exclaimed to public popularity as to the changing and uncertain affections of the inconstant mistress; never was its existence shewn to be more ephemeral than in Miss F. H. Kelly's early performances. Encomiums were echoed, and poems were written; there appeared to be a trial of skill in most of the public journals, which should ring the loudest pæans to her commanding genius, and which should be most capable of compensating the few deficiencies which report ascribed to her. From this cause, I think the ultimate non-success of the young lady may be attributed: her auditors were taught to expect from an early and unpractised aspirant, that power and refinement which are only, even where the greatest genius accompanies, the fruits of study and experience: from this circumstance, disappointment became less liberal; and, so great was the revulsion of opinion, that even those points upon which Miss F. H.

Kelly was at first enabled to build her pretensions, were cited as the greatest arguments against them; and thus the subject of indiscriminate and unqualified praise became the victim of her admirers, and has gradually declined into her present situation. There never was, I think, a more palpable instance of the injury of heedless friends.

I saw Miss Kelly make her *debut* in *Juliet*; a character the most simple and best suited to a young lady, though still affording unbounded opportunity for the display of strong feeling, and those energies, which from their first awakening, promise greater strength of passion and awfulness of purpose. *Juliet* is a young unsophisticated being, who, possessed of one all-pervading impulse, has, from its intensity, no other care or thought—her every breath and action are love's. She offers up all her young heart to her new master, and the earth and earth's fashions are never ques-

tioned by her, except when intruding their clash upon the melody of her newly-tuned feelings—and even then, afford a fine opportunity for the display of her pure and fervent spirit, spurning dull rule and coarse-hearted policy. Such a being, I do believe Miss Kelly, as far as she was permitted, conceived *Juliet* to be, and such an one, she, in many instances, most successfully represented her. She delineated her, in many parts, as an innocent creature, free from the usages of the world, revelling in a creation of her own, with love, and love's subjects for her society. Her first appearance in the tragedy was marked by a reserve and simplicity of manner in excellent accordance with the character of *Juliet*; and the communication of *Lady Capulet*, as to *Juliet's* purposed marriage with *Paris*, was received by Miss Kelly with a timid yet cold obedience—it was a yielding of spirit—a marriage considered by her from the recommendation of her parents. But when she afterwards saw *Romeo*, she appeared in an instant to contract a political and family alliance, with that union which young ardent souls and sympathizing hearts create, and from that moment, her aversion to *Paris* became more palpable, as from the reflection that he was the very antithesis to *Romeo*, the being of mind and passion—and in that delirium of youth, which is awakened by the visitation of a kindred spirit, she offered up silently, yet irrevocably, her existence to the feeling which possessed her; sufficiently shewn in that speech, "If he be married, my grave is like to be my wedding-bed."

So far, Miss Kelly is unrivalled in her performance of *Juliet*. I will now mention the oft-named garden scene; a part the most trying, and the most beautiful, of *Juliet*. In its commencement Miss Kelly maintained that tone and passion which adorned her earlier advances; but here, at intervals were evinced those abrupt pauses that savoured too much of method, and a desire to create point, where the matter would not bear it, and where indeed nothing can be in better keeping with the character, than the simple gust of eloquent love, from the pure and innocent heart of its newly-fetted votary." Her question—

"Dost thou love me?"

was simply fervent, and unadorned by every

thing except the unaffected passion which breathed in the demand; but the feeling that its sensibility awakened, was unfortunately destroyed by her own rejoinder.

"I know thou wilt say ay;"—uttered in a quick and rapid tone—calculated to excite a momentary approbation from the unthinking, but which reason and honest criticism must reject, as intruding upon the hallowed associations *Juliet* ought by her devotion to inspire. Nor was this a solitary instance in the same scene, for this error frequently amounted to apparent peevishness and childhood, forming a strange and unfortunate contrast to her first and second scenes, which would, in fact, induce a belief that Miss Kelly succeeds best in the yielding passive circumstances, where she is made the instrument, instead of acting herself—where she has to look for dependence, and by her helplessness to fascinate, rather than to command admiration from her individual energies. The scene with her *Nurse* was unaffected, and totally exempt from that meretricious colouring already mentioned: you hear the impassioned girl, in love's simple and persuasive language, entreating the tidings concerning her lover, and repaying with the gratitude of a young revelling heart the cares of her messenger.

The next scene I must mention, is the one wherein she learns the death of *Tyball*; and here Miss Kelly most unequivocally evinced her want of physical power fully to embody the language Shakespeare has given to her. To supply this deficiency of strength, she had recourse to, what I must call, *mental weakness*—a frequent breaking of sentences—an incessant disposition to turn every period hysterically; though I must allow, that even here were one or two instances, where her physical energy was made subservient to the strength of her conception, and she rose with the storm of feeling, nor suffered herself to be lost in the wave of passion, but kept a triumphant mastery. When she asked the counsel of the *Nurse*, who replies—

"Faith, here 'tis, Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing.
That he dares not come back to challenge you.
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county."

Juliet's question—

"Speakest thou from thy heart?"

was given by Miss Kelly in a tone which mingled misery, despair, and disgust at the world's brutality in the demand, and spoke the resolution of a dependence in her own spirit, "to act her dismal scene alone."

The scene with the *Friar* participated in the same errors and beauties as that in the garden; and again Juliet's phrenzied doting,

"O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yon der tower,"

assured me of Miss Kelly's want of power; it was unsuccessful declamation, divested of that intensity of feeling, whose subdued agony is more affecting than all the studied emphasis and schooled diction of the scholar. The part in which she takes the poison was played with much sensibility, but not to such an extent as some of the earlier efforts of Miss Kelly prepared me for. There wanted a depth of tone and subduement of spirit in the speech—

"Farewell, God knows when we shall meet again,"

and her taking the poison had too much method in it; whereas, Juliet's imagination should be so worked up by the scene her fears create of "*Tybal's* festering in his shroud," that in the temporary insanity, which the horror occasions, she should swallow the fatal draught—supernatural dread having some share in it, as well "as to live an unstained wife to her true love."

Though it is frequently said that comparisons are odious, how is the truth of perfection to be gained except by resorting to their aid? My own notions of this part of Juliet were seconded by experience, and having seen what could be done by another Juliet, Miss Kelly appeared palpably deficient in this part. In her last scene, she again evinced the helplessness I have before stated, which creates interesting, but not fine acting. She did not sufficiently let the lover assert her own passions and energies at the lamentable crisis of *Romeo's* dying; but even, when he "wanted her feeble aid," she looked to him for protection, instead of developing those beautiful feelings of woman, which transform the vine to the oak. Her death also wanted force and character.

To speak of Miss Kelly's Juliet as an entire performance, it is one of many beauties blended with many weaknesses, and in which the intense questionings of her heart are too frequently echoed by perviousness, and a querulous manner approaching insipidity. It has all the errors of a young unpractised lady, with many perfections of genius, wanting maturity and natural force. Experience may direct her of that painful transition, and teach her most successfully to depend upon her own conception of character, and consign its development to the care of talent when freed from the restraint of a master.

I also saw Miss Kelly as *Victoria* in Mrs. Hemans' tragedy of *The Vespers of Palermo*. It was an unfortunate selection for the dramatic aspirant, as possessing but few opportunities for the display of the beauties to be found in her Juliet, and offering too many instances for falling into those errors of which I have just spoken. Her transitions in this part from the violence and suffering of grief to the almost whisperings of sorrow, were painfully intrusive. A speech would be commenced by Miss Kelly in all the eloquence of passion, and when feeling and sympathy were aroused and floating down the "torrent of her speech," they would be checked and wildered by the unaccountable falling of the stream into a creeping course, and changing its loud dash into guttural murmurings. At this crisis, I could not avoid contemplating the transitory life of public opinion, when given vitality by false report and intemperate encomium; also of its illiberality; for those faults which were kindly hushed upon Miss Kelly's first, and subsequent appearances in Juliet, were seized as the principal instruments to condemn her, and even used against many beauties that she excelled, and which should have yielded a protection.

Miss Kelly, for a general actress, wants experience. Her Juliet, undoubtedly the best since the retirement of Miss O'Neill, notwithstanding evident marks of industrious tuition; and it would appear that the capability of acting one character had been imagined as sufficient for the representation of the whole drama; for in all Miss Kelly's other efforts, there are the same tones, points, and manners—they are

all *Julets*, but in other situations. This young lady has, however, much talent; but she has more to attain, and perhaps it would be more to her advantage, if, after considerable provincial practice, she could come to Covent-Garden as a *débutante*, all

the recollections of her former capability and error being buried in forgetfulness. In this case, I have little doubt of Miss Kelly's ultimate success.

My next shall be a few words concerning Mrs. Chatterley.

ALBINA.

ZELIMA; OR THE MANIAC OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

21 14

I WAS in Constantinople during the feast called *Burnsh*. I had understood that on such occasions the Sultan was generally accompanied by a mad-woman; the insane enjoying a sort of veneration with the Turks, who consider them as inspired by the prophet, and on that account never attempt to contradict them. But, though prepared to see such an unfortunate person exhibiting her madness for the edification of the faithful, I was startled by the appearance of the poor creature herself, who came singing and dancing in the train of the ruler of the East. She was in rags; yet even in them she affected a display of elegance which might have occasioned a smile, had not the moving cause been of so melancholy a nature. Her face was uncovered, contrary to the Mahomedan custom, and although disfigured by sorrow, age, and filth, distorted by an affected mirth, and occasionally darkened by rage, her countenance still bore evident marks of former beauty. She seemed harmless to all around her; but whenever she saw a female in a European or Greek dress, she became outrageous. She foamed at the mouth, screamed and yelled, calling them, whether young or old, "*old women*," and unless they made a hasty retreat among the crowd, or into some neighbouring house, she would beat them unmercifully with a thick cudgel which she seemed to carry with her for no other purpose.

The latter circumstance particularly excited my attention. I suspected that to some European female she attributed her misfortunes, and my conjecture proved to be well founded.

I lodged in the house of a Greek priest, and on my return home, I inquired of him, whether he knew any particulars respecting the poor maniac who had accompanied the Sultan to the Benish. "I do," he replied,

"I know her history from beginning to end; and although an unbeliever and an enemy to the Christian name, I cannot help pitying her fate. She has suffered in the dearest relations of life: she has lost her country, her husband, and her children. From wealth and rank she has sunk into misery the most abject! With less ardent passions, it is true," continued the venerable old man, "she would have avoided some of the calamities that have assailed her; and with a mind more tractable, and a heart open to the conviction of truth, she might still have been a happy woman. But," added he, "which of us is free from passion, pride, and obstinacy? He who is, the framer of all minds and hearts, alone knows the cause of this perverseness of man! Let us thank him, that he hath placed us in less trying circumstances than this unfortunate woman! But you are curious to learn her tale:—

"Zelima is a native of the Crimea, and the daughter of rich and powerful parents. Ali, a youth equal to her in rank and fortune, demanded her in marriage, and she became his. There could not be a happier couple. Contrary to Mohamedan custom, Ali confined his affections to her exclusively; she was the sole and undivided mistress of his heart and his harem; and she rewarded his love by a warmth of attachment, known only in our southern regions. But unmixed happiness is seldom of long duration.

Russia declared war against the Porte; Ali wished to share in the glory of his country, and fight for the independence of his province (then still under the dominion of the Crescent) possession of which, he well knew, was the aim of their Muscovite neighbours. Zelima would not resist his noble desire: in all countries women delight in courage. He went, and left Zelima

in mortal anguish respecting his safety; she became more composed when she heard of the wonders achieved by his bravery. At the expiration of some months, his return is announced to her. A slave, with a countenance overcast by sorrow, informs her, that Ali would soon be with his beloved Zelima. In her joy she does not perceive the gloominess of his aspect. At last she questions him: tears are his answer. "What! is Ali free?" she exclaims. "Yes!" replied the faithful servant, "but at what a price!" At this moment the door is opened, Ali appears, pale despair in his countenance. "All is over," he cries, "the glory of our country is gone—the Sultan is no longer our master!" "Then!" exclaimed Zelima, whose courage seemed to increase with increasing difficulties; "then, let us fly a land where the prophet is no longer acknowledged! Let us go to Constantinople, and take our treasures with us." "No!" said Ali, "I am a prisoner on parole; I gave my word to the victorious general, who, in an hour's time, will be with us with his family." "What! and do you offer hospitality to the destroyer of our country? Rather let us meet a thousand deaths!" "I gave my word." "And I," cried Zelima, "relieve you of it! I go with my sons—can you abandon us? Our love is more than all oaths." "No, I dare not go, and you also stay, I command it!" "What language!" she exclaims, "command? is it thus that the man speaks, who hitherto knew no other wish than Zelima's?" From this moment her peace was destroyed, she refused the caresses of her spouse, and shut herself up to weep in solitude. In the mean time the foreign general arrived. Ali showed him every respect due to so illustrious a guest; and the friendly intercourse thus created between them, in some measure assuaged the grief that oppressed him.

"In the mean time, however, he made every attempt to appease Zelima, but he found her inexorable. Still he hoped to soften her asperity, whilst on the other hand every day increased her hatred. The man who could purchase his freedom by subserviency to the conqueror of his country, the enemy of his natural sovereign and his faith, she felt she could love no longer. And to be commanded by such a man, her

pride could not forgive. However, she is a wife and mother; she curbs her fiery spirit, and consents to be again his, if he will follow her; otherwise he must renounce her for ever. He again repeats, that honour admits of no subterfuge; and the following midnight, she leaves her harem, rushes through the gardens, unlocks a back door that leads into the fields, and from that moment every trace of her is lost. The following words were written on her table:—*He who cannot prefer his wife to every thing in the world, is undeserving of love; Ali, farewell for ever!*

"She, however, fled to Constantinople, in hopes of meeting with redress from the Sultan; but, she was told that it was impossible. Upon this she retired to Scutari, where, attended only by her old nurse, who had never forsaken her, she secluded herself for the period of twelve months.

"During this, she found time to meditate on her situation; she began to perceive that she had acted contrarily to every duty; she thought of her husband in the halcyon time of their love; she thought of her tender babes, bereft of the cares of a mother—all her affections were rekindled—'Let us go back, Fatima,' she cried, with sobs; 'let me again clasp my babes to my breast, let me embrace my Ali's knees—he will see the reality of my returning love, and will not spurn me.'

"In a few days they were embarked; and, with a brisk gale that seemed to favour Zelima's impatience, they flew through the Bosphorus. She again set her foot on her native land, and dreaming only of happiness, she again slipped through the postern which had favoured her flight. Silently did she enter the room in which Ali so often had assured her of the eternity of his love; she saw him in company with a handsome Russian woman, who was teaching her own little ones to stammer the sweet name of *mother*. Zelima rushed upon them like a fury, snatched the innocent ones from the knees of their new mother, and drew forth a dagger to murder her. A slave who fell in her arms, received the blow destined for the heart of her rival. It was with some difficulty that she was secured; but maddened with despair she seized a torch, and setting her harem on fire, fled for the second time—more wretch-

ed than ever; for jealousy and remorse were now added to her woes.

"Still, however, bent on revenge, she again returned to Constantinople. This time she was more fortunate than before: she contrived to be seen by the Sultan, who, struck by her beauty, ordered her to be bought for his Harem. This was the object of her wishes, for now she felt assured that her wrongs would be avenged. But she soon discovered her error: the Sultan informed her that he had no longer any power over Ali, 'who,' added he, 'by the laws of Mahomed, is entitled to change wives.' The hope of revenge was

the only power which had yet sustained her ardent mind; and, not prepared for such a blow, it sank under it. Her reason, so long under the controul of passion, now entirely left her; her beauty and her health decayed with it; and all the art of the physician proved fruitless to restore her. Ali is still in the Crimea; he has adopted our faith, and married a Russian lady, whose gentleness has healed his wounded heart, and left him no room to regret the loss of the violent Zelima; yet still he often thinks of the companion of his youth, and never without a sigh at her unhappy fate."

A. B.

POETRY NO FICTION.—No. IV.

"*Corn.* I am sure he will speak soon: then will be the last of the three holidays allowed by nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

"*Alonso.* What are those three?

"*Cord.* The ecstasy of his birth I will pass; that in part is selfish; but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson bands that did incase them; that is a day of joy: next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted to his mother's knee; that is the mother's heart's next holiday: and sweeter still the third, whenever his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of 'father, mother!' O! that is the dearest joy of all."—*Pizarro.*

I THINK the poetry adorning the passion of maternal love must meet with fewer unbelievers than any other feeling which poetry has adorned. It is so exquisitely developed in every position of the female mind, that the highest and most divine exploits are attributed to its impulse—if any thing fall short of the all-pervading influence of maternal love. Woman, even in her most degenerate and uncultivated state, possesses this feeling, which is born and lives independent of civilization and refinement of society. It endows her bosom with the tenderness of a dove, and the ferocity of a tigress, as circumstances combine for their alternate development. The following instance of the power of maternal love may illustrate the subject.

When a Hindoo woman has lost a child, she sits by the side of the river uttering her grief, in such untutored, but simply beautiful language as the following:—"Ah! my Huree-das! Where is he gone!" "Who has taken my golden image?" "He played around me like a golden top!" If any one

attempts to console her, the mother replies: "Ah, the heart of a mother does not receive advice. Was this a child to be forgotten? His forehead bore the marks of a ship-king."

Does this spirit receive one romantic or false colouring in the mother's prayer to *Japhet*,

"O lot this child embark!

I brought him forth in woe,

But thought it joy

To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born?

What has he done—

My unwearied son—

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?

What is there in this milk of mine, that drough
Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy
my boy,

And roll the waters o'er his playful breath?

Save him, thou seed of Seth!

This has all the simple yet ardent passion of the heart, when every feeling floats down the full tide of eloquence, and makes the prayer delightful. There is the same

principle in the poor Hindoo, to save her offspring from her own destruction, as is pictured in this mother at the gallows. The same heat of heart, though throbbing a response after centuries. The poet has beautifully delineated the pangs of a proudly silent mother, bereft of her husband, and brooding over the threatened desolation of her child's right, with the strong gush of feeling as awakened by the infant daring of her offspring—the tongue of an infant unlooses the bar-gates, closed by fate, and rivetted with agony.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier,
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier,
The lady dropped nor flower, nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe;
And burning pride and high disdain,
Forbidden the rising tear to flow:
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisped from the nurse's knee—
And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be.
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek."

This is the poetry of the feeling; and yet how fully is the colouring warranted by received facts; of which I will speak from history, and leave the contrast of the Scotch and Spartan mother to the decision of my fair readers as to fidelity.

When Agis, king of Sparta, had been put to death, Amphares, who had treacherously betrayed him, leaving the prison after the execution, met Agesistrata, the mother of Agis. On the afflicted woman throwing herself at his feet, he assured her she need not fear any further violence would be offered to her son, and said, if she wished, she might go in and see him. Agesistrata begged that her mother, Archidamia, then very old, might also be admitted, to which Amphares consented; but no sooner had they entered the prison, than Archidamia was taken to the room where Agis had suffered, and she also put to death. Agesistrata was then admitted; and when she beheld her son's body stretched on the ground, and her mother suspended by the neck in the same room, she stood appalled at the horrid spectacle; but recovering,

she assisted the soldiers to take down the body, and then covering it, laid it by that of her son. She embraced him, and kissed his cheeks, exclaiming, "Oh, my son! it is thy too great mercy and goodness which has brought thee and us to this untimely end. Amphares, who stood watching behind the door, rushed in hastily, and with a furious tone and countenance, said, "Since you approve so well of your son's actions, it is fit you should partake in his reward." She then rising up, offered herself to the fate to which her merciless persecutors had doomed her, only exclaiming, "I pray the gods that all this may redound to the good of Sparta." After this, she submitted to death with a composure and firmness that drew tears from the executioner.

Did not, in this instance,

"—— Burning pride and high disdain
Forbid the rising tear to flow?"

Maternal affection has no intermediate feeling—no tampering with sensation—it either coils itself up like the bent snake, silent yet terrible, or is

"—— As the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and deep, and crushing."

It either forms a beautiful saint of resignation, rising above the ills and calamities of a rough world, and looking with the glance of hope towards a bright and sunny resting place, where troubles no more intrude, and "men assail not," or it endows with an impulsive, terrific in its threatening, and dreadful in its act.

We have in Lady Russell, widow of the unfortunate Lord Russell, a striking instance of the former calmness, and sustaining fortitude. After the death of her son, the second Duke of Bedford, she had scarcely recovered the composure which her unfeigned piety and submission to the will of heaven could alone produce, when her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, died. Her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, was confined, but Lady Russell had the resolution to conceal from her the death of her sister; and, to prevent her from hearing it suddenly, avoided the two particular inquiries of the Duchess of Devonshire, by saying that she had that day "seen her sister out of bed;"

when, in fact, she had seen her in her coffin.

I will contrast this patient, soul-enduring agony, with the wild disordered feelings of the raving *Constance*, when in their madness she thus upbraids Providence with the loss of her child:—

"And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven?"

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday expire,
There was not such a gracious creature born
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die, and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him; therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more."

These violent opposites of passion spring from the same source. The feelings are alike, but develop themselves differently in different natures. And that impulse which prompted the Roman mother to exclaim of her son—

"To a cruel war I sent him; from whence
he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell
thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first
hearing he was a man child, than now in first
seeing he had proved himself a man."

Replying to—

"But had he died in the business, Madam?
How then?"

"Then his good report should have been my
son; I therean would have found issue. Hear
me profess sincerely. Had I a dozen sons,
each in my love alike, and none less dear than
thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had
eleven die nobly for their country, than one
voluptuously surfeit out of action."

This is of the same feeling with the Russian parent, as evinced by the following. During the interregnum that succeeded the unfortunate reign of Chowski, in 1610, the Russian nobles agreed to give the crown to a near relation, on the maternal side, of the Czar Fedor Iwanovitch. They accordingly invited young Michael Romanof and his mother to Moscow, but they both refused to attend; the mother even went farther; she wrote to her bro-

ther Cheremetef, to beg of him to oppose the elevation of his nephew to a throne, since his extreme youth rendered him incapable of undertaking so important a charge. The election, however, proceeded, and Michael Romanof was chosen emperor. When the deputation repaired to Koshoma, to announce to the new sovereign the choice they had made of him, his mother begged a private interview with the plenipotentiaries, before she introduced them to her son. They consented, and met her in the church, where, with tears, she renewed her entreaties, and begged of them to choose some person more able to govern the people than her son. She was informed, that having decided, the nobles would not revoke their choice. "Well, then," said she, "I must content myself with soliciting you to take my child under your guardianship; he has not been educated in the difficult art of governing mankind; but you have elected him; you insist on him for your monarch, and if he does not fulfil your expectations, you alone will be answerable to God for the events of which your choice may be the cause; but as for me, I have done my duty, to my God, my country, and my child."

The ambition and fear of the two mothers receive their birth from an excess of maternal love, and equally bespeak the beauty and elevation of the female heart. Where vice, guilt, and custom have polluted the pure recesses of the soul, there remain some channels free from the general contamination—whence spring the loveliest streams, though darkened by opposing currents. *Lady Macbeth* is a creature following a guilty and fiend-like ambition—but yet the idea of raising her offspring to an eminence is no mean aid to her general design; and when she prompts her husband to murder—to commit treason and violate the sacred laws of hospitality, as the strongest incitement she can yield towards the accomplishment of her fearful purpose is the following:—

"—— I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this."

Hereby shewing how great must her reso-

lution be, by the immensity of the sacrifice for its fulfilment. Lady Mabeth is a being isolated from even humanity, and yet still, amid this desolation of feeling, there are those magical throbs which at times awaken the loveliest music of the female heart, though jarred by the response of every passion which can degrade and brutalize mortality.

There is no feeling which tends so materially to the refinement of nature as that from a mother towards her child; her patience, her privations, bespeak its exquisite beauty, and never-failing life. The word "mother" is a sound which vibrates with magical force through the innermost recesses of the heart, and awakens a response thrilling and delightful. It adds a link to the musical chain of wedded love, and throws "a perfume to the violet."

How sweetly does a lover, in the following, chide his mistress for her perverseness, as wronging her own heart of its best and purest delights, and withholding from the world its legitimate right:—

"Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?"

Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shews not half your
parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers, number all your graces,

The age to come would say this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
faces;

So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than
tongue;

And your true rights to term'd a poet's rage,
And stretch'd metaphs of an antique song,

But were some child of your age that time,
You should live twice—in it, and in my
rhyme."

And thus the poet proceeds in one unvarying strain of comment and admiration, with love's warmth and ingenuity in every line.

The innumerable instances of daring and sacrifice on the part of mothers for their offspring, prove that there is no such thing as *poetry* (in its general acceptation) of maternal love. It remains one of the few passions retaining its primitive purity, untainted by earth, and unshaken by accident.

JUAN.

Original and Fugitive Poetry.

MAY.

By Mrs. Cornwell Paron Wilson.

'Tis now the happy time, when flowers,
And hearts and love, are all in season;
Young Cupid decks the smiling bowers,
And laughs at CARE, and cold-brow'd REASON.

'Tis now the time, when Beauty's cheek,
Blooms brightly as the sunny weather;
The winds in gentlest murmurs speak;—
All things are gay, and glad together!

Now nature wears her freshest green,
The birds their softest notes are singing;
To hail the blushing May-day queen,
The merry village-bells are ringing!

The skies a deeper azure wear,
His brightest rays the sun discloses;
And looks from Heav'n, all shining there,
As if to wake the opening roses!

All NATURE smiles; and the young brook,
With life and hope, is warmly flowing;
Pleasure is ev'ry bosom's guest,
On all her happy smiles bestowing!

Yes! 'tis the joyous time, when flowers,
And hearts and love, are all in season;
While Cupid decks the smiling bowers,
And laughs at CARE and sober REASON!
Woburn Place, Russell Square.

TO HER, WHO BEST DESERVES THE BEST.

I AM no poet, of the soul's warm strain,
All grateful as the lark's first notes to morn,
And pure as grateful, should be poured to thee!
I am no poet, LAURA, or the pen
That shapes this shapeless verse, in numbers
sweet

Should raise a song might charm a seraph's ear.

Would I had earlier known thee! Many an
hour
Of grief and sorrow might have found repose,
And many a heart-sache have been lul'd to rest.
Would I had earlier known thee! for the spirit
Of friendship, in its gentlest, holiest form,
Might then have soothed a sorrow-stricken
breast.

Yet, take these lines: poor, humble, as they
rise,
They speak of truth, of confidence, and trust,
Though late, some sunlight rays may yet be
mine,
And life's last path be strewed with fragrant
flowers.

Thou doubtest whether, in a future state,
Each will to each be known—each dear one joy
To meet, in *immortality*, the friend
Of time? LAURA: 'tis not for us to doubt!
My creed admits not the intrusive pang.
On that bright shore, where we shall smile in
peace,
In love, and angel purity of soul,
Friend will meet friend, and every sacred tie,
That binds us here, 'ind us more strongly
there!

Believe me, LAURA, I could almost wish
'To forfeit immortality itself,
If not to know and love the loved ones here;
For not to know ourselves, and not to know
And love the beings we have loved on earth,
Would be to lose our own identity,
The living essence of a CHRISTIAN's hope.
Indulge this hope—indulge this firm belief.
'Twill soothe the spirit in its parting hour,
And rob the tyrant of his keenest dart. T. H.

BALLAD.*

A ROBIN oft to my window came,
And merrily chaunted his morning lay;
And the little flutterer grew so tame,
He would fearlessly through my chamber stray;

Would feed from my hand, and sweetly sing,
His grateful best notes he would raise on high;
And then he would spread his glossy wing,
And rapidly dart through the sun-lit sky.

As summer came on, its splendour bright
The wanderer tempted to fly from me;
He came no more with the morning light
To sing at my window so merrily.

Winter return'd, and he once more came—
Less bright were his plumes, less sweet were his
lays;

And I thought, although his notes were the
same,
They were not the strains of his younger days.

* A gentle man having mentioned at a tea-party, that Mrs. Bland proposed to take a farewell benefit, it was resolved that each present should attempt to compose a ballad bearing some slight allusion to that circumstance; and that it should be such as that sweet songstress might warble in her own character. The above, although far from being the best, is the only one presented to the public.

It was not long that he then staid with me;
And I thought, when I heard his last note swell,
His song, which had been so light and free,
Then plaintively murmured a last farewell.
March 20th, 1824. W. H. T.

TO THE WRITER'S BEST BELOVED.

I LONG had loved thee, thou wast dearer far,
Than all mortality beside could boast;
My pride, my glory, thou my chosen star,
I loved thee well, but I do love thee most
Since the sad time, that sickness writhed this
frame;

For well do I remember all the care
Which, gathering round thee, clouded thy
young brow,
The while thou lean'dst o'er me with looks the
same,

Of tenderness, that first taught me to bow
At goodness' shrine, a willing votary there.
A wife—what tie, love! can with this compare,
Best of God's gifts!—where all of loveliness
Is given, to soothe the sojourner below?
O, hard his passage through life's wilderness
Who knows not woman to assuage his woe!

I long had loved thee, and in early hours
Thy image came along with beauty blended;
Then Pleasure beckoned me unto her bowers,
While all of sunshine on my steps attended.
Dearest! I sought thee in youth's happy day,
Yet more I prize thee, now the mellow ray
Of calm enjoyment gently steals along,
Gilding with silver tint, our humble way.

Remote from all the bustle of the throng,
Our home is in each other, and the din
Of pomp and splendour, love! we shall not
heed;

The world is not for us, and those within
Who seek their aliment, are rich indeed;
To us is given the soft soul-soothing song,
And love to bless—we ask no other need.

Though fond of retrospect, and I confess
That on the past I've gazed with dear delight;
And, much reviewing, marked new cause to
bliss

Heaven and thee, love! yet with fonder ken,
Thought glances onward to the coming night;
The softly stealing night of being, when
We two shall downward tread the narrow vale
Which shadows forth into eternity,—

The pathway fraught with Eden's primal balm,
Leading to heights of peace, where travellers see
The lightning fork below, but feel no harm;
And hear the tempests rave, no storms can them
assail.

While hand in hand we journey on, how sweet
The converse of departed hours! the tale
Of other days will guide our pilgrim feet.

Records of the Beau Monde.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1824.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

NO. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

OVER a fine cambric frock is worn a close pelisse dress of *gros de Naples*, the colour that of the Parma violet: it is trimmed on each side of the bust, and down the skirt, till the ornament terminates at the border of the skirt, with united lotos leaves; the leaves turning with a decided point at each, not perceptible in the real lotos: at the base of each triple leaf is a small, beautifully-wrought button, which has an admirable effect. The sleeves are full, and wound round the arm by satin *rouleaux*, which take from the fullness of the sleeve, and impart to it a rich finishing: the *mancherons* correspond with the trimming down the sides. A whimsical border finishes this dress round the skirt: it is of pink satin, ornamented *en médaillons* of white satin, edged round with a light grey *plûche de soie*, a broader row of which trimming finishes the border at the top and at the bottom next the hem, which is relieved by a *rouleau* of satin, the same colour as the *plûche de soie*. The collar of this pelisse is in the Pagoda form, with Chinese bell tassels depending from the points. The spring bonnet worn with this dress is small and very becoming; under it is a lace *fichu*, elegantly disposed on the hair, so as to look like a cap: the bonnet is of white *gros de Naples*, lined with pink, and crowned with a *bouquet* of pink fancy flowers. The half-boots are of black satin, the gloves of lemon-coloured kid, with a parasol of light willow-green.

NO. 2.—BALL DRESS.

DRESS of *tulle* over pink satin, trimmed at the border with puckerings of figured *tulle*, or richly figured gauze, separated by *rouleaux* of pink satin, slightly interspersed with full blown roses, branches of palm, and bows of pink satin ribbon. The body formed of alternate stripes of pink and

white satin; the pink stripes beautifully indented, which imparts a striking and novel effect to the *corsage*. The sleeves are of pink satin, short and full, with blond lace falling over the top, and finished on the outside of the arm, next the elbow, by a simple bow of pink satin, and a quilling of blond round the arm. The hair is arranged in full curls, but sitting very close to the head, and short at the ears; the larger curls on the summit are separated from the hair in front by a diadem comb, very narrow, and very little ornamented: on each side of the head are placed full blown roses. Ear-rings of Turquoise stones, and a necklace of one row of rare and valuable large pearls finish this light and appropriate dress for the ball-room.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is now that we are enabled to speak with some decision on the early summer fashions; though the sweet month of May came in, and was interspersed with frequent showers, and even some heavy rains, yet the weather, in general, during the month has been delightful: Kensington-gardens were peculiarly so after the rains, the verdure of this charming spot advancing with the season; and the young and gay promenaders, arranged in every hue that spring can boast, diversified the ever cheering colour of budding green, and rivalled all the gayest ornaments of the flower garden.

Never did we observe white dresses so little in favour; where we see silks of every colour of the rainbow, we may safely say, that one white dress appears only among fifty of the former: it is true, white begins to be worn, partially, in home costume;



and under the tastefully made pelisse of light fawn colour, or of Swedish blue, the dress is invariably white; but we do not see it; for the pelisse fastens close down in front, either with buttons, or imperceptible spring clasps underneath the folds; though the most prevalent way of fastening them, is by bows of ribbon. They are but simply trimmed; one favourite ornament, by no means novel, is matted satin, well raised and wadded. *Plûche de soie* seems much used as trimming, but we do not think it will last long; when white, it looks well for a little time, and seems like leaving off swans-down, and the lighter furs, by degrees. High dresses of coloured *gros de Naples* are much worn in carriages and at the public promenades; these are generally trimmed round the border with two separate rows of very rich triple foliage: the body is made plain, with a pelerine cape, trimmed to correspond with the border; the *mancherons* are extremely full, but have no ornament. Some of these dresses are ornamented at the border with triple tucks, in separate rows, set at equal distances; the body trimmed in front, *en chevrons*, and the *mancherons* caught up in a way to answer by their puckerings the ornament on the bust: these high dresses are retained as home costume, to the exclusion of white.

The bonnets still continue in the Mary Stuart form: the silk dress carriage bonnet, a specimen of which may be seen in our engraving, is small; but the Leghorn hats are large and bend over the forehead. We do not find them becoming, but they will answer the purpose for which all hats of the straw kind are intended, of keeping off the sun: some of these hats are beautifully adorned with moss roses; the moss, made of down feathers, bearing every appearance of real moss. The greater part of these hats and bonnets, however, have very little trimming, and are ornamented only in a truly simple manner with a rich ribbon, corded or watered, of a fine summer colour, and of which, also, the strings are composed. Curled ostrich feathers, and plumes of marabouts, form favourite ornaments on winter bonnets.

Evening dresses are of white *gros de Naples* or gossamer satin; and spring colours of various tint, enliven the theatres

and the evening party. These dresses are made low, but the bust is very correctly shielded. The sleeves, when long, are full, and of a transparent texture: this is chiefly seen with white satin dresses, and then the sleeves are of lace, *crêpe lissé*, or figured *tulle*. Coloured silk dresses generally have short sleeves, and these prevail much at evening parties. Tunic robes, with demi-trains, are in great request; the robe is generally coloured, and the petticoat part, of white satin, or *gros de Naples*, trimmed with puckered gauze. White dresses of embroidered cambric, now begin to take place of the chintzes so long in favour at the breakfast table, but seldom at any other time of the day, except when worn as out-door costume, with a spencer of coloured *gros de Naples*; and it is expected that spencers will be much worn this summer: this will, as may be supposed, bring white into more general request.

Head dresses for home costume consist much of cornettes, pointed on the forehead, and extended wide over each temple, displaying the hair in rich clusters of curls; flowers of every kind, tastefully grouped, embellish these head dresses which, though there are much style and fashion about them, are becoming but to very few faces. We are sorry to see the young sometimes adopting this head-dress, which is fitted only to the matronly beauty. We saw a beautiful turban at the opera, of damask-rose red, with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers; the colour looked well by candle-light; but it is too refulgent for the season, as is the Indian red, which is so reluctantly laid aside. The Arabian turban of white, or coloured crape, very classically rolled, is a favourite evening head-dress; and Scotch caps of blue satin, with feathers of the same colour, are becoming to ladies of fair complexions, and form an appropriate head-dress for friendly parties. The Seraskier turban, with an *aigrette* of feathers in the centre, is in favour for the theatre, or evening concerts. Not admiring the present close mode of dressing the hair, we are glad to see it is not yet very general: it looks well only in the ball-room, for very young persons.

The colours most in favour are violet, lilac, lavender, primrose, Swedish blue, and spring-budding green.

Cabinet of Taste,

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN
COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

LAST month we were all bustle, all agitation concerning our annual *fête* at Longchamp: the uncertainty of the weather made many a female heart flutter; and I assure you our males were not without a portion of anxiety. "Will it, do you think, be warm enough," says one lady, "on the 16th of April, to go to this promenade without a pelisse or a mantle?" Whilst among our wealthy gentlemen, one goes to hurry the coachmaker, and to see that his arms are painted with exactness on the pannels of his carriage. Another purchases a horse that he means to sell in eight days: they bespeak new liveries; and the ladies give orders to their milliners and dress-makers, with a solemn injunction, not to suffer any one to see their paraphernalia. However, these fashions have now all been seen, and, as in them are comprized all the early summer fashions, I hasten to send you them, in detail.

Pelisses of pink satin are much in favour for out-door costume; they are usually trimmed with white, either in satin or *en plûche de soie*; they are without collars, and are surmounted at the throat by a very full plaited ruff of lace. Spencers are made with plain backs, and are ornamented with matted satin. With these spencers are worn white cambric dresses, embroidered with patterns, in cotton, representing feathers. Pelisses, of *gros de Naples*, are not remarkable for any novelty in their trimming; they fasten down the front, are of the most beautiful colours, appropriate to the season, but are made close enough for the winter, and the addition of a *fichu* shawl thrown over the shoulders, increases their apparent warmth.

The hats are made short at the ears, and do not approach the cheeks; the strings that fasten them are placed under the hat. Hats of rice straw are lined with myrtle-green, Jonquil yellow, and lilac; they are sometimes tied down with a handkerchief

of the same colour, *en marmotte*, and in front are flowers, all of the same colour. Sometimes a blond border, laid on rather scanty, is placed at the edge of these hats, and caught up in several places by flowers. The natural flowers most in favour, are the Indian daisy, the acacia of Romainville, and the almond-tree blossom. A favourite fancy flower is called the flower of *Ourika*; the cup of which is red, surrounded by blue flowers made of jays' feathers. Leghorn hats have broad, clouded ribbons round the crowns, and strings of the same; the clouds are generally of lilac and lees of wine; the flowers worn with such hats is a branch of lilacs, or of green holly, variegated with yellow. Hats of *gros de Naples* of camels' hair brown, are trimmed with mahogany-brown ribbons with large bows, and the ends notched. Hats of rose colour, or of white satin, have a puffing of ribbon or chenille underneath, the brims are large; they are turned up in front and cut away at the ears, where a rosette of satin is placed in the vacancy; they are ornamented with four long flat feathers, which passing across the crown, hang down very low over the shoulder. Brown hats of *gros de Naples*, trimmed with orange-coloured ribbon, and wall-flowers, are among the favourite novelties of the hat kind: rose-coloured crape hats, adorned with lilacs, and Leghorn, with Parma violets, are in great request with the fashionists. Emerald green ribbons are generally used in the trimming of chip hats, with bunches of grapes. White sarsnet bonnets are tied down with a *fichu*, *en marmotte*: Scotch bonnets are placed very much on one side. Young ladies wear very large Leghorn hats, and this kind of hat is called *the pilgrim's*. The newest hat for the carriage is made of crape of two colours; that is clouded, rose-colour and amaranthine, aurora and jonquil, Ipsiboë-green and dark green: these hats are in the Spanish form.

Blouses are still the mode; but instead of the fullness of the drawn body being in front, the plaits are thrown on each side; these dresses are of clear muslin, embroidered between broad tucks with coloured crewel; the patterns represent ~~the~~ daisies and branches of acacia. Chequered ginghams, red and white, and coloured muslins prevail in *déshabille*. Several very

fashionable ladies wear gowns of fine lawn, with broad stripes of lilac; and the *ciraska*, a material for dresses of very ancient date, is again revived and appreciated as a novelty; its broad Chinese stripes are much admired when this stuff is made up in blouses. Cambric dresses are very little worn; but *Barège* silks are universally admired: the sleeves are full; and when long, are confined by five or six bracelets. Belts are worn instead of sashes, fastened with a gold buckle, or one of polished steel. Chinese crape, of a *ponceau* colour, trimmed with white blond, is a favourite dress for the evening. When a dress is made low it is cut out in an oval shape, at the back, as well as the front.

The hair, elegantly arranged, and encircled by a wreath of Japanese roses, is a favourite head-dress for young persons. Toques of *Barège* tartan silk are also worn, or a turban of *ponceau* crape, surmounted by a bird of Paradise; the golden-coloured tail spread out over the crown. A blue gauze turban laid in large folds, forming a resemblance round the head to an *auriole*; in front was a plate of gold, with ornaments hanging from it; the hair on each side of

this ornament was brought up in tufts, one of which was surmounted by a bird of Paradise, the opposite one by three little upright feathers, called *esprits*, forming a square. This head-dress was seen on one of our most famous beauties, at the opera, a few evenings ago. Head-dresses *à la Polonoise*, consist of *Glaucina* pins fixed on the hair, at their full length. Toques of black velvet have their folds fastened down by gold pins, with very large heads. Diadems of pearls are much worn by ladies who have fine dark hair, without any other ornament.

In jewellery, the Cleopatra bracelets are the chief novelty: they are formed of a cameo, set round with acacia leaves. Young ladies wear coral necklaces, the beads of which are oblong: these are named *Ourika* necklaces. I saw, on the seal belonging to a very pretty woman, the following device, which I think excellent. It is a cage with the door open, whence a little bird is taking its flight; the motto, "*qui me néglige me perd*," (they who neglect me will lose me).

The favourite colours are *ponceau*, mint-green, Jonquil, lilac, and chestnut-brown.

Monthly Miscellany;

CONTAINING

A REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, THE FINE ARTS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c. &c.

Tours, voyages, and travels, have been the chief productions of the last month. Blaquiére's "*Greek Revolution, its Origin and Progress, together with some Remarks on the Religion, National Character, &c., in Greece*," might, indeed, be mentioned as an historical work, were it not of a character more decidedly political. However, the information which it contains is at this period extremely valuable; and, leaving the colour of Mr. Blaquiére's politics, with which our fair readers are not likely to be much interested, entirely out of the question, we consider it as entitled to warm commendation. The style is bold and manly; the descriptions are spirited and glowing. It

presents, also, a remarkably distinct and satisfactory topographical outline of Greece in its present state.

Captain Parry's expensive publication has been followed by "*The Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, of H. M. S. Hecla, during the Recent Voyage of Discovery under Captain Parry*," with a map and plates. In proportion to its length, there is far more of detail in this production than in the former: the accounts of the persons, manners, and customs of the dear delightful Esquimaux are in the highest style of amusement.

Another singularly amusing production is a "*Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey*"
2 S 2

through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamschatka; performed during the Years 1820, 21, 22, and 23," by Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R.N., in a single octavo volume. Captain Cochrane's object was to travel round the globe, as nearly as can be done by land, crossing from Northern Asia to America, at Behring's Straits; and he "determined to perform the journey on foot, for the best of all possible reasons," that his "finances allowed of no other." Captain Cochrane not only travelled as a pedestrian, but actually worked the greater part of his way *in forma pauperis*, a mode of journeying which, whatever advantages it may possess, must be attended by difficulties and even dangers of a formidable character. He states, however, that independently of his escaping by its means the chance of being plundered and ill-treated, he might otherwise have been taken for a spy; and that it would have been impossible for him in any other way to have performed such a journey. As a hint to economical travellers, it may not be amiss to add, that the expenses of Captain Cochrane's journey from Moscow to Irkutsk—a route of six thousand miles—fell short of a guinea!

We mention here, chiefly for the sake of announcing our intention to notice it at greater length in our *Supplement* to the present volume of *La Belle Assemblée*, an extraordinarily interesting publication, entitled, "*The Wonders of Elora; or the Narrative of a Journey to the Temples and Dwellings excavated out of a Mountain of Granite, and extending upwards of a Mile and a Quarter, at Elora in the East-Indies, &c. &c.*," by Captain J. B. Seely. The enthusiasm—the spirit of research—the indefatigable perseverance—which, for the first time, have brought the caverned temples of Elora fully before the public, are entitled to high praise.

"*A Tour through parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the Years 1821, 22, &c.*," by Charles Tennant, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo., is remarkable for containing in its appendix what purports to be, and, for aught that we can discover to the contrary, may be, several genuine love letters of Buonaparte to Madame Beauharnois during his

Italian campaigns, about the year 1796-7. We offer Mr. Tennant's translation of one of these *morceaux* :—

I awake thinking only of you : Your portrait and the recollection of the intoxicating evening of yesterday have deprived my senses of rest. Sweet and incomparable Josephine, what a singular impression do you make upon my heart ! Are you angry ? Are you sad ? Are you uneasy ? My soul is broken with grief, and there is no more comfort for your friend ; but is there more for me when, giving myself up to the deep feeling which overcomes me, I pour out upon your lips, upon your heart, a flame which consumes me ? Ah ! it was last night that I discovered that your portrait was not you.

You set off at noon—[I shall see you in three hours. In the mean while, my sweet love, receive a thousand kisses, but do not give me any, for they consume my blood.

N. B.

To Madame Beauharnois.

It is something new to be enabled to contemplate Buonaparte in the character of a lover ; for, although the heart of the true hero is generally divided between love and war—

"Equal to both, and armed for either field," we have been accustomed to regard the scourge of the earth as "all unused to the melting mood." In another letter, however, we find him exclaiming—

My incomparable companion, thou whom fate has destined to make along with me the painful journey of life, the day on which I shall cease to possess thy heart will be the day on which parched nature will be to me without warmth or vegetation.

Again—

Do not be uneasy—love me as your eyes—but that is not enough—as yourself, more than yourself, than your thought, your mind, your sight, your all. Sweet love, forgive me—I am sinking ; nature is weak for him who feels strongly, for him whom you love.

We have heard it said, that wise men write foolish love letters : sometimes, perhaps, it may be so ; but, in general cases, we would wish for no surer test from which to form our estimate of a man's intellect than a sight of his love letters—letters written under the genuine influence of the tender passion. At all events, no fool ever wrote such love letters as these that are attributed to Buonaparte. We re-

gret that we have not room for further specimens.

We have before us "*Sylla: a Tragedy, in Five Acts, translated from the French of M. Jouy, Member of the Institute at Paris,*" which, as we learn from other sources, had a run of sixty nights on the Parisian stage. We are quite sure, so great is the difference between the dramatic tastes of the two nations, that it could not have dragged through a fourth of that number of nights here. The French, it is true, have a Talma, and we have—but comparisons are odious.

In M. Jouy's *Historical Preamble*, which our translator terms "an admirable specimen of what among the French is esteemed the brilliant and elegant in criticism," the author gives us "a succinct exposure of a theory" by which he thinks he has "caught sight of the solution of the great dramatic question which at this moment shares the attention of the literary world." Regarding the stage as a representation of human life, he inquires why this representation should be "considered in different parts of the globe under appearances so very different?" Now for the solution of the problem. "Man," he observes, is the same in all latitudes, but the picture of man in society differs in different climes; pass but a district, a river, a chain of mountains, and the theatrical system is changed. The causes of this difference are evidently in the genius of the people; in the greater or lesser share of freedom in their constitutions; in the degree of civilization to which they had attained at the epoch of the establishment of their theatre: with the one it is a hurried and choiceless depicting of the events of life, a perpetual collision of accidents and of passions, which seem to be the constituent parts of the drama. Ask but a man," proceeds M. Jouy, "on the banks of the Thames the definition of the '*beau idéal*' in the business of the stage, and he will answer you, variety, motion,—a rapid succession of situations, tender or bold, noble or vulgar; philosophic contrasts resulting from the meeting together of all sorts of characters, the caprices of fortune, or the eccentricities of the human heart." We must, we believe, admit that there is some truth here. Now let us see

the other side of the picture. "At sight of such a chaos," continues M. Jouy, "the inhabitants of the banks of the Seine smile with disdain: with them the beauty of the drama consists in its simplicity and regularity. An action clear, single, yet always increasing; an apt distribution of parts, and a nicety of art in the conducting of the piece, coupled with a progressive interest, the whole force of which is in a manner so combined as to turn, if I may make bold so to express myself, upon a single point, and upon a single personage; a sustained elegance, a style ever chaste and noble: such are with us the conditions from which dramatic beauty is deemed inseparable." The truth of this, we believe, we must also admit. This, then, is M. Jouy's *beau idéal* of the business of the stage. That it is realized in his composition of "*Sylla*" we cannot altogether allow; though certainly the piece evinces much of the stern severity which is worthy of the Greek drama.

We regret that our limits will not suffer us to enter into an examination of M. Jouy's tragedy. The character of *Sylla* is ably sustained. The translator considers it to have been drawn from that of Buonaparte. M. Jouy tells us it was Montesquieu's *Sylla*, rather than Plutarch's, that he wished to reproduce upon the stage. In our humble opinion, a nobler portrait of *Sylla* was never struck off by the glowing pencil of genius than in this single stanza, from Lord Byron's *Ode to Napoleon*:

"The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home.—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power."

One brief extract is all that we can possibly find room for: it shall be from the fourth act, where *Sylla*, harassed by mental agitation, lies down, falls asleep, and whilst dreaming cries out—

What see I? and what power in these dark
chambers
Re-animates the shades of those my procreants?

Spirits of the tomb! what would ye have with me?

Is it to me your grizzly band holds forth
The torches of the tomb? Your crimes I've
punish'd,

Th' associates of your crimes! and tremble yet
Lest I conduct you to fresh punishments!

I see you all—your arms raised o'er my couch—
Th' uplifted poignard brandished o'er my
breast,

As if prepared to strike.—Oh! Heavens! here
lictors!

[He rises up in his sleep.

Here—I've proscribed their heads.—Do I again
Behold them? Chace them hence, these per-
verse phantoms!

With blood stained whips hence drive them
back to Pluto!

'Tis Sylla wills—commands it—quick, obey!
[He falls again on the couch.

The translation of this tragedy appears
to be very faithfully, and without being
highly polished, very respectably executed.

"*A Midsummer Day's Dream, a Poem,*"
by Edwin Atherstone, Author of *The Last
Days of Hericlaneum*, offers a rich treat to
the genuine lovers of the muse. We shall,
if possible, offer an example or two in our
Supplement.

In a small duodecimo of only 108 pages,
dedicated to T. Campbell, Esq., we find
two dramatic poems, entitled "*The Silent
River,*" and "*Faithful and Forsaken,*" by
Robert Sullivan. With Mr. Sullivan's name
we are wholly unacquainted; but, in no-
ticing his unpretending little volume, we
are happy to offer our humble tribute to a
legitimate "son of song." *Faithful and
Forsaken* is, the more is the pity, a true
story, connected with the sanguinary hor-
rors of the French revolution. *The Silent
River*, however, is our favourite: its chief,
its almost only fault is that it wounds the
heart too deeply. It is, indeed, a tale of
domestic woe, recorded with all the
touching force and graphic fidelity of
Crabbe. The beauty of the poetry is
perhaps its slightest charm.

"*Odes, Original and Translated, with
other Poems,*" were, as we are informed by
their author in his preface, originally print-
ed for private distribution; but in conse-
quence of the approval of his friends, he
has been induced to give them a more ex-
tended circulation. Several of the pieces
possess considerable merit, among which

we may enumerate an *Ode on His Majesty's Coronation*; a *Greek Song* (transla-
tion); *Lines on Stonchenge*; an *Ode on
a View from Vicar's Hill, Lewisham,*
&c.—*Lines on the Death of a British Offi-
cer, who fell at Waterloo*, the anniversary
of which is now approaching, we submit
to our readers:

He's gone from where lately he shone in the
dance,

To oppose by his prowess the forces of France.
Yes—called from the bowers of Beauty and
Love,

'Mid scenes of confusion and carnage to move.

The trumpets resound—from the maid of his
heart,

By Liberty summon'd—behold him depart!

One long, last farewell, and he hurries away,
For the "Spirit of Battle" but ill brooks delay.

'Mid the bravest he fought—of the bravest the
pride—

'Mid the foremost he fell—'mid the foremost he
died;

Though set life's last sun-beam yet bright o'er
his grave,

The flow'et "Forget Me Not" ever shall wave.

And should thou e'er wish, lonely virgin, to
weep

Where the ashes of valour and virtue now sleep,
Go ask where the boldest of chieftains was made—
Go ask where the boldest of chieftains was laid.

For there, gentle maiden, his grave may be
seen—

Though once dyed with gore, 'tis now verdant
and green.

No stone marks the spot, nor his glories may
tell—

Suffice it, for Freedom and Britain he fell!

But there, by Love planted, the green laurel
throws

A shade o'er the turf where his relics repose.

Tread soft, passing stranger! oh, soft be thy
tread,

And light lie the mould that encircles his
head!"

"*Our Village: Sketches of Rural Cha-
racter and Scenery, by Mary Russell Mit-
ford, Author of Julian, a Tragedy,*" is one
of the volumes to which we must of
necessity, and with much pleasure, return
in our *Supplement*. It contains, as the
fair author informs us, "an attempt to
delineate country scenery and country
manners as they exist in a small village in

the south of England." Her descriptions, she further states, "have always been written on the spot and at the moment, and in nearly every instance, with the closest and most resolute fidelity to the place and the people." This is as it should be. We shall only add here, that Miss Mitford has succeeded in producing a delightfully attractive volume.

Seldom is it our good fortune to peruse a work of such deep, such lively interest as one now before us, in three volumes, entitled, "*Trials, a Tale*," by the author of *The Favourite of Nature*. This tale, or rather these two tales, the second arising out of the first, displays the *trials* of two youthful females, Catherine and Matilda. Catherine, who is first introduced to our notice, is at the early age of seventeen united to St. Aubyn, an amiable young officer, the object of her choice, with whom, for the first twelvemonth, she leads a life of uninterrupted felicity; but, at the expiration of that period, she conceives a most unfounded jealousy, which after subjecting her to years of anguish and misery, terminates in nearly depriving her of the affections of her husband. St. Aubyn is ordered abroad on foreign service: they part in anger; and the first intelligence Catherine receives is of her husband's death, leaving her with an only son, a prey to the most bitter remorse, and convinced of the utter groundlessness of her suspicions. The *trials* of Catherine occupy the first volume; and at the opening of the second, Edmund St. Aubyn, her son, has attained to manhood, and Matilda, his ward, is introduced on the eve of her marriage to Charles Harcourt. St. Aubyn had long entertained a secret affection for her, and after her marriage, in the hope of banishing her image from his memory, he visits the Continent. In Matilda we behold an amiable, affectionate, devoted wife, opposing, by the counsels of reason and prudence, the extravagance and thoughtless profusion of her husband. St. Aubyn returns, his health and spirits impaired, and his sufferings augmented by a knowledge of those of Matilda. He subsequently accepts an appointment in the East-Indies. The advice and entreaties of Matilda are disregarded until too late, and her thoughtless husband closes his life in a prison,

attended by his faithful "Matty." About three years after Charles's death, St. Aubyn returns to England, and Matilda, who, though totally ignorant of the nature of his sentiments towards her, had always regarded him as her friend and benefactor, consents to unite her fate with his. The death of Charles could scarcely be considered as a misfortune, even by his wife, and her first unhappy marriage had taught her, "that a woman better secures her felicity by a union founded upon sentiments of esteem, and a perfect knowledge of the principles and character of the person she marries, than by entertaining the most refined and romantic passion."

The two principal characters, Catherine and Matilda, are drawn with great beauty and truth to nature; and the work will not fail of imparting much useful instruction as well as amusement to its readers. The trials of Matilda, it may be remarked, if not more severe, more strongly excite our pity and commiseration than those of Catherine, whose sufferings are of her own creation.

We have taken up with great pleasure a work which was much wanted, and which will not fail of proving highly acceptable to the youthful student, entitled "*Les Beautés des Ecrivains Français Modernes: ou Recueil de Morceaux Choisis des meilleurs Prosateurs et Poètes Français, de la Fin du XVIII^e Siècle et du Commencement du XIX^e*," par M. V. de Fivas, and dedicated to M. Jouy. M. Fivas observes in his preface that it is a subject of regret that no one should hitherto have displayed the beauties of the modern French writers; and that, with a view of supplying the deficiency he has been induced to publish this volume, containing some of the finest passages from the works of MM. Jouy, Ségur, Arnault, Andrieux, Chateaubriand, Lacretelle, Delavigne, Lamartine, &c. Nothing, he justly adds, has been neglected to render the work instructive as well as useful: models will be found in it of every species of French composition; and, to render it complete, he has appended brief notices of all the writers from whose works he has made his selection. The volume is divided into two parts, prose and verse, which are again subdivided under the heads of Narrative, Descriptive,

Dramatic, Dialogues, Letters, Religious and Moral, Manners and Customs, Characters, Fables, Allegories, &c. The exertions of M. Fiyas to furnish a selection suited to youth of both sexes have been crowned with success, and we most warmly recommend it to all who are studying the French language, and to those to whom the education of youth is more particularly entrusted.

A pretty volume, under the title of "*Best Intentions; or Reflections and Thoughts for Youth, Maturity, and Age*," solicits attention through an unusually modest, unassuming, and therefore highly prepossessing preface. It exhibits the sentiments of the truly moral and pious author, upon no fewer than three hundred and thirty different subjects. The work is very neatly written; and, to religious readers, it will prove an acceptable and valuable little present.

MUSIC.

Douze Mélodies Françaises, avec Accompagnement de Piano-Forte ou Harpe. Paroles imitées de Thomas Moore, Esq., par Le Comte de Lagarde. Londres: Propriété de l'Auteur, et se trouve No. 17, Soho-Square.

The object of the author and arranger of this work will be best understood by the following extract from its preface:—

"La juste célébrité acquise en Angleterre aux poésies de Thomas Moore m'a engagé à leur rendre un nouvel hommage, en essayant de reproduire, en vers Français, quelques-unes des beautés dont les Mélodies Irlandaises abondent.

"Je ne me flatte pas d'avoir pu rendre fidèlement l'énergie ou la grâce d'une langue très-riche, dans une autre qui l'est beaucoup moins; et quoique Delille et Pope aient vaincu ces obstacles par une persévérance égale à leur génie, j'oserais cependant dire, qu'il y a peut-être plus de difficulté à traduire des poésies légères, où la pensée jaillit, étincelle, et se perd si elle n'est saisie, que les fortes conceptions d'Homère, les tableaux sublimes de Milton, ou les riantes images de Virgile."

The truth of one of the above observations, that it is perhaps more difficult to translate poetry of a light description than that of a more lofty species, we may without much hesitation allow; yet, we doubt not, our readers will agree with us in considering, that the pieces here selected for translation, or imitation (a list of which is subjoined) breathe a spirit of poetry

by no means of a light description; consequently, the apology is by no means valid.

1. The last Rose of Summer;—2. I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me;—3. The Minstrel Boy to the War is gone;—4. Love's Young Dream;—5. Weep on! weep on! your Hour is past;—6. I saw thy Form in Youthful Prime;—7. Come rest in this Bosom;—8. The Legacy;—9. Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour;—10. The Meeting of the Waters;—11. When he who adores thee;—12. The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

From the whole eight books of Irish Melodies, it would not have been possible to select twelve pieces less adapted for translation; that is to say, for being translated so as to convey to the foreign reader a just idea of the spirit of the original. Moreover, of all languages, we know not one less calculated for such an essay than the French. Take, as a random specimen, the first stanza of "*The last Rose of Summer*."

"De l'été la dernière rose
Vient d'épanouir à mes yeux:
Seule elle reste fraîche, éclose,
Et seule parfume ces lieux;
Mais auprès de rose nouvelle
Nul bouton ne va s'entr'ouvrir;
Pour, fier du même incarnat qu'elle,
Lui rendre soupir pour soupir."

Of the musical portion of the work we can speak more favourably. The airs selected shew considerable taste and judgment; and, as far as the French poetry is concerned, are well adapted to the subjects. All the melodies are possessed of merit, and some of them are very beautiful. The arrangements and symphonies, though some of them are disfigured with inaccuracies, assure us that the author wants only practice to ensure success.

"*Only love my Love the more*," a Cambrian Ballad, sung by Mr. Braham, written and composed by John Parry, Registrar of Music to the Royal Cambrian Institution. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

"*And Ye shall Walk in Silk Attire*," Air, by a Lady; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by Henry R. Bishop. Saine publishers.

Of Mr. Parry's ballad, we can say but little in the way of praise: the melody is indeed flowing; but this is not enough in the present day: a flowing melody may be formed on the most common-place phrases, and such is the construction of the one before us. This ballad was first sung at the oratorios; and we were not a little surprised to hear an air, which opened evidently with a trumpet passage, accompanied only by the piano-forte, when there was a complete orchestra, not only at his com-

mand, but absolutely not otherwise employed. Of the words we are not able to speak even so favourably as of the music.

"*And Ye shall Walk in Silk Attire*," is a very elegant melody, and does great credit to the fair composer. The symphonies and accompaniments, by Mr. Bishop, are greatly improved from the former edition: they are arranged with all the taste and feeling for which this composer has long been celebrated.

"*And Ye shall Walk in Silk Attire*;" Air, by a Lady, with an Introduction, and Variations, for the Piano Forte, composed by C. Kiallmark. Divertimento for the Piano Forte, composed by I. A. Moralt.

Divertimento for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, (ad lib.) in which is arranged, Henry R. Bishop's favourite Ballad, "Sweet Maid," composed by T. A. Rawlings. All published by Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

The popular Air, "Oh! say not Woman's Heart is bought," composed by Whittaker, arranged with an Introduction and Eight Variations, with Accompaniments, for the Flute and Violoncello, by Samuel Goadby. Whittaker and Co.

The variations by Mr. Kiallmark are perhaps a little superior to some of his former works of the same kind; but this is not offered as the slightest portion of praise, for we have never yet seen a production by this author which evinced an accurate observance of even the first principles of composition. Let the reader only compare the simple harmonizing of the air by Mr. Bishop with that of Mr. Kiallmark, and the slightest portion of taste in musical composition will instantly justify the severity of our opinion.

Mr. Moralt's Divertimento, consisting of an introduction, a march, a trio, and a polacca, is infinitely more praiseworthy than that of Mr. Kiallmark both in the harmony and counterpoint. It moreover possesses a species of melody which is by no means destitute of either character or variety; and it may, on the whole, be considered as an agreeable trifle. Perhaps it may not be useless to point out the following inaccuracy in the harmony. On the first note of the fifth measure of the fourth stave of the sixth page, the F sharp, being only in reality a grace note, ought not to be accompanied by the suspension of the previous chord of the seventh by the common chord of the tonic. As the harmony now stands, there is nothing which offends the ear, though we consider the alteration suggested as more correct.

Mr. Rawlings' Divertimento, consists of an introduction, a spiritoso movement, an andante.

tino grazioso movement (Sweet Maid), and a rondetto vivace e scherzo. There is also a flute accompaniment, but that is entirely *ad libitum*. On the whole, we do not consider this to evince so much musical meaning as the one by Moralt; though it is evidently the production of a person whose practice and attainments are far more extensive. In a grammatical point of view, we cannot discover the slightest error; but in the rhetorical arrangement there are decidedly many defects. The air of "Sweet Maid" is a beautiful melody; but there is a great want of taste evinced in breaking down an air of this description so as to accommodate it for a rondetto, marked vivace e scherzo.

"Oh! say not Woman's Heart is bought," a beautiful melody—deserves to be ranked as a trio for the piano forte, flute, and violoncello; though the two latter accompaniments are not marked in the title page as being *obbligati*. The variations, of which there are eight, are of an order, as to ability, which we have seldom seen surpassed by the most celebrated composers of the present day. They are not only framed on a regular and well-digested plan, but the arrangement of them throughout is, both grammatically and rhetorically, ably conducted. Twelfth Fantasia for the Piano Forte, with the favourite Themes in Rossini's *Semiramide*, composed by Ferd. Ries, Member of the Royal Academy of Music in Sweden. *Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

Brilliant Rondo for the Piano Forte, on Henry R. Bishop's air, "When in Disgrace," composed by Ferd. Ries. (Same publishers).

We never cast our eyes over a piece of music with the name of Ferd. Ries affixed, without experiencing a sensation of respectful delight; for we know no composer—in England, at all events, and but very few on the Continent—who endeavours to impart to every individual production the utmost attainable excellence. His compositions are indeed often difficult; but their difficulties are of a legitimate character, and therefore ought not to be regarded as tending in the slightest degree to lessen their intrinsic value.

The fantasia before us is framed out of several, we believe about seven, movements judiciously selected from the new opera of Rossini, though we consider none of them remarkably striking or beautiful. The transposition of the keys, the blending of one with the other, and, in a word, the arrangement of the whole, evince the hand of a master. The harmonies are throughout of the most effective and chaste description; and the portions of original matter introduced for the purpose of weaving the

whole together, appear to us so truly excellent, that we cannot help considering the "setting" to use a jeweller's phrase, far more valuable than the original materials.

The *Brilliant Rondo* is highly florid. It is rather difficult; but it will richly reward those who master its difficulties by beautiful clusters of the most masterly and original harmonies and modulations with which we have been for a long time delighted. The conduct of the passage from C major, passing transitively into F minor, and then into D flat major, in the third stave of the first page, is one among a thousand instances which we might adduce from the work before us of the justice of these laudatory remarks. We might also point out the richness of the chord of the minor third, and minor sixth, upon the tonic, which resolves into the chord of the sixth on the subdominant in the last measure of the first stave of page 1; of which, however, the original merit belongs to Mr. Bishop. We conclude this article by thanking Mr. Ries for the feast of soul he has afforded us.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE may well congratulate the managers of this elegant theatre on the success of their zealous exertions to please their subscribers and the public. The pit and boxes are full at an early hour every night, and as the season advances the attraction is increasing. Since our last, *Don Giovanni* and two favourite operas of Signor Rossini have been revived, to the great satisfaction of the amateurs: a comic one (*Il Turco in Italia*), and the other serious (*Il Tancredi*). In the first, which was given for the benefit of Madame Caradori Allen, she had the good fortune to be assisted by Madame Ronzi de Begnis, whose appearance had been delayed by a long indisposition. The latter met with a very flattering reception, and although she was not yet perfectly recovered, she performed in that opera, as well as in *Il Turco* with great spirit and ease, and obtained a well deserved applause. In *Tancredi* she cleverly supported the character of *Amenaide*. She displayed powerful feelings in her acting, and sang with firmness and precision; but it appeared to us that some vestiges of illness were still perceptible in her voice.

Madame Pasta in *Tancredi* maintained her high reputation, and was even more admired than in *Otello*. We are not partial to this sort of disguise in serious operas, still we must say she wears with ease and a degree of stage decorum the warrior's clothes and armour. Her

acting is judicious and proper, and her graceful deportment compensates for a want of energy and of strenuous exertion. Her singing leaves nothing to be wished for. It combines science, taste, and a rare delicacy. On the first representation, she sang the aria, *O Patria*, and *Tanti Palmi*, in her first scene, as it is placed in the book; but latterly, by one of those transpositions which we cannot approve, she sang it in the second act. This alteration was made, according to the bills, in compliance with the wishes of many subscribers, who, as it appears, have more care for their own convenience than for the consistency of the drama. However, Madame Pasta sings this *Tanti Palmi* in a slower movement than it used to be sung by Madame Bellocchi and several other singers whom we had heard formerly; but she sings it in a style so novel and so pure, and with inflexions of tone so sweet and so delicate, that the expression she gives to it charms the ear and moves the heart. This piece, which is regularly encoored whenever it is sung, would have been sufficient to ensure the success of the singer, but there are several others which the public wished also to hear twice; and altogether this opera will preserve its attraction till the appearance of *Romeo e Giulietta*, which is shortly to be produced for the first time in this country, and in which the Parisian accounts say that Madame Pasta excels still more than in *Tancredi*.

Signor Rossini is now composing another opera, which is also to be produced before the end of the season; it is entitled *Ugo re d'Italia*.

In the ballet department there has been no novelty during the month. We may now say, that since the beginning of the season M. Aumer has not produced any thing worthy of his former reputation. We have seen only some trifles which he calls *offrandes*, *orfêtes*, or *noces*, and which he gives us alternately, and according to the convenience of the day, as ballets or divertissements. He has able artists at his command, but he has not yet allotted any striking part to any of the principal dancers. He allows them only to appear in *pas* and *pirouettes*, and they follow one another so close, and in such crowds, that there is no time or space for acting, and no interest. The result is, that the great talents of Vestris, Ferdinand, Le Blond, of Mesdames Vestris, Legros, and Noblet, are not appreciated as they deserve. Since her return Madlle. Noblet has hardly been noticed; Madame Vestris mixes often with the figurantes, and Madlle. Legros has had no opportunity of displaying her mimic talents.

An old ballet of Dauberval, entitled *Le Page Inconstant*, will, it is said, soon be exhibited. It has been performed with success in Paris some time ago.

DRURY LANE.

The revival of *Measure for Measure* presented Mr. Macready as the philosophic Duke; but the philosophic is not the forte of Mr. Macready: passion, as evinced in a noble and dignified nature, cannot probably be delineated with more poetic beauty than by this actor; but his Duke partakes of the coldness and puerility of his *Hamlet*, without yielding any qualifying opportunity for the display of his peculiar ability, as embodying the forcible elevation of feeling. The *Angelo* of Terry was something too pertinacious, but, on the whole, respectable. *Lucio*, by Liston, presented that irresistible quaintness which has ever characterized the efforts of that actor: the *Elbow* and *Pompey* of Knight and Harley were also performed with much humour and talent. *Isabella*, by Mrs. Bunn, was probably the best personation in the play. Mrs. Bunn possesses the peculiar ability of making feeling subservient to dignity, without losing passion in the assumption of grandeur.

Artaxerxes has been played, in which Madame Vestris, as the youthful king, sang with much pathos; and the brilliant efforts of Miss Stephens, in *Mandane*, elicited the warmest approbation of a most crowded audience.

Mr. Macready has performed *Macbeth*. This character is made by him to display perhaps the greatest contrariety of feeling and design that exists in the drama. His commencing scenes in the play are particularized by a finely-meditative spirit; but in his after delineation of the pangs of a compunctious conscience, he wants a depth and acuteness of feeling sufficient to excite sympathy for the wreck of a noble nature beneath the destructive powers of turbulent ambition. His soliloquy, "art thou a dagger," did not evince that illusion of the senses which, seeing the "gouts of blood," should, in a great measure, inspire the audience with a momentary questioning of their reality. The whole of the banquet-scene, and particularly his daring to *Banquo*, was Mr. Macready's most triumphant effort. We admire his manner of following the ghost; it portrays the natural strength of *Macbeth's* mind breaking from the trammels of guilt, and for an instant asserting its power in defiance of the apparition. *Macduff*, by Mr. Archer, wanted feeling; it was like all this gentleman's efforts, coldly correct. Mrs. Bunn's *Lady Macbeth* presented a very faithful portrait of the being "unsexed." Her re-

proaches and encouragements to her husband were given with a painful industry of effort, highly in keeping with this terrific character.

The opera of *Rob Roy Macgregor* has again yielded us the pleasant contrast of Mr. Macready's Highland nonchalance, in *Rob Roy*, with the ludicrous terrors of Liston's *Battle Nicol Jarvie*, enriched with the "wood notes wild" of Madame Vestris, as *Diana Vernon*, and the forcible delineation of *Helen Macgregor* by Mrs. Bunn.

The truly laughable farce of *Love, Law, and Physic* has several nights produced an agreeable termination to the performance. Liston's *Lubin Log* is indeed a creature for a cabinet of curiosities; a being in which meanness, ignorance, and cunning are so dexterously blended with a prevailing stupidity of character, that laughter and regret at the follies and frailties of humanity are equally excited. Harley's *Flexible* was flippant, prevailing, and perfectly lawyer-like. *Andrew*, by Knight, was most good-naturedly simple, and afforded every wish for opportunity for lovers, with the most artless ignorance. The *Mrs. Hillary* of Mrs. Orger was incessant volatility; and, indeed, every thing is combined to make this farce one of the most recreative of the stage.

Mr. Munden has played *Sir Peter Teazle*, in the *School for Scandal*, for the last time. The word "last" has a strange influence, and awakens a hundred images in the memory, which never till then appear so valuable, because they can no longer be extended. Such was the influence of Munden's *Sir Peter*. We have frequently seen and admired the happy mixture of uxoriousness and resignation to the perplexities arising from "an old man marrying a young wife," as portrayed by Munden; but we were never so thoroughly struck with their beauty as on the last evening of this actor's *Sir Peter*, which gratification received something of a mournful cast from the certainty of departing excellence. The actor was every moment dying, but, like the dolphin, his last efforts threw forth a brilliancy which fixed our faculties, and saddened as it held them. The *Charles Surface* of Elliston belied the actor's years most strangely; it was full of buoyant vivacity and "spirit-stirring" youthfulness. Downton, as *Sir Oliver Surface*, was as good-natured as stage uncles generally are, and forgave his nephews with much kindness of heart. But, "for some reason, surely said," Mr. Archer was forced into *Joseph Surface*: this actor is an antidote to every thing like passion or intrigue; and, though he might bear a "sad brow" as the *Joseph* of the world, he must ever be lamentably wanting in that

kindling of spirit, and those specious and persuasive arts which should form the hypocritical contrast to the "conceals in books." *Lady Tania*, by Mr. W. West, was very respectable, and the *Mrs. Camdoun* of Mrs. Gager possessed much of the spirit of the satiric author.

The *Hypocrite*, which it seems has become truly fashionable, has been frequently played to good houses.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Young has appeared as Mr. Oakley, in the standard comedy of *The Jealous Wife*. We never saw Mr. Young to more advantage. The hero of tragedy awhile subsiding from pomp and grandeur, with their concomitant horrors, and meeting our every-day notions of every-day life, pleases us by the change, as it enlightens. The part is one of genuine comedy; a gentleman placed in no impossible and over-strained circumstances, but merely suffering from the persecuting jealousy of a lovely wife, whose victim he more easily becomes from the gentleness of his disposition, and his natural affection for Mrs. Oakley. As such Mr. Young represented it: his first scene was particularly happy, where his wife rates him concerning a letter which her own jealousy attributes to him, when, in fact, it is concerning a love affair of his nephew's. Throughout the part, Mr. Young maintained great dignity and feeling, alternately vexed at the weak suspicions of his wife, and fondly questioning their influence upon her health and spirits—and from this last motive, becoming the submissive husband—for Mr. Oakley is the man and gentleman, yielding but from a mistaken devotion, and not from a subservient spirit. His first effort of rebellion against "his lady intellectual," was a happy and natural commencement of the subsequent war of authority which ultimately gives to Mrs. Oakley a sphere adorning and to adorn—and to her husband the mastery of his own house and hours. Mr. Young's Mr. Oakley is all mind and tenderness. The *Lord Trinket* of Jones is among this excellent actor's best performances—it is the very essence of patrician puppyism. Fawcett, as Sir Harry Beagle, lost his mistress with becoming good humour, and with much philosophy descanted on the superiority of a horse-race to the claims of feminine loveliness. Blanchard, as *Old Russet*, was blunt and paternal; and Connor's *Captain O'Cutler*, as usual, Hibernian. Abbott, as *Young Oakley*, evinced more vivacity and lightness of spirit than in general, and Bartley's *Major Oakley*, though a little noisy, was no less good.

Miss Chester's Mrs. Oakley was respectable,

more cannot be said; there were the same faults which characterize her general acting: her reproofs were rather whined than vented; in fact, there was the effort to be very severe, but the spirit, the essence of Mrs. Oakley was lamentably wanting. Mrs. Gibbs, as *Lady Freeclove*, introduced as much archness into the bad sentiments of her ladyship as might in any way tend to make them amusing—but the part is a bad one. Miss Love, who plays every thing, acted *Harriet Russett*: it is not in her line—we think of *Clari* and *Nanine Land*. Miss Beaumont would have been better.

Expectation has been at its highest from the announcement of Mr. C. Kemble as *Falstaff*; and however, in the more minute and transient circumstances of the scene, he may not have completely realized this wonderful imagination of Shakespeare, on the whole it is a clever performance, highly favourable to Mr. Kemble, even had he never played before; but when our recollections are awakened of his exquisite delineation of *Benedick*, and of *Edgar*, we must pay him every consideration due to a man of extensive genius and refined taste. There is evidently a want of that jovial boisterousness, that noisy mellowness, which characterizes *Falstaff*, from the perusal of which we are led to expect, perhaps even more than can be embodied by any man, except equal in a different sphere to the great bard himself. *Falstaff* has all the infirmities of age, which, however, he makes subservient to the continual sporting of his fancy, and enjoyment of his wit. *Falstaff* has the manners of a gentleman; he is unprincipled, blustering, fawning, witty, and cowardly; a drunkard, rake, and philosopher: the last is particularly evident in his question of "What is honour!" and all the different dispositions of these opposing characters Mr. C. Kemble embodied with a talent, if not exactly equal to his former attempts, at least worthy of their association. He has repeated the part frequently fashionable audiences. Mr. Young, as *Hotspur*, was the very spirit of English chivalry; his address—"I did deny no prisoners," was given in a manner at once new and beautiful. Cooper, as *Prince Henry*, though not sufficiently the "mad wag" of the author, was the actor and gentleman. Blanchard's *Francis* was quite Shakesperian; and we know not that our imagination has conceived any greater cheat back to the days of "usurping Bolingbroke" than from the awkward precision and monotonous cry of Blanchard's *Francis*.

Miss Kelly, in the trifling character of *Lady Perry*, was gentle and interesting; and Mrs. Davenport, as Mrs. Quickly, "Dame Partlett, the hen," personified.

The reformation of costume has been equally successful here as with *King John*. This has been a long time a great desideratum; and we are happy to see it so eminently attained.

On the evening of the 27th a lively three-act play, with songs, was produced here, under the title of *Charles the Second*, or *The Merry Monarch*. It is a translation, by Jones, of *La Jeunesse de Henri Cinq*, different versions of which have been before the public at some of the minor theatres, the Olympic and the Surrey. The plot is light and airy; the incidents are amusing; and the songs, though not of the first order, as to their poetry, or as to their music, contributed to the effect of the piece. The witty but profligate *Rochester* (Jones) is in love with *Lady Clara* (Mrs. Faucit), who agrees to give him her hand, on condition of his assisting her in a stratagem of the Queen's, for curing his Majesty of his passion for nocturnal rambles. *Rochester* assents. *Edward* (Dunrisset), a protégé of *Rochester's*, and page to the King, is enamoured of *Mary* (Miss Trec), a fair bar-maid, and niece to *Captain Copp* (Fawcett) a retired naval officer, landlord of the Grand Admiral public-house, at Wapping. On the suggestion of *Rochester*, the three worthies, the King, *Rochester*, and the Page, make a party to visit *Mary*, at the Grand Admiral, in the disguise of sailors. The fresh-water sailors pledge their glasses freely, make love with vehemence, and have the satisfaction of hearing themselves abused in their own proper characters. A festive night produces a long reckoning. *Rochester*, whose object is to reform his royal master, robs him of his purse, and decamps. *Charles*, in this awkward predicament, offers his watch to the landlord for security. Its richness excites suspicion of theft, and the King is locked up till he can be delivered into the hands of the officers of justice. *Edward* and *Mary*, affecting to commiserate him, enable him to escape. In the morning, *Captain Copp* and his niece repair to the palace, to restore the watch and denounce the impostors. *Copp* recognizes the King and his favourite; *Mary*, who proves to be a niece of *Rochester's*, is acknowledged, and united to *Edward*; *Rochester* obtains the hand of *Lady Clara*; and the King, cured of his folly, promises to conduct himself with propriety in future.

In the production of this piece, a most laudable attention has been paid to the costume of the times. *Charles* Kemble looked admirably—far too handsome and majestic, indeed, for his prototype; and his acting also was excellent. *Fawcett*, as the old sailor, played with great spirit and effect. The first act passed off somewhat

flatly, but the piece increased in spirit as it proceeded; and it was announced for repetition amidst great applause. Were it compressed within two acts, and the dialogue rendered more piquant, great improvement would be effected.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODEON. *Méropé*.—Mlle. GEORGES.

About three weeks ago, a very tumultuous scene took place at the Odeon, and it was well understood that the original cause of it was the jealousy of the managers of another theatre. Be what it may, the facts are these:—Mademoiselle Georges, incomparably the first female tragedian now on the French stage, was acting the part of *Clytemnestre*, in Racine's *Iphigénie en Aulide*. From the rising of the curtain, some awful forebodings of an approaching storm manifested themselves, and the first effects of it fell upon some of the actresses who preceded her. Perceiving, as soon as she began her part, these malevolent dispositions, Mademoiselle Georges withstood them at first with great fortitude and resignation, but the opposition became so violent, and the noise and hisses so loud, that at last she lost all patience, and exclaiming that this was *une effroyable gabale*, she abruptly left the stage. The tumult increased to such a pitch, that the authorities interfered, cleared the house, and stationed a strong guard at the doors. Mademoiselle Georges afterwards inserted a letter in the newspapers, explaining her behaviour, and saying that she had applied the word *cabale* to some mercenary individuals only, and not to the public. In this state the affair remained for a week or two. According to various rumours she ought to have been peremptorily required to make an apology, but it was also presumed that rather than submit to this degradation of her crown, the haughty queen would resign. But she appeared again on the 16th of May, unexpectedly, having been announced only in the playbills of the day, and performed the part of *Méropé*, in Voltaire's tragedy of that name.

The young men in the pit, wishing to expel those spectators who come regularly with orders to applaud or hiss some particular actors, pinned to their hats the checks which are given only to those who pay for their admission. Those who, on the contrary, were paid for their attendance, and had no check, were forced by ill-treatment to leave their places. But, notwithstanding this act of summary justice, when Mademoiselle Georges appeared,

there was a tremendous uproar; some calling for an apology, and others for the performance. At last she came forward and bowed; she was then greeted with loud applause, and when the noise subsided, she said feelingly: "Gentlemen, if I had had the misfortune to say any thing offensive to the public, I never would have presumed to appear again." These few words seemed to satisfy the majority of the public, and they cried, "enough, enough;" but the refractory minority renewed the contest, persisting more clamorously than ever in requiring "*des excuses*." The police commissary and the managers vainly exerted themselves to obtain a hearing. They were obliged to call some gendarmes, who made an irruption into the pit and removed the caballers. Peace was soon restored, and *Méropé* was listened to without any other interruption. Mademoiselle Georges so successfully displayed her wonted abilities, that after the piece she was repeatedly called for, and when David led her to the proscenium, she received an ample acquittal in the unanimous and enthusiastic plaudits of the audience.

Such was the end of this affair, which for two or three weeks engrossed the public attention in the French capital.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.—
Le Pari de la Duchesse d'Alençon, Opera comiqué en un acte.

Marguerite, Duchess of Alençon, and sister to Francis I., so celebrated for her beauty and wit, who, according to Brantôme, had more than a sufficiency of *joyeuseté* and gallantry, though surprised and displeased at the coolness and indifference of young Augustus de Gondiac, still ventures to lay a wager with the king, her brother, that she will contrive to find out somebody who will not only smite him, but elicit from him a declaration of his love. Francis I. agrees to it, provided they do not make any direct confidence to the young man to bring about this declaration. To insure this part of the treaty, Triboulet, the king's jester, is to watch over the Duchess and her courtiers, young Gondiac's father, and the fair Constantia de St. Vallier. The latter, who is in love with Augustus, and is secretly admired by him, willingly obeys Marguerite's commands. She endeavours to extort a declaration from her bashful lover, whose deep respect and impenetrable discretion do not allow him to drop any word of love, but only some few amorous sighs. The Duchess, therefore, was on the point of losing her wager, when Triboulet, transgressing the commands of the king, advises Mademoiselle de St. Vallier to assume the name and

wear the dress of her brother, who is intimate with Augustus. The young knight, deceived by the disguise, and by a strong resemblance, at last confesses the secret of his heart, and they are united.

Such are the light materials with which the author has composed this single act, which is destitute of wit or interest. The music is original, particularly the overture, which was universally applauded, as well as a duett sung by Lafeuillade and Madame Pradier. This was not sufficient to support the piece, and it was not well received; the names of the authors were not called for.

GYMNASE.—*Le Beau-frère, ou la Veuve à deux*
Maria, Vaudeville, de Messrs. St. Hilaire et Paulin.

The story of this light and lively piece is rather improbable, but there is in it some originality. Two or three very amusing situations are brought about with a great deal of art and ingenuity. The plot rests upon the mistakes arising from a perfect likeness between two brothers. One of them died a few days after having married a young girl of fifteen, who, immediately after the ceremony, was taken back to her boarding school, and she is therefore a widow, without having been a wife. She is going to wed again, when the brother of her husband arrives. Deceived by the likeness, and also by the cunning brother-in-law, the young widow fancies, not without fear, that she again sees her first husband; but happily every thing is explained in time, and he succeeds in obtaining her hand. To secure the success of their piece, the authors have borrowed several scenes, and even some parts of the dialogue, from various pieces already known or forgotten.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS, &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

OUR first public visit to Somerset House confirmed us in the opinion we hazarded in our last, that this year's exhibition would be found to contain many valuable specimens of art in every department but the highest. There is little of history, and of that little only a small portion is good. Fuseli has but one picture (No. 161) "*Amoret delivered by Britomart from the spell of Busyrane*," from Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, with all his usual merit, and all his usual peculiarities. Leslie's "*Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess*" (95) is a well painted, beautiful picture. Allan's *Mary Queen of Scots in Lochleven Castle* (283), from *The Abbot*, is well deserving of attention.

In conversation pieces, &c. there is much merit, though not of the highest order. Malready's "Widow" (113) is very clever, though, in point of invention and height of finishing, somewhat inferior to a similar subject in the British Artists' Institution. In Rippingille's "Stage Coach Travellers" (251) there is much character and humour, but it is far from a finished performance, either in conception or execution. Newton's "Monsieur de Pourcœuennec; or the Patient in spite of Himself" (197), though somewhat loose in its disposition and effect, indicates great talent.

In what may be termed poetical compositions, Hilton's "Love taught by the Graces" (60) is a lovely and almost fascinating production. In Pickersgil's "Oriental Love Letter" (126) we confess that we were disappointed. The picture is beautiful, unquestionably; but, as far as the story is concerned, it is, without the catalogue, a sealed book.

It is impossible not to feel oppressed, as it were, by the multitude of portraits, with and without names, by which so large a portion of the walls are covered. Were they all, however, equal to the speaking resemblance of Sir William Curtis (291) by the President, and to the exquisitely lovely delineation of "The Children of C. B. Calmody, Esq." (99) by the same admirable artist, we could hardly wish for their removal, even in favour of historical subjects, unless of the very first class. Shee and Jackson, also, have some uncommonly fine portraits. Sir Anthony Carlisle is instinct, with life and spirit. Captain Griffiths (42), by Ramsey, is as faithful and as spirited a likeness as can be painted.

There are two or three other pictures, the recollection of which would haunt us in our slumbers, were we not specially to mention them as entitled to almost unqualified praise. The first of these is "The Cherry Seller" (20) by Collins; a scene at Turey, in Bedfordshire, which, for its truth to nature, and general happiness of execution, would reflect honour upon the pencil of an ancient master. Calcott's "Rochester" (160), with the fine expansive waters of the Medway and their moving scenery, is another picture requiring nothing but a little toning down for the purpose of heightening its repose in certain parts, to render it a *chef-d'œuvre* of art. In Constable's "Boat passing a Lock" (180) there is a freshness, a lustre, a vitality which at once fixes the attention, and excites the liveliest degree of pleasure.

We have room only to add, that, in the Model Academy, some charming efforts of the chisel demand attention. Chantrey has a

statue of the late Dr. Cyril Jackson, a statue of the late Countess of Liverpool, a statue of the late James Watt, and a bust of the Duke of Wellington. Sievier's "Bacchante asleep" (963) is a combination of grace, elegance, and beauty.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS gallery, to which the art of painting is deeply indebted for its promotion, re-opened about the middle of the month with its annual collection of old pictures. In addition to West's fine painting of "Christ healing the Sick," it contains Murillo's Assumption of the Virgin; the Graces, by Raphael; Rembrandt's Flight into Egypt; the Virgin and Child, of Guido; Canaletti's wonderful View on the Grand Canal at Venice; remarkably fine specimens of Rembrandt, Both, Cuyp, Vander Capella, Claude, Titian, Berghem, Paul Potter, Ruysdael, Van de Velde, Ostade, Mieris, Reynolds, Wilson, &c. Merely to mention such an assemblage—all that we can at present command room to do—is to secure for it the attention of the readers of *La Belle Assemblée*.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE have repeatedly enjoyed a delightful lounge in this attractive gallery, and we confess that pleasure has grown upon us on each repeated visit. As the first exhibition of an infant society, rising amidst a host of established contemporaries, if we may be allowed the phrase, it is really wonderful that so much should have been done. Here are, it is true, no commanding historical compositions—no portraits of equal excellence with those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Shee, or Mr. Jackson; but, for the number and merit of its landscape pieces in particular it is not surpassed, if equalled, this year, by the Royal Academy itself. The names of Glover, Hosland, Linton, Miss Gouldsmith, &c., are in themselves a host. In other walks, we have Haydon, and Heaphy, and Rippingille, and Northcote, and Landseer, and Meyer, &c. The daily increasing number of the pictures sold is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which the productions of this new society are held by the public. If possible, we shall once more revert to the subject.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THIS is one of the last exhibitions which a lover of the fine arts, how much soever he may happen to be pressed for time, ought to pass over unvisited. It is an exhibition truly British—an exhibition of itself alone sufficient to

establish in the eyes of all the world the character of the English for pictorial genius and skill. We have rarely been more delighted than with the landscape compositions of Copley Fielding. There is something so beautifully clear and transparent in his atmospheres; in some of his pieces, too—for instance, his Scene from the Fourth Book of the *Eneid* (197)—there is such fine bold moving scenery, that it is impossible to gaze upon them without admiration. Proutt, again, in a very opposite walk—what admirable detail, what force and power of graphic delineation! The old market crosses, the antique towers and churches, the time-honoured monastic ruins, the continental towns and streets, upon which his pencil has been abundantly employed, bring the respective objects before us in all the truth of existence. Robson, also, has some very fine productions. His Lincoln Cathedral is taken from a commanding point of view; his Durham (52) is distinguished by great sweetness. In another of his views of Durham (69) the clearness of the atmosphere, the aerial perspective, the vastness of the distance, and the distinctness with which the different objects are defined, may be said to rivet the attention of the beholder. His "Loch Venenchar" is extremely soft, clear, and beautiful. In his "Loch Katrine" (184) and more particularly in his "Upper part of Loch Lomond" (147) the water is eminently fine, placid, transparent—the boats seeming to move, as it were, upon its glossy surface. In several of Barrett's compositions, there is considerable grandeur and solemnity of effect. Some of Stephanoff's pictures proudly emulate the appearance of delicately executed oil-paintings. His "Porter and the Three Sisters of Bagdad" (7) is a perfect gem. His "Anne Boleyn (185) elevated to the rank of Marchioness of Pembroke," has also much of the effect of oil. Nesfield's "Falls of Niagara" (242) is an imposing picture. The poet's "cloud of foam," "hoary mist," and "ceaseless showers," are all happily embodied. Landscapes predominate in this exhibition, but that, to the lovers of nature, will be regarded as a recommendation rather than as a drawback.

GLOVER'S OIL AND WATER COLOUR
PAINTINGS.

At the great rooms in Old Bond-Street, the admirers of landscape paintings may be again gratified by the contemplation of some fine specimens from the pencil of Mr. Glover. "Uiswater, from Gobroy Park," displays a fine expanse of water; the view between Twin and

Suza, with the monastery of St. Ambrose, in Italy, is rich and glowing; in Loch Katrine and Benn Vennus, the light falls magnificently in masses. The view between Sarzaud and Ricci, at Genoa, presents a lovely, glowing, sunlight above, contrasting finely, yet not abruptly, with the dark deep blue water below. The second view of Rivaux Abbey is soft and mellow, yet the building is drawn with remarkable distinctness. In Vallombrosa, the rich wood clothed eminences on the left are charmingly opposed to the half-naked towering mountains on the right, and the whole is relieved, varied, and heightened in its effect, by the bridge, mill, and water below. The ladder ass with his driver, and the goats, are very judiciously introduced. In addition to some portraits, paintings of animals, &c. here is a landscape by Claude, and one by Wilson, almost worthy of Claude.

ENGLISH DRAWINGS.

A SECOND visit to Mr. Cooke's collection of drawings, in Soho-Square, has afforded to us, as we presume it must to every lover of the art, additional pleasure. This may be termed a light and agreeable entertainment, in which the more substantial viands have not been forgotten. The historical drawings by Rubens, display an incomparable firmness and vigour of pencil. As the names of Raphael, Claude, Rembrandt, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Parmigiano, Poussin, Caracci, Guercino, Cuypp, Canaletti, Salvator, Benvenuto Cellini, Snyders, Ostade, Vandyke, Backhuysen, Brueghel, &c., cannot be mentioned without respect; their sketches, drawings, and designs cannot be contemplated without pleasure. Here are some very fine drawings by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and Girtton's Ouse Bridge at York, and Edridge's Market-Day, and Cross of St. Pierre, at Rouen, very much in the style of Proutt—to say nothing of the moonlights; by Gainsborough—are of themselves no mean attraction to the amateur.

SACRIFICE OF THE VIRGINS.

A LARGE picture, twenty-seven feet by twenty, representing the Athenian Victims destined to be devoured by the monster Minotaur, and Theseus offering himself as their deliverer, painted by the Chevalier Van Brée (historical and portrait painter to the King of Holland), by desire of "the late Empress Josephine, for the Grand Gallery of the Palace of Fontainebleau," has recently been opened in the Haymarket, but we have not yet had an opportunity of inspecting it.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF BUONAPARTE.

As this picture is altogether French, in its conception and execution, we shall not think of quarrelling with the artist. It is said to have been with great difficulty smuggled out of France, where, of course, it could not be exhibited. The picture is a curiosity. It is on a plate of glass upwards of a yard square, to the back of which it appears to have been transferred by some process similar to that of placing mezzotinto prints on glass, to produce an imitation of paintings on that substance. Napoleon appears with a light drapery thrown across his shoulders. A genius, or angel, resembling "God the Father" as he is represented in ancient pictures, points with one hand to the skies, the other resting upon the shoulder of Napoleon. The attitude of Napoleon is chaste and simple; that of the supernatural being is too theatrical. The colouring is very brilliant, and the flesh of Buonaparte is well painted.

The picture is surrounded by emblematical devices; and on one side of the room are a gun, and a pair of pistols, ornamented with coral and gold, sent to Napoleon by the Emperor of Morocco on his coronation in 1804; also a pair of pistols presented by Buonaparte to Marshal Ney, &c. These arms are the property of Roustam Raza, Buonaparte's favourite Mameluke, who is now in London.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MEXICO.

We have again surveyed, with increased interest and intense gratification, Mr. Bullock's exhibitions of ancient and modern Mexico. To do either of them justice, however, within our circumscribed limits, is altogether impossible. A very slight sketch is all that we can offer; but, if our recommendation can have any weight, no reader of *La Belle Assemblée* will visit, or leave, the metropolis without an opportunity of contemplating the wonders of South America, natural as well as artificial, now assembled, through the indefatigable perseverance of the proprietor, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

On entering the upper apartment, which is appropriated to ancient Mexico, the antiquarian spectator will be instantly struck with the strong resemblance existing in the gigantic stone idols, and other remains of Mexican sculpture, to relics of the same class in Egypt, and also in Hindostan. The idea of a common origin at some far distant, unknown, and untraceable period, inevitably pervades the mind.

For all the details of the exhibition, we must refer the reader to the book which is sold at the rooms; and, to those who are desirous of

entering into the spirit of these wonderful specimens of Mexican art, we take leave to urge, as a material advantage, the obtaining the book, and perusing it, before the visit is paid. The subject will also, of course, be much further illustrated by the approaching publication of Mr. Bullock's long-anticipated "*Six Months in Mexico*."

Many of the pieces in this collection, it should be observed, are unique originals; whilst such objects as were irremovable, from their nature and magnitude, were, by permission of the Mexican Government, cast or modelled from the originals upon the spot. Amongst the latter is the great idol of the Goddess of War, about twelve feet in height, sculptured out of one solid piece of grey basalt. Before this horrid image, whose form and adjuncts combine to indicate the infernal purpose for which it was used, thousands of human victims were annually sacrificed. We have no room for its description, further than to say that its form is partly human, partly that of the rattlesnake, and of the tiger; and that, over the deformed breast of the monster, is displayed a necklace of human hands, hearts, and skulls.

Immediately opposite to this deity appears her companion, the Serpent Idol, or God of War, sixty feet in length, eight feet in circumference, coiled up in an irritated erect position, with the jaws extended, and in the act of gorging a human being.

Immediately in front of the goddess appears another appalling relic of Mexican superstition, the great sacrificial stone, or altar, upon which more than 30,000 human beings are said to have suffered at the coronation of the last emperor. The top of the altar is so constructed as to receive the head and body of the victim, with a deep inclined groove to carry off the blood. The heart, we are told, "whilst yet living, was torn from the breast of the wretched captive, presented reeking to the idol, and then, mixed with copal, slowly consumed before it!" This altar is also extremely curious from the rude sculptures on its side, exhibiting the Mexican warriors dragging their prisoners to sacrifice.

Another extraordinary specimen of Mexican workmanship is the great Kalendar stone, or Montezuma's watch, upwards of thirty-six feet in circumference, and weighing more than five tons. In the centre is the figure of the sun, whose rays are in the direction of the cardinal points. Round the head the seasons are hieroglyphically exhibited; and, in an outer circle, are the names of the eighteen Mexican months, of twenty days each. These, however, are only a small portion of the sculpture

with which this Mexican relic of antiquity is enshrined.

The construction and form of the stupendous pyramidal monuments, about thirty miles from Mexico, excite considerable notice.

With reference to the pictorial art, as it was practised at Mexico at the time of the arrival of Cortez, we confess that we are much surprised at the statement of Captain Bernal Dias del Castillo, one of the conquerors, who tells us that "there are three Indians in Mexico, who are named Marcos de Aquino, Juan de la Cruz, and Crespillo, who, if they had lived with Apelles in ancient times, or were compared with Michael Angelo or Berruguete in modern times, would not be held inferior to them." So far from the execution being correct or beautiful, the ancient maps and paintings, inestimable from their curiosity, and as antiquities, are extremely rude, and, excepting the brightness and variety of colours, indicating only the earliest stage of painting. The oil paintings of the Spaniards, on the contrary, which are here exhibited as productions of the time of Cortez, indicate considerable practice and knowledge of the principles of the art. The latter are also extremely valuable, as correct representations of Mexican and Spanish costume.

But we are reluctantly compelled to descend into the lower apartment, where the panoramic view of modern Mexico, the luxuriant plants, the rich and glowing fruits, the brilliant plumage of the feathered creation, and the equally splendid hues of the finny tribes of that delightful region, produce an indescribably refreshing sensation on the mind. The natural feeling of curiosity derives also additional gra-

tification from the attendance and information of an intelligent young Mexican, the only one of his countrymen whom Mr. Bullock could induce to leave his home for a temporary sojourn in a less genial hemisphere. This apartment, independently of many curious works of art which it contains, presents the finest study that can possibly be imagined of the natural history of New Spain. Our space, however, is filled, and we must conclude with recommending our readers to do as we did—visit ancient Mexico first.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS, &c.

Lodge's Portraits.—The publication of this valuable work proceeds with perfect regularity, retaining, if not increasing, all its original excellence. The Seventh Part, now before us, presents the portraits of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex; Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke; and Algernon Sidney.

Views on the Rhine, &c.—The plates for this beautiful work, from drawings by Captain Batty, F.R.S., are engraved by Goodall, R. Wallis, J. Edwards, Finden, Woolnoth, &c. There are, we understand, to be twelve parts, the first of which is now before us, published at intervals of two months. The plates in this number are: Ehrenbreitstein; St. Michael's, Ghent; Gate of Ghent, at Bruges; Bacharach; and the Cathedral of Mayence. The whole of these, accompanied by concise descriptions in English and French, are very beautifully executed.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

THE remains of Lord Byron are on their way to England, for interment, as it is said, in Westminster Abbey. Some years since his Lordship presented Mr. Thomas Moore with his life, written by himself, with a request not to publish it until his death. Mr. Moore being rather scrupulous about sending it forth to the world, in consequence, as it is supposed, of its reflections on many living characters, wished it to be referred to some relatives of the deceased poet, as to the propriety of its publication; a want of unanimity in the parties, however, caused its hasty destruction, and therefore as a production of the noble bard, himself the subject, the public have to deplore the rash act.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Society of Literature took place at its cham-

bers in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on the 6th of May, the President, the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of St. David's, in the chair. A report of the proceedings of the Council during the last year was received; Mr. Mitford, the historian of Greece, was presented by the President with one of His Majesty's fifty guinea gold medals; Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Malthus, Sir W. Ouseley, the Rev. Mr. Todd, and Mr. Sharon Turner, five of the ten Royal Associates, were presented with their diplomas, &c.; and the officers and council for the ensuing year were ballotted for and elected.

Poor Belzoni has followed the fate of Mr. Bowditch. He was attacked with dysentery at Benin, on his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo, on the 26th of November, and died

there, at a place called Gato, on the 3d of December. He was interred on the following day, and a large board, with an inscription, was placed over his grave.

The Northern Expedition, under the command of Captain Parry, judiciously and amply provided in every respect, sailed from the North about the 30d of May.

The Russian Baron Wrangel's Expedition, which set out from St. Petersburg in March, 1820, by land, for Irkutsk, towards the North Pole, has been happily terminated in a manner that reflects the highest honour upon the officers who conducted it. Their researches have placed beyond a doubt the existence of a passage between Asia and America. By their extensive surveys, much other important geographical information has been obtained.

Report states, that another mermaid has been brought to town from the Indian seas.

Some fossil bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, and ox were recently discovered near Bford, in Essex, by some workmen who were digging brick earth. These relics of the ancient world appeared to be in a beautiful state of preservation, until it was attempted to clear the clay from beneath them, when the greater part crumbled into very small fragments. Some, however, were picked out in a firm state and preserved.

Mr. Payne Knight is understood to have bequeathed his collection of medals, bronzes, and drawings (the latter including the remarkable portfolio of Claude's, recently acquired by him) to the British Museum.

The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands have arrived at Osborne's hotel, in the Adelphi, attended by one male and several female islanders. They are of a deep copper-colour, and are robust persons.

The National, or Angerstein Picture Gallery, in Pall-Mall, is now gratuitously open to the public the first four days of every week.

A professor of mnemonics at Paris engages to enable his pupils to retain, in a short time, fifteen thousand verses, fifteen thousand dates, the five codes, with the number of every article, a treatise on anatomy, and above twenty thousand words of foreign languages.

Works in the Press, &c.

Romances by the Count de la Garde, set to Music by Madame the Duchess of St. Leu, Ex-Queen of Holland; embellished with twelve Engravings from original Designs of the Duchess, with her Portrait, from Leakey; a fac-simile of her Letter to the Author; and preceded by an Historical Notice.

Castle Raynard, or the Days of King John, by Hal Willis, Student at Haw.

Rosaline de Vere, by the Author of the Life and Opinions of Sir R. Maltravers.

In Royal Quarto, and ornamented with two elegant Engravings of the interior of York Minster, and other Plates, an *Account of the Yorkshire Musical Festival, held in September last*, by a Member of the Committee of Management. It will be preceded by a brief Notice of the Abbey Festival, and of the History of Music subsequent to the publication of

Dr. Burney's work; the materials for which are so widely scattered, that any attempt to concentrate them must be highly useful.

In Numbers, in Imperial Quarto, with descriptive Letter-press, *Flora in Australia: or New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, delineated*; to be completed in Twelve Monthly Parts.

In Numbers, with Lithographic Drawings, *The Manners, History, Literature, and Works of Art of the Romans, explained and illustrated.*

By Mrs. Stevenson, Surgeon, Oculist, and Aurist to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty, a work *On the Nature and Symptoms of Cataract, and on the Cure of that Disease, in its early Stages, by a Mode of Præparæ calculated to prevent the Occurrence of Blindness, and to render unnecessary the Operations of Couching and Extraction. Illustrated by Cases.*

Key to the Science of Botany, in a familiar and pleasing Conversation between a Mother and her Daughter. By Mrs. Selwyn, with Plates.

A new and complete *System of Cookery and Confectionary*, adapted to all capacities, and containing many Plates, by Mr. Conrad Cooke.

Art of French Cookery, by M. Beuvilliers.

A Second Edition of *Sweepings of my Study*, by the Compiler of the "Hundred Wonders of the World."

The Three Brothers, or Travels and Adventures of the Three Shirlays, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, and Spain, from Original MSS., with Portraits, 8vo.

A Chronological History of the West-Indies, by Colonel Southey.

Tour in Asia Minor, by W. A. Leake, Esq.

The Slave, a Poem.

The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, by Dr. Macculloch, in 4 vols. 8vo.

Journal of a Residence in the Kingdom of Ashantee, by Mr. Dupuis, late His Britannic Majesty's Envoy, and Consul in that country.

Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions, by Miss L. M. Hawkins.

The Sisters of Narsfield, a Tale for Young Women, by the author of "Tales of Old Danuall," 4 vols. 12mo.

Conversations on Geography and Astronomy, by the author of "Conversations on Botany," with Plates.

Redgauntlet; a Tale of the 18th Century, by the author of "Waverley."

Stammore, or the Monk and the Merchant's Widow.

Vignettes of Derbyshire.

The Conchologist's Companion, by the author of "The Wonders of the Vegetable World."

Ouvika; a Tale from the French.

In Two Volumes, uniform with the French Classics, and with an authentic Portrait of M. Jouy, engraved by E. Scriven, *Le Petit Hermite; ou Tableau des Mœurs Parisiennes. Extracted from "L'Hermite de la Chaumière d'Antin," "Le Franc-parleur," "L'Hermite de la Guiane," and "L'Hermites en Prison;" with Explanatory Notes, and an Essay on the Life and Writings of M. Jouy*, by L. A. Ventouille, Editor of the "Choix des Classiques Français."

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

The lady of Lieut. Colonel T. W. Forster, of a daughter.

The lady of Lieut. Colonel Goldbach, of a son
At Rushall, Lady Poore, of a son, still-born
The lady of the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, of a still born child.

The Hon. Miss Carleton, of a daughter
The Marchioness of Blanford, of a son
In Wimpole Street, the lady of Sir W. B. Ouse, Bart., of a daughter.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Boulton, of a son.
The lady of Rear-Admiral Otway, of a son.
In Stratton-Street, Lady Jane Peel, of a daughter.

The Countess of Jersey, of a daughter.
Lady C. Hamilton, of a daughter
In Grosvenor-Place, Lady Emily Hardinge, of a daughter

In Grosvenor-Square, Lady Charlotte Caltherpe, of a daughter.
At Derby, Nottinghamshire, the Vicountess Galway, of a son.

The lady of C. Chamberlain, Esq., His Majesty's Consul at Carthage, of a son.
The lady of Lieut. Colonel Payne, of a son
The lady of Sir E. F. Stanhope, Bart., of a son.

The lady of S. Crawley, Esq., M.P., of a son
The Hon. Mrs. Bland, of a son.
The lady of Captain J. H. Morrison, R.N., of a son.

The Hon. Mrs. Lascelles, of a son
In Hill-Street, the lady of A. W. Roberts, M.P., of a daughter.

At Hayes Kent, the lady of Colonel Pilkington, of a daughter

The lady of Captain Philip Parker King, R.N., of a son.

In Gloucester-Place, Lady Osborn, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

John Heaton, Esq., to the Hon. Anne Eliza Henniker, eldest daughter of Lord Henniker
Lord Francis Conyngham, to Lady Jane Paget, daughter of the Marquess of Anglesa
At St George's Church, J. L. W. Napier, Esq., to Selina, second daughter of Sir Gray Shipwith.

Lieut. Arthur Davies, R.N., to Elizabeth, second daughter of George Matcham, Esq., and niece of the Right Hon. Earl Nelson

The Rev. Sir T. Miller, Bart. to Martha, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Holmes, of Bungay, Suffolk.

The Marquess of Exeter, to Miss Isabella Poynts
The Reg. John Peel, son of Sir R. Peel, Bart., to Miss Swinson.

At St. George's, Hanover-Square, Sir Francis Vincent, Bart., to Miss Herbert, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Grosvenor-Street

The Rev. H. H. Mitman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Lieut. General Cockell, of Sandeferd Lodge, Berkshire.

In the Isle of Wight, Lieutenant G. Campbell, to Ellen, daughter of Sir F. Barrington, Bart.

At Paris, George Murray, son of the late Vice Admiral Sir Murray, to Miss Strickland.

At Mary-le-bone Church, the Rev. William White, M.A., Vicar of Stradbroke, Suffolk, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mkt. Sergeant Marshall, of London
Lieutenant O. Orlebar, R.N., to Helen, only daughter of the late Admiral Alpin.

Dr. Wilson, of Christ Church, Oxford, to Miss Scrimgeour.

Major General Smith, to Amelia, widow of John Leopard, Esq.

At Buckden, the Rev. F. Swan, Rector of Swerford, to Susan, youngest daughter of John Linton, Esq., and niece to the late Sir John Lillope, Bart.

At St. Pancras Church, F. Pilkington, Esq., of Haberley, to Harriet Alice, widow of Major Watkins.

DEATHS.

At Bath, Richard, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, aged 86.

The Rev. J. Evans, Vicar of Catfoss, aged 100.

Aged 14, Euphemia, fifth daughter of the late Sir A. Lockhart

In Sobor-Square, Richard Payne Knight, Esq., The Hon. R. Fulk Greville.

At Richmond, the Marquess of Lothian.

At Drumore, aged 105, Mr. John King, of the Customs.

Marian, wife of Charles Adams, Esq., and eldest daughter of Sir L. Machan, M.D., of Sudbury, Suffolk

Mrs. Windham, relict of the Right Hon. W. Windham.

Mrs. Brownlow, relict of the Right Hon. W. Brownlow

Catherine, second daughter of the Hon. Mr. Perival.

At Missolonghi, aged 37, the Right Hon. Lord Noel Byron.

Aged 85, Major Aldridge.

Aged 94, Francis Masses, Esq., Curator Baron of the Exchequer.

Aged 17, Elizabeth Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Hon. W. Cary.

At Islington, aged 80, the Rev. George Strahan, D.D., Prebendary of Rochester.

Henry Peirce, Esq., M.P.

At Bath, aged 87, Colonel Edward Madden

The Rev. Thomas Jennings, Vicar of St. Peter's Hereford, aged 87.

The infant daughter of Lord Clive

Aged 81, Peinail, relict of Major James Grant.

Major General Francis Stewart.

The infant son of the Right Hon. Lord Brough.

In Keppell Street, the Rev. C. C. Chambers, aged 41, Rector of Holmpton and Weirick, and son of the late Sir R. Chambers, Chief Justice of Bengal.

Aged 55, the Rev. Robert Clarke, M.A., of Hexham, Northumberland.

Mrs. W. Soulsby, late one of His Majesty's Pages.

At Marlborough, aged 83, the Rev. Francis Henniman, A.M., Rector of Beakbury, Salop, and Vicar of North Moreton, Berks.

At Lichfield, aged 81, the Rev. W. Newman, Vicar of Polesworth, Warwickshire.

Aged 53, John Burke Fitzsimmons, Esq.

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SUPPLEMENT
TO
LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,
OR
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE.

A New and Improved Series.

VOL. XXIX.

SKETCH
OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE,
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

We observed, with unquestionable truth, at the commencement of our preceding half-yearly sketch, that, "so various and so numerous are the works to which, from time to time, the press gives birth, that it is utterly impracticable, in a publication so constituted as *La Belle Assemblée*, to notice, even in the most concise terms, every claimant upon our critical regards." It is not, however, without reason, that we congratulate ourselves and our readers upon the new and improved system upon which, in the literary department, we have acted throughout the larger portion of the present volume; a system by which we have been enabled to notice a far greater number of new works, promptly as they appeared, than by our former plan. To the general reader, it is eminently desirable to be in possession, as early as possible, of a correct estimate, however, honest that character may be, of such publications as mostly concern the taste of the reading hour. By reference, it will be seen that, in the course of the last six months, we have noticed, more or less extensively, upwards of eighty new

productions. By the present sketch, the avoidable deficiencies will be supplied; and at its close, scarcely a single novelty, in the whole range of polite literature, deserving of notice by the readers of *La Belle Assemblée*, will remain unmentioned.

Without further preface, we proceed.

HISTORY,

one of the most important productions of the spring season has been the first volume of Godwin's long-announced "*History of the Commonwealth of England, from the commencement, to the Restoration of Charles the Second.*" That a writer of Mr. Godwin's powers of research, of philosophical observation, and of literary display, should produce a work without interest was impossible; that Mr. Godwin, in the work before us, intended to be, as he professes, he would be impartial, we cannot entertain a doubt; but, when we recollect his avowed determination of conducting his inquiry into that eventful period of English history, the Commonwealth, with the same cool, rigid, unswerving impartiality,

that he would treat an inquiry into the history of events that occurred before the flood, it does not appear, from an attentive perusal of his volume, that he has altogether fulfilled his promise. How, indeed, was it possible that a man of Mr. Godwin's decidedly democratic and ultra-liberal notions should write the history of republicans without a perceptible leaning in their favour? We do not blame Mr. Godwin, as a man of principle, for a leaning so unavoidable; all that we find fault with is, the undertaking to perform a moral impossibility. Exclusively of the partiality alluded to, Mr. Godwin's work will be found a valuable accession to English history. This volume commences with a general introduction to the subject, and slight notices of the founders of the commonwealth—Selden, Coke, Hampden, Pym, &c.—and terminates with the mutinous proceedings of the royal officers at Newark, and King Charles's wintering at Oxford, in the year 1645. The succeeding volume will probably appear in the course of the autumn or winter.

To enter into an analysis of such a production, would be from our purpose. Godwin's style is hardly more correct than Hume's; certainly it is much less fascinating. Frequently, however, he displays an ingenuity of speculation in which it is impossible not to feel interested. One example shall suffice. Speaking of theatrical exhibitions, to which the Commonwealth-men, whose aim was to new mould the character of the people of England, were extremely hostile, Godwin says:—

Athens and Rome, it is true, had theatrical exhibitions: but the case there was widely different. Their plays were the offspring of their respective republics; they were written under the auspices of that form of government, and were calculated to render the spectators better commonwealth-men, and not worse. But in England it was not so. It is true, and begins now to be generally acknowledged, that the dramatic productions of this country, from the revival of the theatre to the period of which we are treating, are superior to the dramatic productions of all other ages and countries. The men of the period of the civil war were not entirely reliable of this. But that is not the point. The plays which had been written in the preceding sixty years, were impregnated with the doctrine of non-resistance and passive obedience. Kings were represented in them

as persons too sacred to be called in question and contended with by their subjects: loyalty was shewn as one of the first of virtues. Among many splendid and admirable moral sentiments, dissolute and profligate manners nevertheless abounded. Every thing appeared relaxed and thoughtless, sometimes impudent, sometimes tender, scarcely ever with a firm and undaunted purpose. Such plays were not wanted, more particularly in the beginning of the commonwealth. It was the purpose, as has been said, of the leaders of the commonwealth party, to change and to fix the tone of mind of the people of England; and whatever was calculated, particularly with such allurements and appliances, to bring back our old follies, was hostile to the object these men had in view. The presbyterian system of church government was in many respects well adapted to foster republican sentiments, and it was not to be desired that any other habitus scene of things should occur, that might have a tendency to counteract them. Even, in the language of the parliamentary ordinance, "lascivious mirth and levity," were friendly to the royal cause, and hostile to that of the commonwealth.

A few lines further on, Mr. Godwin remarks:—

It was no contemptible observer of human nature that said, "Let who will write the philosophy of a nation, give me the writing their ballads." There are in fact two kinds of dogmas that are equally sound in different respects on this subject. If I can convince the master-minds of a nation, I may in some degree count upon carrying every thing before me. In taste, in opinions, in moral sentiments, in religion, the common people do but follow the example set them by their betters. The strong intellects go before, and the vulgar, both great and small, tread in the steps of their leaders. But this is a work of time; and the maxim can only be applied where we have a large space to act in. In the present case it was necessary for the statesmen to improve their opportunity, to bring up the public mind as rapidly as might be to the frame required, and to keep off such influences as should counteract and weaken this frame.

Let us now be somewhat less philosophical—if practicable, somewhat more amusing. At page 218, we intimated a probability of returning to "*The Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, Countess of Provence, &c.*" for the purpose of offering one or two excerpts. In this work the illustrations of the manners of the times of which it treats are exceedingly curious and in-

interesting; nothing perhaps more so to our fair readers than the subjoined description, minute as it is, of the apartments of a Princess of Sicily on the birth of a child. Its curiosity, we trust, will atone for its length.

These apartments consisted of three rooms in suite. The chamber of parade, that of the mother, and that of the infant. The articles of furniture in these rooms were few in number, but splendid in their material. The chamber of parade contained only a buffet with long narrow shelves, of which our modern kitchen dresser is an exact copy in form; a bed never used, except to place the infant upon on the day of baptism; and a single low chair with a cushion, such as princesses were wont to sit on.

This chamber, as we may suppose from the name, was adorned with the utmost magnificence the times could boast; it was hung with crimson satin embroidered with gold; the floor was entirely covered with crimson velvet; and the curtains, tester, and coverlet of the bed, corresponded with the hangings of the walls. The single low chair was covered with crimson velvet, and contained a cushion of cloth of gold; a similar cushion lay on the bolster of the bed. The buffet stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold, its long narrow shelves were covered with napkins of fine white linen, on which stood flagons, cups, and vases of gold and silver plate.

This apartment, resplendent with crimson and gold and fine linen, led into that of the mother, which was entirely hung with white figured satin. It is doubtful whether modern luxury could exceed the simple splendour of the one, or the chaste elegance of the other.

This interior apartment contained rather more furniture than the exterior, having two beds, a couch on rollers, a buffet, a small table, and a single high-backed chair. The walls were hung with white figured silk damask; a traversaine or curtain of white figured satin, bordered with silk fringe, hung across the entrance; two others of the same description were festooned up at the upper end of the chamber in the day-time, but running on rings, were drawn at night, so as to enclose the space which contained the two beds on a line with each other, about five feet apart. These two beds, and the space between, were covered with one tester of white silk damask, with valances of the same white satin and silk fringes as the traversaines, a curtain similar to which was drawn up at the head of the alley between the two beds, under which stood the high-backed chair of state, covered with crimson cloth of

gold, with a cushion of the same material. The coverlets of the beds were of ermine, on a ground of violet cloth, which appeared "three quarters of a yard" below the ermine all round, and hung down the sides of the bed a yard and half, below which again appeared sheets of fine cambric, starched clear. The couch, on rollers, was hung and furnished with cushions and coverlets similar to those of the beds, and commonly stood under a square canopy of crimson cloth of gold, terminating in a point at top. The floor was entirely covered with a carpet of velvet.

But the principal ornament of this apartment was the great buffet which stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold, with a border of black velvet embroidered in gold, with the arms of the parents. The number of the shelves of this buffet marked in a conspicuous manner the rank of the parents of the new born babe. Two were appropriated to the wife of a banneret, three to a countess, four to the consort of a reigning duke or prince, and five to a queen. On these shelves, covered with white napkins, were ranged "vessels of crystal, garnished with gold and jewels, basins and cups of wrought gold and silver, never used on any other occasion," and all the magnificent plate the banneret, count, duke, or king possessed.

At each end of the buffet stood massy candlesticks of gold, with wax tapers, which were lighted "when visitors entered;" two other lights stood before the buffet, and were kept constantly burning, night and day, as even in summer the daylight was excluded for fifteen days, in conformity to etiquette. On the buffet were placed three *dragoirs* (confection boxes) of gold, ornamented with jewels, each rolled in a fine napkin, and at the side stood the low table, on which were placed the gold and silver cups, in which spiced wines were served, after confections had been presented from the buffet. The chamber of the newborn babe was arranged much in the same manner, except that the hangings were of silk of an inferior quality.

On the birth of Charles the Seventh, of France, his mother hung her apartments with green, which then became the colour of queens alone; but previous to that period, princesses, with better taste, had adopted that colour which is emblematic of infant innocence.

On the day of baptism, preparatory to total immersion at the font, the infant was laid on the bed of the chamber of parade enveloped in a mantle of cloth of gold, lined with ermine, but otherwise quite naked. A *couvre-chef*, or wrapping quilt of violet silk, covered the head, and hung down over the mantle. All who took

part in the ceremony, assembled in the chamber of parade. The child was carried by the most illustrious of its female relatives, and the cumbersome mantle was borne up by the next in rank.

The bearer of the infant was supported by the most exalted of its male relatives, followed by three others, carrying wax tapers, a covered goblet containing salt, and two gold basins (the one covering the other) containing rose-water for the font. Before these royal personages walked a long line of torch bearers, two and two; others were stationed on each side of the space the procession was to pass, from the palace or castle, up to the font of the baptistery. The streets, the body of the church, and the font, were hung with tapestry, silk, or cloth of gold, and a splendid bed, richly draped in front of the choir of the church, marked the highest rank. As soon as the ceremony of baptism was concluded, the sponsors and their attendants assembled in the apartment of the mother, when the infant was laid beside her. A matron of royal birth presented the *drageoir* or confection box to her immediate superior, and was followed by another bearing the spiced wines (*hypocras* or *pimento*). A less noble matron served those who held the rank of princes of the second degree, that is, counts or barons, lords of fiefs; while those still inferior, as simple knights or bannerets, or the minor officers of the household, were served by an unmarried lady of gentle blood.

On common occasions, the office of serving guests was performed by the gallantry of the men; but it was the peculiar privilege of the female sex to dispense the refreshments which were offered to all who entered the natal apartments for the space of a month. When the period arrived for the mother to appear again in public, she was placed at the side of the bed in the chamber of ceremony, habited in her most sumptuous robes, and was conducted by princes and knights to the church, preceded by minstrels and trumpets, as when espoused. At the altar she presented three gifts borne by three noble ladies of her suite—a candle, with a piece of gold enclosed, a loaf of bread rolled up in a napkin, and a cup filled with wine. The attendant ladies kissed these offerings as they delivered them to the princess, and she kissed the patina each time the priest presented it to receive them, it being esteemed a mark of respect to kiss whatever was presented to a superior. When the ceremony was finished, she was reconducted to the palace in the same state.

The various gradations of rank on such oc-

casions were marked in the middle ages by a variety of minute circumstances. A countess, for instance, could have but *three shelves* in her buffet, on which she might place but *two* confection boxes. The hangings of her apartment could not be hung with satin or damask, but she was obliged to be contented with silk of an inferior quality, tapestry, or embroidery on silk. These regulations show how various must have been the productions of the loom, when tapestry and embroidery in silk were assigned to the inferior ranks. The coverlet of a countess was of *menu vair* (that is, *petit gris*) in lieu of *ermine*, and the lining might only appear beneath the fur *half a yard*, whilst an additional quarter marked the royal rank. The canopy of her buffet must consist of velvet, not of cloth of gold, and must not be bordered with a different colour or texture. The number and form of the very pillows were exactly regulated. One restriction appears to our ideas peculiarly strange—it was the exclusive privilege of a royal dame to place her couch opposite the fire, or fire-place; and the punctilious author of “*The Ceremonies of the Court*,” observes, that all is going wrong in the world, since some unprivileged ladies of the low countries had presumed to set their couches opposite the fire, “for which they were justly ridiculed by all.” Modern lenity might perhaps suggest an excuse for the dangerous innovation in the humid atmosphere of their climate.

To those who are desirous of forming a full and general acquaintance with the history of the Christian Church in Britain from the earliest period to the era of the Restoration, we can confidently recommend “*The Book of the Church*,” by Dr. Southey, the laureat. These volumes are valuable also for the well-digested epitome which they furnish of the religion of the ancient Britons, and of the early Saxon and Danish superstitions, as they appear in the Edda. Farther, the work is enriched by animated biographical sketches of celebrated individuals, such as St. Dunstan, Lanfranc, Becket, Henry II., Langton, Wicliffe, Henry VIII., Cromwell, &c. Much curious information is also given respecting ancient monasteries, monkish orders, relics, popish miracles, puritanism, &c.

In works of naval history the press has been of late unusually prolific. We point them out for the information of such of our fair readers as may, from ties of consanguinity or other causes, feel a lively interest in the glory of Britain's best bulwarks—her

wooden walls—and in the fate of the heroes by whom that glory has been so nobly achieved and sustained. “*The Naval History of Great Britain, from 1783*,” by E. P. Brenton, Esq., Captain, R.N., has been some time in the course of publication. The third and last volume is now before us; and, certainly, it will not lose in comparison with either of its predecessors. Captain Brenton is a liberal and generous, yet apparently correct historian; and, independently of his details of celebrated actions, the biographical sketches, and lively nautical anecdotes with which his work abounds, must render him a favourite author with those who read for amusement as well as for information. From the record of the battle of Trafalgar, that battle by which Britain’s almost worshipped hero was immortalized, we extract the following notice:—

Nelson, in the early part of the day, was in high spirits, and expressed great pleasure at the prospect of giving a final blow to the naval power of France and Spain. Confident of victory, he declared he would not be satisfied with capturing less than twenty sail of the line. It is singular, that he had often predicted the 21st of October would be the day; “It was,” he said, “the happiest day in the year among his family.”

Before the action began, he retired to his cabin, and composed that remarkable prayer, which, having been granted in its fullest extent, has so much endeared his memory to the British nation.

“May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after the victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully; to Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, amen, amen.”

Where is the heart that does not throb, in grateful sympathy, on the perusal of this prayer?

Of Mr. James’s “*Naval History of Great Britain, from 1793 to the Accession of George IV.*,” which has also been some time in course of publication, the fourth and fifth volumes have appeared. On the

unfortunate passage, understood to have heightened, if not to have produced, that irritation of mind which led to the melancholy suicide of the late Sir G. R. Collier, or on the passage relating to the action between the *Eurotas* and the *Clorinde*, which has led to an action of a more awkward nature between the author and Sir John Phillimore, we of course are not desirous of offering an opinion; but, generally speaking, Mr. James’s work displays a most laudable spirit of patient and industrious research, anxious to trace and to record the plain and simple truth. Misrepresentations will unavoidably creep into every historical work; but, as far as we have been able to discover, Mr. James is not one who would unjustly praise a friend or censure a foe.

“*Naval Battles, from 1744 to the Peace in 1814, critically reviewed and illustrated*,” by Charles Ekins, Rear Admiral, C.B.K.W.N., is another historical and descriptive work, which in a single volume exhibits much curious and interesting professional matter.

BIOGRAPHY.

In this department we have very little indeed to notice. Mr. Prior’s “*Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke; with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great Contemporaries*,” is by far the best and most impartial biography that has appeared of this distinguished statesman. Its facts and dates appear to be correct: into its political details we of course cannot enter. In the extracts that are given from Burke’s letters to his friend Barry, the painter, the youthful artist will find much that is well deserving of his attention. The comparison which Mr. Prior has drawn between Burke and Dr. Johnson is ingenious and well written. The following is the summary close of this comparison:—

Viewed in every light both were men of vast powers of mind, such as are rarely seen, from whom no species of learning was hidden, and to whom scarcely any natural gift had been denied; who had grasped at all knowledge with avaricious eagerness, and had proved themselves not less able to acquire than qualified to use this intellectual wealth. None were more liberal in communicating it to others.

without that affectation of superiority, in Burke at least, which renders the acquisitions of pedants oppressive, and their intercourse repulsive. Whether learning, life, manners, politics, books, or men, was the subject—whether wisdom was to be taught at once by precept and example, or recreation promoted by amusing and instructive conversation—they were all to be enjoyed in the evening societies of these celebrated friends. As a curious physical coincidence, it may be remarked that both were near-sighted.

The subjoined anecdote of Burke's genuine philanthropy cannot be otherwise than acceptable:—

Walking home late one evening from the House of Commons, Mr. Burke was accosted by one of those unfortunate women who linger out existence in the streets, with solicitations, which, perceiving they were not likely to have effect, she changed her manner at once, and begged assistance in a very pathetic and seemingly sincere tone. In reply to inquiries, she stated herself to have been lady's maid in a respectable family, but being seduced by her master's son, had at length been driven through gradations of misery to her present forlorn state; she confessed to be wretched beyond description, and looked forward to death as her only relief. The conclusion of the tale brought Mr. Burke to his own door; turning round with much solemnity of manner, he addressed her, "Young woman, you have told a pathetic story; whether true or not is best known to yourself; but tell me, have you a serious and settled wish to quit your present way of life, if you have the opportunity of so doing?" "Indeed, Sir, I would do any thing to quit it." "Then come in," was the reply. "Here, Mrs. Webster," said he to the housekeeper, who lived in the family for about thirty years, "here is a new recruit for the kitchen; take care of her for the night, and let her have every thing suitable to her condition, till we can inform Mrs. Burke of the matter." She remained a short time under the eye of the family, was then provided with a place, and turned out afterwards a well-behaved woman.

Wolsey, the Cardinal, and his Times; Courtly, Political, and Ecclesiastical, by George Howard, Esq., is a respectable and entertaining work; but it presents little that is original, and the outlines of the proud Cardinal's life are too generally known to require notice from us. By attending more minutely to the habits, customs, and manners of the times of Wolsey, Mr.

Howard might have imparted much additional interest to his volume.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

We recollect that upon the publication of the celebrated Dr. Clarke's travels in Russia, several years ago, a violent outcry was raised against the learned author for the severe and highly coloured statements which he gave of the manners and morals of the Russians, of the highest as well as of the lowest classes of society. A work entitled "*The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow*," by Robert Lyall, M.D., member of the Imperial Societies of Petersburg, &c., has attracted, perhaps, equal notice; and, although the writer impugns and controverts many of the positions of Dr. Clarke, his own production must, upon the whole, be regarded as a justification of its predecessor in its most offensive bearings. Indeed, according to the representations of Dr. Lyall, Russia is one of the last countries in the universe that an Englishman could wish to inhabit—the Russians are amongst the last people with which a civilized being could wish to associate. Take, for example, this general portrait:—

The Russians are insinuating and cunning, deceitful and perfidious, sensual and immoral; given to levity, fond of novelty, and improvident; with the command of little money, they are avaricious and mean; when cash abounds, they are generous, ostentatious, and prodigal: they are cheerful, good-humoured, and social; they are luxurious, hospitable, and charitable; they love light occupations and amusements, as plays, operas, masquerades, exhibitions, dancing, singing and instrumental music, chess and draughts, and billiards; but, above all, playing at cards, to which whole days, weeks, months, and years are devoted. They have a great curiosity to pry into the affairs of others; they have quick apprehension; their talent for imitation is universally allowed; they are fluent in languages; a few are endowed with good parts and ingenuity, and are men of literature; the generality are moderately well-informed and accomplished, as to what regards the exterior of life; few are distinguished for their proficiency in the sciences; they are accustomed to good living, but are generally moderate in their cups; they are disposed to a sedentary mode of life, and to too much sleep. They are too little in the habit of taking bodily exercise, and yet, when urged by affairs of neces-

sity, they are excessively active, and withstand extraordinary hardships and fatigues. In what country, except in Russia, could a prince quit his house, filled with the luxuries of the different quarters of the world, and be so easily satisfied as a Russian in the camp or while travelling? What noble but a Russian could with impunity exchange his comfortable carriage for a *telega*, and travel by night and day, thousands of versts, in that dreadfully jolting uncovered equipage, and with a celerity that is astonishing?

From a certain complaisance and politeness of manner, they will make the fairest promises, and the most flattering assurances, when nothing more is intended. Being uttered without meaning or sincerity, you can have no reliance upon them. Having ruined the object of the moment, which, perhaps, was to make a favourable impression, they think no more of the matter, and laugh at you for having been so easily duped.

This, however, is nothing to the shocking scenes of immorality and vice, to the disgusting absence of common decency, which Dr. Lyall discloses. Of these it cannot be expected that we should offer any specimens. Though Dr. Lyall evinces little respect for the delicacy of his readers, we have no intention to insult the delicacy of ours. We therefore abstain from all exhibitions of these abominable pictures; nor shall we venture even to repeat the Doctor's anecdotes of the pitiful system of pilfering and shop-lifting, to which, he assures us, Russian noblemen even of the highest rank are addicted. The subjoined presents an amusing sketch of *fashionable manners*:—

In the spring of 1821 I resided at Serpuchof, a distinct town in the government of Moscow. The *Maslenitsa*, or butter week, which precedes the carnival, was distinguished as in the metropolis by balls and amusements, and even a well-managed masquerade. A sledge parade was announced for Saturday, and a *déjeuner à la fourchette* by Prince ———, *le Maréchal de la Noblesse*; and I, among others, accepted the invitation. The number of sledges was not great, nor the spectacle at all imposing. As the weather was cold, every individual present seemed to await the breakfast with impatience. After being tantalized till two o'clock, a shabby entertainment followed. Half of the ladies and gentlemen never sat down, but ate and drank whilst standing on their feet; some seized a piece of fish with a fork, put it upon a plate, and withdrew from the table; others without

ceremony got hold of pieces of a pie, divided on purpose, and retired with them in their hands. Some got a dram of sweet *Vodka*, others a glass of wine, &c. &c. All I could come at, in the universal scramble, was a little *Vodka* and a bit of pie. A gentleman who had been more fortunate, and had partaken of two or three dishes, seemed to enjoy a triumph, when a servant approached him and demanded two roubles and a half; so much for each dish, and half a rouble for his dram. His astonishing wild state of surprise, fury, and indignation, and his hearty curses, I shall not readily forget. He paid the money, and the affair ended. Application was then made to some of the other guests, who absolutely refused payment. I was about to quit the *grand hall*, when a servant approached and demanded a rouble and a half. I felt insulted, and while scolding, desired that Prince ——— might be told that I had been present at a public entertainment, and that I should never pay a kopeck, and off I went. Every individual present understood that the paltry breakfast was given by Prince ———, and indeed a number of his favourites were not asked for payment. His steward was master of the ceremonies; his cooks prepared the dishes in the assembly rooms of the town; his servants waited at table, and he himself acted as host during the entertainment. Deservedly, he was abused by his countrymen for this *acte éclatant*.

From the offensive character of Dr. Lyall's book in the estimation of the Russian Government, its author was, we believe, under the necessity of quitting St. Petersburg somewhat earlier than he intended. It is remarkable that his work should have been dedicated—certainly in very bad taste—to the Emperor Alexander. Since his departure, an edict has been issued, formally prohibiting all foreigners, at least while resident in the Russian dominions, from dedicating their works to the Emperor without his express permission.

Dr. Lyall's production, notwithstanding its objectionable features, contains much important information respecting Russia. Dr. L. condemns Dr. Clarke's appalling picture of the peasantry, which he treats as a caricature; and, although he admits that numbers of them are oppressed and most inhumanly treated, he assures us they are rising above barbarism, in their progress towards a higher stage. At St. Petersburg, it appears, there are six newspapers and fifteen other journals; and the Lan-

easterian system of education is in rapid progress. In Moscow, there are two newspapers and eleven literary and philosophical journals.

Dr. Lyall's account of the history and present state of Moscow is more elaborate and minute, than clear or satisfactory; and he leaves it still a questionable point whether the memorable conflagration of that city were effected by the French or by the Russians. Connected with this subject, we find the following anecdote, which displays, in a melancholy view, the want of civilized human feeling:—

The Governor-General, Count Rostopchin, on the morning of the second (sixteenth) of September, assembled all the police, and all the subalterns who were in the service of the city, in his house, situated in the Lubianka. By the Count's orders, the prisons had already been opened; only two individuals were detained to appear before him. Mr. Verestchagin, the son of a Russian merchant, was one of them; he was accused of having translated (fabricated, according to Count Rostopchin) a proclamation of Napoleon, in which this hero announced his approaching arrival at Moscow, and indeed, in which he indicated the day of his entry into the city. Count Rostopchin having arranged every thing for his departure from the capital, ordered young Verestchagin to advance amidst the dragoons, the police, and a number of *kozaks*, and thus addressed him: "Thou daredst to translate (fabricate) the bulletin announcing the immediate presence of the enemy in Moscow. 'Tis true Napoleon and the French will soon be here, but thou shalt not see them!! Russian, unworthy of thy country, thou hast betrayed her, and dishonoured thy family: thy crime is above ordinary punishment (the knout and Siberia). I deliver thee up to the vengeance of the people whom thou hast betrayed." The Count, whose physiognomy bespoke his sentiments, then threw his eyes over the crowd and said, "Beat the traitor until he expires under your blows." The populace beat him, the soldiers pierced him with their bayonets, the *kozaks* cut him with their sabres, and the body, weltering in blood, was dragged through the streets, by a cord tied to the feet, and suffered the outrages of the unfeeling rabble in their lawless barbarity.

The recently published "*Journal of a Tour in Asia Minor, with comparative Remarks on the Ancient and Modern Geography of that Country*," by William Martin

Leake, F.R.S., &c., is a valuable production of its class, but the descriptions of the parts to which it refers are of too antiquarian a stamp, and altogether the work will be found of a nature too classical, too learned, too *recherché* for the general reader.

Very different is the character of "*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy*," which will at least sustain the well-earned celebrity of the author of *Sketches of India*, and *Recollections of the Peninsula*. This pleasant writer, whoever he may be, left Bombay at the close of the year 1822; navigated the Red Sea in an Arab vessel; landed at Kossier; crossed the desert to Egypt; examined the pyramids, and other wonders of the ancient land; re-embarked at Alexandria; visited Malta, Sicily, and Naples; rambled over Italy; and, having so far satisfied his curiosity, sat down quietly in Paris. Our author is a little poetical and romantic, but extremely pleasant, and not slightly instructive.

As a companion to Mrs. Graham's *Journal of a Voyage to Brazil*, noticed at page 217, that lady has published a "*Journal of a Residence in Chili, during the Year 1822, and a Voyage from Chili to Brazil in 1823*." Mrs. Graham would be a very agreeable writer were she to dabble less in politics; a science in which ladies rarely meddle with advantage. Her description of the potteries at Valparaiso—her account of the superstitions and the cookery of the country—her scraps of biography, anecdotes, &c., are not without a fair portion of interest.

To those who are desirous of forming a fair estimate of the character of our transatlantic brethren, we recommend the perusal of "*A Summary View of America, by an Englishman*." This volume is written with candour and liberality.

A quarto volume, resulting from a maritime survey undertaken by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, and entitled a "*Memoir descriptive of the Resources, Inhabitants, Geography, and Hydrography of Sicily and its Islands, interspersed with Antiquarian and other Notices*," by Capt. William Henry Smyth, R.N., K.S.F., &c., has placed the public in possession of many novel, curious, and valuable particulars relating to the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Sicily. The natural history,

the geographical and hydrographical details, the description of Mount Stromboli, &c. though all excellent, are not in our way, we pass, therefore, to lighter matter. The character of the Sicilian nobility is by no means favourable. This may in a great measure be accounted for, from the fact that,

In this elevated class the rights of primogeniture are so strictly sacrosanct, that the eldest son alone is well provided for; the others, being retained as *fidejussors*, on a small pension, called "*il piatto*," or dinner-come, at the father's or elder brother's table, are driven to mean habits; and, as they are not allowed to marry, and are generally deficient in military or civil enterprize, they abandon themselves to idleness, vice, and debauchery.

Captain Smyth, after stating that the Sicilians are generally temperate, and yet that when an entertainment is given the guests are expected to taste of all the dishes, which are therefore successively handed round by the servants, after having been carved, observes that,

At the feasts of the great, the head of the table is opposite the door where the servants enter, and is appropriated to the most honoured of the company, while the dependents are ranged at the opposite end, around the family chaplain, who is, too often, the butt of the party. The meal commences with soup, which is followed by *maccaroni*, vegetables variously dressed, and shell fish, called "*frutti de mare*." The table, during the changes, remains garnished with small plates of raw ham, anchovies, olives, and fresh figs, and melons when in season; then come *bouilli*, huge fish, made dishes, roast meats, salad, *luscious* pastry, and lastly, fruit and coffee. Wine is plentifully drunk during the repast, sometimes accompanied with "*brindisi*," a kind of toast, expressed in an extemporaneous complimentary couplet, ending with, and rhyming, either to the name of the guest or that of the host, and, latterly, the English custom of pledging has been frequently adopted. When the desert is finished, every one rises with the ladies, a measure that contributes greatly to prevent excess. From the jealousy of their government, they are deprived of that fertile topic of conversation political discussion. The habit of piffing at entertainments is a singular meanness derived from the Romans, and still in full practice, as is also that of placing good wine at the upper end of a table, and bad or indifferent among the dependents. The rage to excel in the size

of fish for their grand entertainments yet exists, and I have seen the late Prince of Butera, then whom nobody better understood good cheer, place a whole tunny, garnished round with mullet, like a leviathan, in the centre of his festive board.

Besides the usual fare, snails, ink-fish, frogs, Hawks, jackdaws,

are eaten; but *maccaroni*, with cheese grated over it, is the standard and favourite dish of all classes; and there are not a few, even of their public characters, renowned for their prowess in its attack; a kind of honour corresponding to that enjoyed by our five and six bottle men. Their bread is very fine and of good quality, with the sweetish seeds of the "*gingiolina*," an indigenous Sicilian plant, strewed over it. They eat a greater quantity of salads, fruit, pulse, and other vegetables, than, perhaps, would be wholesome, were they not qualified by numerous culinary ingredients, among which cinnamon and other spices, sugar, oil, and garlic, form a prominent feature.

The usual drinks are light wines, lemonade, and orgeat; beer and tea they are strangers to except medicinally. Iced creams are a favourite luxury, with which they daily regale themselves, besides drinking iced water at their meals, sometimes corrected by a few drops of "*zambé*," a spirit distilled from amiseed.

Of the pulpit oratory of Sicily some idea may be formed by the following passage:—

The language of the most popular preachers is chiefly Sicilian, interspersed with frequent Latin quotations from the scriptures. I witnessed one of the favourite pastors, who, with a black cross suspended round his neck and stuck in his girdle, was extremely vehement both in gesture and tone; frequently breaking out into affectionate apostrophes to a large crucifix in the side of the pulpit, until by degrees his congregation (consisting chiefly of females) began to sob violently. He represented our Saviour as an anxious shepherd, who, on missing one lamb out of a hundred, scrambled over rocks, ran down precipices, leaped over ravines, and left nothing untidied to recover it; being at last successful, he desired the angels to rejoice, *perché*. "Why?" inquired the sacred choir; "Because," replied the Redeemer, "*mi è tornata la mia cara pecorella*!" "I have recovered my dear lamb."

After noticing many curious analogies between the ancient Pagan mysteries and the existing Roman Catholic polytheism, Captain Smyth observed that "Friday is still the '*dies infestus*,' and except the

ominous thirteen at table, a preference remains for odd numbers, on the principle that those which are even, being reducible to equal portions, are symbols of division." Further on he remarks, that

It is not, in religious observances alone, that these striking analogies are to be traced, for the modern, like the ancient Sicilians, are nervously apprehensive of the "scanto," or sudden impression of horror, disgust, or terror; and they are careful to utter an ejaculation on hearing a person sneeze. They have still their days of chalk and charcoal, of good and bad fortune; and they bear so strong an antipathy to persons possessing what is called an evil eye, that they provide amulets against them, not only for themselves, but also for their animals. The aversion to celebrate marriages, or christenings, or to enter into contracts during the inauspicious month of May, still exists; as does the custom of strewing flour or ashes at the threshold of their friend or foe on New Year's eve. The right eye palpitating denotes good fortune, as of yore; the spilling the salt, or placing a loaf bottom upwards, are deemed sacrilegious. Relics of objects struck by lightning, are valued as preservatives from similar events, and carefully preserved."

A quarto volume, entitled, "*Researches in the South of Ireland*," by T. Crofton Croker, is by far the most agreeable and useful publication relating to the sister island that has long appeared. It consists of historical details, of antiquarian researches, of striking sketches of character, of lively descriptions of persons and things as they are; and, illustrated as it is by numerous engravings, it is a remarkably handsome as well as a remarkably interesting production. We shall take a few passages almost at random.

There is evidently a constitutional difference in the composition of the English and Irish peasant; but this peculiarity may be more satisfactorily accounted for by the prevailing belief with the latter of a future state being a material one, and subject to wants even more urgent than those of this life; under this impression, shoes, considered a luxury quite unworthy a thought, are believed almost indispensable after death, when it is supposed much walking has to be performed, probably through rough roads and inclement weather. The superstition evidently proceeds from the tenet of purgatory or a continuation from heaven, held by the Roman church; and on this particular,

the general belief of the Irish peasantry is somewhat at variance with the representation of their pastors: the priest describes it as a place of fire, but the people imagine it to be a vast and dreary extent, strewed with sharp stones, and abounding in thorns and brambles."

Again:—

An Irish funeral procession will present to the English traveller a very novel and singular aspect. The coffin is carried on an open hearse, with a canopy supported by four pillars, not unlike the car used at Lord Nelson's funeral; it is adorned with several devices in gold, and drawn by four horses, and is, perhaps, more impressive to the beholder, than the close caravan-like conveyance used in England; but what is gained in solemnity by the principal feature, is suddenly destroyed by the incongruity of the rest of the train, generally composed of a few post-chaises, the drivers in their daily costume of a long great coat and slouched hat. In addition to these, I have seen a gig in which the clergyman (I imagine, by his being equipped in a white scarf and hat-band), drove a friend; afterwards came a crowd of persons of all descriptions on foot. No noise, no lamentations, were to be heard; but the figure in the flowing white scarf brandishing his whip, gave it, at a little distance, very much the effect of an electioneering procession.

A belief in witchcraft is less prevalent in Ireland than in many other parts of the British Empire; but, in other respects, the superstitions of the lower classes are very similar to those which are recorded of the Scotch peasantry. For example—

Cluricaune or Leprehaune is the name given to the Irish Puck. The character of this goblin is a compound of that of the Scotch Brownie and the English Robin Goodfellow. He is depicted (for engraved portraits of the Irish Leprehaune are in existence) as a small and withered old man, completely equipped in the costume of a cobbler, and employed in repairing a shoe. A paragraph recently appeared in a *Milkeny* paper, stating that a labourer, returning home in the dusk of the evening, discovered a Leprehaune at work, from whom he bore away the shoe which he was mending; as a proof of the veracity of his story, it was further stated, that the shoe lay for the inspection of the curious at the newspaper office. The most prominent features in the vulgar creed respecting the Leprehaune is, his being the possessor of a purse, supposed to be, like that of Fortunatus, inexhaustible; and many per-

sons, who have surprised one of these fairies occupied in shoemaking, have endeavoured to compel him to deliver it: this he has ingeniously avoided, averting the eye of his antagonist by some stratagem, when he disappears, which it seems he has not the power of doing as long as any person's gaze is fixed upon him.

The facilities of travelling in Ireland—not of a much more felicitous description than those in North America—are forcibly depicted in the subjoined *verbatis* dialogue on a break-down; the scene a bleak mountain, and the time the return of the driver with another chaise from the nearest station which afforded one—seven miles distant:—

“Is the carriage you have brought us safe?”
(One of the travellers attempts to get in).—

“Oh never fear, Sir; wait till I just bail out the water and put a sop of hay in the bottom—and sure now ’tis a queer thing that the *ould* black chaise should play such a trick, and it has gone this road eleven years and never broke down *afore*. But no wonder, poor creature, the turnpike people get money enough for mending the roads, and bad luck to the bit of it they mend, but put it all in their pockets!”

“What, the road?”

“Noe, your honour, the money.”

The sympathy of the chaise drivers with their horses is thus characteristically displayed:—

“Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village where we stopped to sketch?” inquired one of my fellow travellers of the driver, who for the last three or four miles had with much exertion urged on the jaded hacks.

“I did not, your honour,” was his reply, “but sure and I knew I promised them a good one at Limerick.”

Nor is this instance of pretended understanding between man and horse singular. Riding once in company with a poor farmer from Cork to Mallow, I advised him to quicken the pace of his steed as the evening was closing in, and the lurid appearance of the sky foreboded a storm.

“Sure then that I would with the greatest pleasure in life for the honour I have out of your company, Sir; but I promised the *hosses* to let him walk, and I never would belie myself to any-one, much less to a poor creature that carries me—for, says the *baste* to me, I’m tired, as good right I have, and I’ll not go a step faster, and you won’t make me—I scorn it, says I, so take your own way.”

Another touch of native humour, marking the difficulty of obtaining information from the peasantry, is curious in its way:—

“Pray is this the nearest road to——?”

“Is it to—— you are going? fait and that’s not the nearest road—being ’tis no road at all.”

“Then had I better go you way?”

“Och! indeed and I wouldn’t advise your going that way at all. ’Tis few people goes that way, for there’s a big black dog there, and he’ll ate you up entirely.”

“Which way then can I go?”

“Fait! and the best way you’d go is just to be staying where you are.”

The lower classes are generally unwilling to serve as guides in the wild parts of the country, declining the offers made them for such service with all that indifference and quiet humour which Miss Edgeworth so admirably delineates; and the difficulty of obtaining assistance appears to increase in proportion with the necessity of the demand.

“Och! I’d have no objection in life to go and your honour if supposing I could just *lave my trout at home*,” is no uncommon reply to your request, and is intended to express a doubt as to the safety of the expedition.

Of the Irish howl, or *keen*, as it is termed by the natives, every one has heard. This dirge, or death song, is usually sung, or rather howled, over the corpse, by an old woman, accompanied by a wild and inarticulate uproar as a chorus. The following is the *keen* which was howled over the mortal remains of Sir Richard Cox, the historian:—

My love and darling, though I never was in your kitchen, yet I have heard an exact account of it. The brown roast meat continually coming from the fire; the black boilers continually boiling; the cock of the beer barrel for ever running; and if even a score of men came in, no person would inquire their business; but they would give them a place at your table, and let them eat what they pleased, nor would they bring a bill in the morning to them.

My love and friend, I dreamed through my morning slumbers that your castle fell into decay, and that no person remained in it. The birds sung sweetly no longer, nor were there leaves upon the bushes; all was silence and decay!—the dream told me that our beloved man was lost to us—that the noble horseman was gone! the renowned Squire Cox!

My love and darling, you were nearly related to the Lord of Clare, and to O’Donovan of

Bawlfahan; to Cox with the blue eyes, and to Townsend of White Court. This is the appointed day of your funeral; and yet I see none of them coming to place even a green sod over you.

The subjoined anecdote displays, in an affecting point of view, the attachment felt to their country and to their home by many of the former possessors of the soil:

A pathetic incident connected with the Mac Cartys has such claims on the feelings, that I will not conclude this narrative of their fortunes without the mention of it. A considerable part of the forfeited estates of that family, in the county of Cork, was held by Mr. S—— about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne, he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and on approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S—— inquired the cause, and was answered—"Forgive me, Sir; my grief is idle, but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humbled spirit. I am a Mac Carty, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins, and of this ground; this tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. I am an old man, and to night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the place of my birth and the home of my forefathers."

One more historical anecdote, and we have done: it relates to Gerald, the sixteenth Earl Desmond, one of the Irish nobles who appeared in rebellion against Queen Elizabeth:—

His necessities having compelled him to take some cattle belonging to a poor woman, he was pursued by a few musketeers and kerns in the English pay, who on entering a little grove, in a lonely and mountainous glen, four miles east of Trales, about midnight, discovered, seated round the fire of a ruinous hovel, four or five of Desmond's known adherents, all of whom immediately fled on their entrance, leaving one venerable and powerless old man: a soldier, named Daniel Kelly, made a blow at him with his sword, and wounded him so severely as almost to dismember his arm; repeating the blow, the old man ejaculated, "Spare me, spare me, I am the Earl of Desmond." But the appeal was made in vain; for Kelly struck off his head and conveyed it to the Earl of Ormond, by whom it was sent over, "pickled in a pipkin," to England, where it

was spiked on London bridge; and his body after eight weeks' concealment, obscured in the little chapel of Kil Kerry. For this service, Elizabeth loved subject and soldier, Daniel was rewarded with a pension of twenty pounds yearly, which he enjoyed for many years, but was ultimately hanged at Tyburn.

We have mentioned, at page 264, in terms of well-merited praise, the enthusiasm, the spirit of research, the indefatigable perseverance with which Captain Seely has, for the first time, brought the caverned temples of Elora fully before the public. With great pleasure we return to this interesting volume. Captain S., no professional author, but a rough, honest, unpretending soldier, has rendered an important service to the admirers of Oriental antiquities by its production. "I may err in my judgment," says he, "but it is my humble opinion, that no monuments of antiquity in the known world are comparable to the caves of Elora, whether we consider their unknown origin, their stupendous size, the beauty of their architectural ornaments, or the vast number of statues and emblems, all hewn out of the solid rock!"

The rock of Elora is situated at the distance of 260 miles from Bombay, whence Captain S. proceeded for the express and sole purpose of exploring its wonders, of which, strange as it may be thought, very little had previously been known, or written, even by those who had paid the most attention to the history, antiquities, and mythology of India. Our limits preclude us from attending this enterprising young soldier on his route; without preface, we must therefore introduce the reader at once to the grand object of research.

Conceive the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupendous temple, within a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighbouring mountain by a spacious area all round, nearly 250 feet deep, and 150 feet broad: ~~an~~ univalled ~~stone~~ rearing its rocky head to a height of nearly 100 feet—its length about 145 feet, by 62 broad—having well-formed door-ways, windows, staircases to its upper floor, containing fine large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars: the whole bulk of this

immense block of isolated excavation being upwards of 600 feet in circumference, and, every as it may appear, having beyond its handsome figure galleries, or virandas, supported by regular pillars, with columns hewn out of the boundary scarp, containing forty-two curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology—the whole three galleries in continuity, enclosing the areas, and occupying the almost incredible space of nearly 420 feet of excavated rock; being, upon the average, about thirteen feet two inches broad all round, and in height fourteen feet and a half; while, positively above these again are excavated fine large rooms. Within the court, and opposite these galleries, or virandas, stands Keylas the Proud, wonderfully towering in hoary majesty—a mighty fabric of rock surpassed by no relic of antiquity in the known world.

Keylas, the chief of these temples, is but one out of about a dozen that are hewn out of the mountain of Elora. “A range of distinct habitations and temples extend along the line to the right and left for more than a mile and a quarter in a direction nearly north and south.” The description of Keylas is given with much minuteness of detail; but, without the author’s plan, it would not be practicable to make his descriptions understood. At one place, Captain S, observes:—

There are at this spot some ranges of apartments on each side, richly ornamented with sculptured figures, in all the variety that the most superstitious people on the face of the earth, with the most incomprehensible and absurd mythology, can be supposed to have given birth to for here are seen, in all forms and bearings, large and small figures in combat, animals and devices profusely adorning the sides of the grand temple, and the walls between that and the small range that communicates with the outer small rooms.

Before we proceed it may perhaps be as well to give Captain Seely’s *Fabulous History of Elora, or Yeroola*, involving the traditional account of the origin of its caverns and temples.

Dhruvarasa, a blind and holy man, much favoured by Brahma, had a son called Courroo, and a brother named Pundoo, or Pandoo: it was so ordered, that the uncle and nephew were to govern the world; but it happened they could not settle about their respective sovereignties. They were ordered, by a vision, to settle the dispute by playing a certain game

of hazard, and Pandoo, the uncle of Courroo, lost it. To hide his misfortune, and to obliterate from his mind all ideas of his former power and greatness, he vowed to retreat from the face of mankind, accompanied by his wife Contee. After travelling a great distance they came to this part of India: the retirement of the place was congenial to it and here they fixed themselves. In the course of a few years they begot five sons; these were Yudishtear, Bheem, or Bhima, Urjoon, or Urzuna, Nacool, or Seyhuder. From a pious motive, and to please the god Crishna, they commenced excavating caverns for religious purposes; and, that the undertaking might appear miraculous and wonderful to mankind, they entreated the god for a night that might last one year, which request was granted. Bheem, the second son, was the principal assistant, he being amazingly strong, and eating the enormous quantity of one randy and a half of meat during the day (900 lbs). When the five brothers had finished their excavations, day broke forth; the brothers were then despatched to propagate the wonder; and millions of people flocked from the farthest parts to behold the mighty and favoured family of the Pandooes. Their father, Pundoo, was removed from this world to a better, for his piety; the sanctity of the brothers, and their supposed influence with the deity, brought over boundless countries and dominion to their sway: in a short period of time, they had seven millions of warriors and fighting men, while others were daily flocking to their standard. They then determined to wage war against their relation Courroo, who, from the length, mildness, and virtues of his reign, was universally beloved by his subjects. Even those who had deserted, and had gone over to the five brothers, from a mistaken notion of their being deified heroes, by the great wonders of the cavern being produced in one night, seceded, and joined Courroo, who called together his faithful followers, and found that his fighting men exceeded eleven millions, eager to repel aggression; but the event of the conflict was disastrous to Courroo, for the brothers had found favour with Crishna (Vishnu) as they had performed great and holy works. So much were they favoured, that Crishna stood before Urzoon while he mounted his charger, and bade him not fear the hosts of Courroo: thus were the caves of Elora excavated, Visvacarma being the architect employed by the Pandooes.

The temple of Visvacarma here mentioned is one of the greatest wonders of Elora: to the architectural antiquary, in

particular, it possesses the deepest interest, as presenting the perfect pointed arch, *constructed*, in all probability, thousands of years before it was presumed to have been *invented* in Europe.

It is, (observes Captain S.) a singular and unique piece of incredible labour, and is enough of itself to stamp the glory of any country. Human industry and skill are here seen in unequalled perfection. This astonishing cavity is hewn out of the solid rock, penetrating 130 feet into it; exhibiting a deep, spacious temple, having an arched or circular roof, a series of octangular pillars reaching down the whole length of the temple to the farther or eastern end, where stands an immense insulated hemispherical mass of rock, as an altar.

In front of the altar, as represented in a plate, is a seated figure of the god Crishna, who has a kind of canopy spread over him. Crishna is supported on his right and left by two figures, Bhéma and Ranga, who appear to stand as guards.

One thing very remarkable in these temples is that they were "constructed downwards, the roof being the first part that was finished, the workmen proceeding gradually down to the basement." To enjoy the full effect of these astonishing labours, Captain S. recommends, judiciously we think, particularly to persons who are fastidious in their taste, to visit the minor temples first; taking them in this order, so as to form a climax of indescribable grandeur and sublimity:—Jug Naut, Das Avatar, Junuwassee, Rama Warra, Nilkantha, Visvacarma, Teen Tal, Indra, Dhurma Linga, and Keylas.

Captain Seely's researches have confirmed an opinion which we have long entertained, from the writings of Captain Wilford, Mr. Reuben Burrows, &c., that the Druids of Britain were Brahmins. In our notice of Mr. Bullock's exhibitions of Ancient and Modern Mexico, at page 277, we have alluded to the strong resemblance which exists in the gigantic stone idols, and other remains of Mexican sculpture, to relics of the same class in Egypt and also in Hindostan. The truth of that resemblance will be enforced more strongly by a perusal of the work before us. Speaking of the Hindoo god, Māhā Deo, who, like Saturn, delights in human sacrifices, and to

whom, as to Osiris, the ox (Apis) is sacred, Captain Seely says, "he has usually a collar or chaplet of skulls (Mand Mala), to denote his sanguinary character. At Fura he is generally represented with four hands: in Elephanta temple he has eight hands." Serpents, we are told, are seen issuing from the locks of his hair.

Māhā Deo, as well as the Mexican god of war, has his consort, Parvati, or Maha Cali, the great goddess of time, who, like her lord, has skulls and snakes as her symbols. Human sacrifices were formerly offered to her. "In the *Calica Purana*, one of her prayers, it is enjoined, 'Let princes, ministers of state, counsellors, and venders of spirituous liquors, make human sacrifices, for the purpose of attaining prosperity and wealth.'"

In the succeeding passage the resemblance is yet more striking:—

I have seen most horrible-looking casts of Parvati, as Maha Cali, with the mouth distorted, and presenting large fangs, rather than teeth; the tongue protruded; nails very long and curved; human skulls and snakes suspended round the neck; and she dancing on a dead body.

Our extracts have already been so copious that we are under the necessity of withholding several curious passages of a different complexion. Captain Seely's observations are altogether exceedingly favourable to the Hindoo character. One little anecdote we cannot abstain from relating:—

A Brahman at Benares was so cautious of causing the death of any living animal, that before him, as he walked, the place was swept, that he might not destroy any insect; the air was fanned as he ate, for the same purpose. Some mischievous European gave him a microscope, to look at the water he drank. On seeing the animalcula, he threw down and broke the instrument, and vowed he would not drink water again: he kept his promise, and died.

Much and various information, of a useful quality, relating to India will be found in this publication. It may be said that Captain Seely's style and mode of arrangement are loose and rambling; but the unassuming ingenuousness, and the amiable liberality, which pervade the work, abundantly counterbalance these slight defects.

When, too, we recollect the severe bodily and the distressing reduction of ~~er~~ which the author laboured it for the press, our wonder is, ~~it~~ has not done more and done it better, but that he has done so much and done it so well. We find with pleasure, and doubt not that it will repay him for his labour, that he has an intention of publishing his *Travelling Memoranda for Twenty Years*.

THE FINE ARTS.

To this department, so close an attention has been paid in the regular progress of the volume, that little remains to solicit our attention. Mr. Boaden's "*Inquiry into the Authenticity of various Pictures and Prints, which, from the Decease of the Poet to our own Times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakespeare, &c.*" is entitled to the notice of all who feel an interest in its subject.

Mr. Planché's "*Dramatic Costume*," mentioned in favourable terms in our preceding half-yearly sketch, is in progress; though, we believe, it has not yet extended beyond the second number, which relates to Shakespeare's historical play of Henry IV. The first part of that drama has been produced at Covent Garden theatre, in conformity with Mr. Planché's views, and with a degree of success equal to that which attended the representation of King John.

POETS.

So numerous are our poets and postasters, and so prolific are they in their productions, that we find it hardly practicable to bring them all within the sphere of critical observation.

"What's in a name," is a question that has often been asked. We have always considered that there is a great deal in a name. For instance, had it not been for the name of Lord Byron, by no possibility could the balderdash which has from time to time been published under the title of *Don Juan* have obtained a circulation sufficient to defray the expense of paper and print. There have been, we believe, five successive publications, in parts, of this poem; and it is remarkable, that, in point of poetical merit, each has been deplorably

inferior to its predecessor. The first was a splendid soul-thrilling emanation of genius; the second, equally infamous and demoralizing in its tendency, was many degrees below it in writing; each of the successive parts has, in its general interest, as well as in its poetry, become poorer and poorer; and the fifteenth and sixteenth cantos, the last known effusions from the pen of the noble and ill-fated bard, are so deficient in rhythm, in common English, and in common sense, that, were it not for here and there a faint scintillation of genius, no one could conjecture them to be indebted for their origin to the inspired author of *Childe Harold*. We, however, are not about to rake up the ashes of the departed: our wish is only to embalm, in the pages of *La Belle Assemblée*, such meritorious passages as, from the rubbish by which they are surrounded and buried, could never otherwise reach the eye of our readers.

In these cantos there is no story whatsoever, excepting that Don Juan is terrified by the supposed appearance of a ghost, traditionally said to haunt the old mansion of Norman Abbey; that, summoning up his courage on the second appearance of the spectre, he pursues it into a corner; and that, incapable of retreat, the presumed unearthly intelligence turns out to be in possession of "a remarkably sweet breath," a "red lip," and "two rows of pearls beneath;" in other words, a fair lady, the Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, disguised as the ghost of a friar, for the amiable purpose of visiting the Don in his bed-room! The legend of the *Black Friar*, given as the composition of Lady Adeline, is worth preservation:—

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,

Who sitteth by Norman stone,

For he matters his prayer in the midnight air,

And his mass of the days that are gone.

When the land of the hill, Amundeville,

Made Norman church his prey,

And expelled the friars, one friar still

Would not be driven away.

Though he came in his night, with King

Henry's right,

To turn church lands to lay;

With sword in hand, and torch to light.

Their walls, if they said nay;

A monk remained, purchased, unchained,
 And he did not seem formed of clay;
 For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the
 church,
 Though he is not seen by day.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
 It is not mine to say;
 But still to the house of Amundeville,
 He abideth night and day.
 By the marriage bed of their lords, 'tis said,
 He fits on the bridal eve;
 And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
 He comes—but not to grieve.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
 And when aught is to befall
 That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
 He walks from hall to hall.
 His form you may trace, but not his face,
 'Tis shadowed by his cowl;
 But his eyes may be seen from the folds be-
 tween,
 And they seem of a parted soul.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
 He still retains his sway;
 For he is yet the church's heir,
 Whoever may be the lay.
 Amundeville is lord by day,
 But the monk is lord by night;
 Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
 To question that friar's right.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
 And he'll say nought to you;
 He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
 As o'er the grass the dew.
 Then grammarcy! for the Black Friar;
 Heaven sain him! fair or foul,
 And whatsoever may be his prayer,
 Let ours be for his soul!

There is beauty, too, in the subjoined
 description of a female orphan:—

Early in years, and yet more infantine
 In figure, she had something of sublime
 In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.
 All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;
 Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline,
 Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,
 She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,
 And grieved for those who could return no
 more.

She was a catholic too, sincere, austere,
 As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,
 And deemed that fallen worship far more dear
 Perhaps because 'twas fallen: her sires were
 proud

Of deeds and days when they had filled the ear
 Of nations, and had never bent or bowed
 To novel power; and as she was the last,
 She held their old faith and old feelings fast

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
 As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
 And kept her heart serene within its zone.
 There was an awe in the homage which she
 drew;

Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
 Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
 In its own strength—most strange in one so
 young!

The old picture gallery in the abbey is
 the finest passage in this production:—

The forms of the grim knights and pictured
 saints

' Look living in the moon; and as you turn
 Backward and forward to the echoes faint
 Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn
 Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
 Start from the frames which fence their
 aspects stern,

As if to ask how you can dare to keep
 A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

And the pale smile of beauties in the grave,
 The charms of other days, in starlight gleams
 Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave
 Along the canvas; their eyes glance like
 dreams

On ours, as spurs within some dusky cave,
 But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.
 A picture is the past; even ere its frame
 Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

We leave the supposed attack upon his
 lordship's wife, the satire upon the Rev.
 ———, the bad rhymes, the bad gram-
 mar, and the bad sense of *Don Juan* to
 more anxious critics.

At page 266, we mentioned Atherstone's
 "*Midsummer Day's Dream*," with the view
 of returning to it here. Mr. Atherstone is
 evidently a young man; and we feel it due
 to his genius to say, that in splendour of
 conception, in bardic warmth of inspiration,
 the volume before us would have reflected
 honour upon the better days of his proto-
 type, Lord Byron. The poet, in his *dream*,
 is addressed by a spirit of the sun, who in-
 vests him with supernatural powers, wafts
 him over the universe, enables him to visit
 the depths of ocean and the fiery centre of
 the earth, and pours into his enraptured
 soul all knowledge of the past and present.

Our regret is, that we cannot find a passage of moderate length, sufficiently insulated, to satisfy the reader with respect to the justness of our opinion. A fine, but almost appalling picture, drawn by the spirit of the sun, of the destruction of the ante-diluvian world, through the approach and contact of a comet, bears a vivid resemblance to Lord Byron's poem of "Darkness." It suffers greatly, however, from the mutilated state, in which alone, from its length, we can offer it.

Oh! it is beautiful to see this world
Poised in the crystal air,—with all its seas,
Mountains and plains majestically rolling
Around its noiseless axis, day by day,
And year by year, and century after century;
And, as it turns, still wheeling through the
immense

(Of ether, circling the resplendent sun
In calm and silent grandeur!

Yet a time
Hath been, in the profound of ages past,
When this fair order was disturbed The
earth

Was then not what ye see it now; nor man,
Such as now is, existed then, nor beasts,
Nor did the globe bend towards the sun its poles
As now, but yet it held sublimely on
The same unerring path along the heavens.

Then suddenly there came a fiery star,
Wandering from out its orbit, masterless.
The dwellers of the earth,—they were a race
Mightier than you!—look'd nightly on the sky,
And then thoughts were troubled night by
night the star

Grew brighter, larger;—waving flames shot out,
That made the sky appear to shake and quiver.
Night after night it grew;—the stars were
quenched

Before its burning presence, the moon took
A paler—and a paler hue—men climbed
Upon the mountains every eve to watch
How it arose; and sat upon the ground
All night to gaze upon it.

Night after night men still looked out:—it
grew

Night after night faster and faster still.
The crimson sky announc'd its terrible coming
Long ere it rose; and after it went down
Look'd red and fiery long. Each night it came
Later,—and linger'd later in the morn,
Till in the heavens the sun and it at once—
Eastward and westward—shone, with different
lights.

The sun as still he shined, the effably pure,
Supplement to Vol. LXXIX

The other of intensest burning red;
But one was still the same,—the other swelled
Each day to a terrific bulk, and grew
Dreadfully bright, till the out-blazed sun
Look'd pale,—and paler,—and at last went out,
And men knew not when he arose or set.

Yet once more
It rose on earthly eyes. One-fourth the
heavens

Was covered by its bulk. Ere it had reach'd
Its middle course, the huge ball almost fill'd
The sky's circumference; and anon there was
No sky! nought but that terrible world of fire
Glaring,—and roaring,—and advancing still!

Men saw not this,—th' insufferable heat
Had slain all things that lived. The grass and
herbs

First died—the interminable forests next
Burst into flames—down to their uttermost
depths

The oceans boiled,—spouting their bubbling
waves,—

Rocking and wallowing higher than the hills;
The hills themselves at last grew burning red,
And the whole earth seem'd as 'twould melt
away.

They now drew nigh.
Rapidly rolling on they came,—they struck!—
The universe felt the shock. We look'd to
have seen

The earth shatter'd to dust, or borne away
By that tremendous fire star; but they touch'd
Obliquely,—and glanced off. The comet soon
Shot swiftly on again—the weaker earth,—
Jarred from her orbit,—stood awhile,—turning
Backward upon her axis,—vibrating
Down to her very centre,—then went on
Faltering,—swinging heavily to and fro
Upon her altered poles.

We must not thus indulge in extracts.—
"Poetic Vigils," by Bernard Barton, will be
found to contain the same delicacy of sen-
timent, the same tenderness and piety of
feeling by which the earlier volumes of our
favourite quaker-poet have been so sweetly
distinguished.

"The Deserted City; Eva, a Tale in two
Cantos; and other Poems," by Joseph
Bounden, present some very engaging
specimens in imitation of the manner and
style of Goldsmith.

Another volume of imitations, less suc-
cessful, and of an inferior writer, will be
found in "Myrtle Leaves, a Collection of

Poems: chiefly amatory," by T. W. Kelly. Moore is the author imitated; and, of course, we have love, and blisses, and kisses, in abundance.

From "*Mountain Rambles, and other Poems,*" by G. H. Storie, we, for its unpretending simplicity, select the following ode:—

Throughout these climes doth nature's hand display,

Scenes to the tuneful and admiring throng;
Which, far as heart can range, or eye survey,
Seem formed but for enchantment and for song.

As by each stream nymphs haunt their rocky cells,

And woods their richly varied tints disclose;
O'er hill and dale the waving landscape swells,
In mockery of the pilgrim as he goes.

Onward I muse; few things disturb my way—

The lonely cot, the shelter'd hamlet rare;
The bleating flocks that far and widely stray,
Regardless of the drowsy stripling's care.

Although no more the rural pipe invades

Delighted ear, nor smiling garlands grace
Their summer joys, yet o'er these tranquil glades

Doth nature still preserve her shepherd race:

And sauntering hours recal to mental view

Those golden dreams in earlier legends famed;

Such as of old Arcadian valleys knew,
When youthful bards their amorous ditties framed.

All happy as the livelong day; for there

Did innocence and listening beauty throng;
And nymphs, forgetful of their fleecy care,
Laid down the crook to bless their poet's song.

Far other boast these quiet scenes may own;

And every spot seems eager, as I stray,
To wake the recollections which it once hath known,
And tell the stranger of another day.

When fierce oppression shook their homely state,

How shepherds shrunk not at the clarian's swell—

The swain still loves to hear the muse relate,
For themes like these her simplest annals tell.

In T. H. Hervey, of Trinity College, author of "*Australis, with other Poems,*" we find another follower—an able follower

we trust he will prove—of the muse of Goldsmith. We have room only for the opening lines of his chief poem:—

Isle of the ocean! Zion of the seas!
Child of the waves! and nursling of the breeze!
How beautiful, Albion! on thy lonely steep,
Thou risest, like a vision, in the deep!
The temple of the brave, the good, the free,
Built by some spirit in the circling sea!
Still hast thou floated, like a thing of light,
Through all the darkness of the moral night;
Alone upon the waves,—the hallowed ark
Where freedom sheltered when the world was dark.

We know not who Catherine Grace Garnet may be; but we know that, in "*The Night before the Bridal,*" a highly-wrought Spanish tale of unfortunate love, and in "*Sappho, a Dramatic Sketch,*" she has presented the lovers of poetry with some excellent verse. The spirit of Byron may be said to breathe through her lines.

The following is the description of her hapless fallen heroine in the hour of her solitude and desertion:—

Helena sat that eve within the grove;
The dews were bright beneath, the stars above;
Long had it passed the gorgeous sunset hour,
The bells were mute in San Francisco's tower;
The nightingale had poured her vesper song,
The breeze the sleeping roses died among.
Still fitful came a cadence sweetly grave,
Of holy music o'er the tranquil wave,
But soon that ceased, each tremulous peal of sound,

In the wide dome of space extinction found.
The balm of flowers was round her—other eye
Than hers, the priestess of the night, who shone

So meek, and flung her soft effulgence down
Upon the tube-rose and anemone,

There was none on her—she sat there alone,
Nor animate thing nor earthly one was nigh.
The place was all religion, and imbued
Her spirit with its tone; as though the sigh
Of some pure soul, then soaring to the sky,
Ere its blest pinion sought the realms above,
Came there to sanctify her solitude;
And piety with a human weakness strove
Till her heart shuddered at its fatal love.
The present was all loneliness—the past
Arose a guilty but seductive dream—
The future to her mental view did seem
A gloomy sky with clouds of wrath o'ercast.
A spell was on her lip, and o'er her brain,
She tried to pray, but raised her voice in vain.

Her light had turned to darkness—her large
eye

Had lost its radiance of eternity.

‘Twas not that passion, with its earth-born
ray,

Had dimm’d her lustre, eapp’d her loveliness;

But it had dash’d that holiest charm away,

That look of the inspired Pythones,

That glorious beaming of unclouded mind,

That look of dignity with hope combin’d,

That glance, wherein if we discover aught

Of pride, it seems th’ enthusiast’s flash of
thought:—

The vast intelligence that breathes the
whole

High burst of eloquence which fills the soul.

These she had lost—she knew, deplor’d it all,

Yet clung more close to him who made her fall.

She thought on those sweet moments shin-
ing far

O’er memory’s waste, like some departing
star,

Or as the moon-ray’s hallowing light that play’d
In lambent lines of silver ‘mid the shade.

She thought on those sweet hours, when in
the hush

Of closter’d stillness she had felt the gush

Of piety in her heart, and had knelt down

Before the shrine, where the rich haze that
stream’d

On her through that high window, seem’d to
crown

Her forehead with the halo of a saint,

A flush of rose and ruby, o’er which gleam’d

Rays golden, ‘midst the amber hues more faint;

And with clasp’d hands dedicated to God

Her young pure life, Or when in pride she
trod,

Amid her sister votaries, the aisle,

Her features bright with a celestial smile,

Or rais’d her voice in the full choir and felt

Devotion into music richly melt,

Receiv’d the dew care—obey’d the call

To early matin or confessional;

Though her calm days, in deep seclusion spent,

Had little to reveal or to repent.

From *Sappho*, we select the description
of the inspired lyrist, just before she takes
the fatal leap:—

I saw her as she stood upon the cliff,

The Genius of the spot—her splendid eye

O’er her calm hueless features flashing bright;

As lightnings ‘midst the chaos of despair;

Her lineaments impress’d in passion’s mint,

Telling the heart the story of her woes.

She from the temple came, ‘midst weeping forms,

Looking on her their last—and priests, who
urg’d

Her footsteps to that precipice of fate—

And gazers who throng’d there—~~and flash’d~~
her

Their eyes as they were greedy of her death.

I saw her as she stood upon the cliff—

Her hair unloosed to revel with the winds,

Or span, with silken coils, her fairy height,

Her forehead bore no coronal of flow’rs,

Her hand no harp (its chords, they say, all
broke

When Sappho perish’d). On the cliff she
stood,

And threw her gaze into the gulph beneath,

As they who fight first measure with the foe.

I see her ever, as I saw her then—

Her tresses on the gale, her arms outspread,

Her figure poised but by her slender foot,

Her eyes fix’d on the glorious heav’n, her
lips

Breathing their last and passionate adieu!”

Some translations of great merit claim
attention. Mr. Bowring, distinguished at
once by his poetical talent and by his ex-
tensive acquaintance with the living lan-
guages of Europe, has, in conjunction with
Harry S. Vandyk, produced an interesting
volume, entitled “*Batavian Anthology, or
Specimens of the Dutch Poets; with Remarks
on the Poetical Literature and Language of
the Netherlands, to the end of the Seventeenth
Century.*”—Of Dutch poets and poetry
little had hitherto been known in this coun-
try; Mr. Bowring and his friend have,
therefore, rendered a very acceptable ser-
vice to the public, in making them better
acquainted with writers and productions
worthy of being admired. Some of the
critical notices and biographical sketches
in this volume are very interesting. At
present, however, our business is only with
the effusions of the Batavian Muse. The
subjoined stanzas form the commencement
of a little amatory poem, by a writer of the
name of Brockhuizen, who was born in the
year 1649, and died in 1707:—

Whene’r thy mouth is press’d to mine,

And when my heart upon thy breast reposes,

Whene’r I pluck thee fragrant roses,

Thou hang’st fondness round those lips of mine;

It brings, dear girl, no grief to me,

To think I gave up liberty for thee.

Then, then, my soul floats on a stream of
blisses,

Till it has won

The gentle kisses

That it lives upon.”

But when on those bright orbs I gaze,
 These orbs, whose lustre o'er my spirit
 glances,
 And blissfully my heart entrances,
 With the divine effulgence of their rays,
 Then mourn, my lips, then mourn, my eyes,
 And each complains of th' other's luxuries.
 My lips are envious of the eye's sweet pleasure,
 And the eye would sip
 Ambrosial treasure,
 Like the luscious lip.

Of a character widely different, and in
 the true Dutch style, are the succeeding
 verses, constituting part of an address to
 the sun, by Huijgens:—

But by thee I'll not be driv'n,
 Fiercely-shining lamp on high,
 Measurer of our days from heav'n,
 Year-disposer—glorious eye,
 Mist-absorber—Spring-returner;
 Day-prolonger—Summer's mate;
 Beast-annoyer—visage-burner;
 Fair-one's spoiler—maiden's hate,
 Cloud-dispenser—darkness-breaker,
 Morn-surpriser—star-light thief,
 Torch-conductor—shadow-maker,
 Rogue-discoverer—eyes' relief;
 Linen-bleacher—noiseless stroller,
 All-observer—gilding all;
 Dust-disturber—planet-roller;
 Traveller's friend, and day-break's call,
 Let thy flashes be directed, &c.

Maternal readers, in particular, will be
 delighted with the following sweet lines by
 Joost Van den Vondel, arising from the
 death of a child:—

Infant fairest—beauty rarest,
 Who reparest from above,
 Whose sweet smiling, woe-beguning,
 Lights us with a heav'nly love!
 Mother! mourn not—I return not,
 Wherefore learn not to be blest?
 Heav'n's my home now, where I roam now;
 I an angel, and at rest.
 Why distress thee? Still I'll bless thee,
 Still caress thee, though I'm fled;
 Cheer life's dulness—from heaven's fullness
 Of bright glory on thy head.
 Leave behind thee thoughts that bind thee—
 Dreams that blind thee in their glare:
 Look before thee, round thee, o'er thee—
 Heav'n invites thee—I am there!

“*Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain*,”
 constitute another production that will be
 most gratefully received by poetical read-
 ers. This volume, a suitable companion

to the *Hispan Anthology*, and *Specimens of
 Batavian Poetry*, from the pen of the same
 able and ready translator, renders us
 equally familiar with the popular effusions
 of the Spanish Muse. The romantic songs
 of Spain are justly dear to every heart of
 tender and chivalric worth. There is a fine
 strain of moral feeling in the lines entitled
The World and its Flowers:—

Trust not, man! earth's flow'rs; but keep
 Busy watch—they fade, they bow—
 Watch! I say, for thou may'st weep
 O'er the things thou smil'st on now

Man! thou art a foolish child,
 Playing for a flying ball—
 Trifling sports, and fancies wild,
 But the earth-worm's swallow's all!
 Wherefore in a senseless sleep,
 Careless dreaming—thoughtless woe—
 Waste existence? Thou wilt weep
 O'er the days thou smil'st on now

Earth—that passes like a shade,
 Vain as lightest shade can be,
 Soon in dust and darkness laid,
 Crumbles in obscurity.
 Insects of destruction creep
 O'er its fairest, greenest bough
 Watch, I say, or thou shalt weep
 O'er the flow'rs thou smil'st on now

Watch, I say; the dying worm
 That lifts up its voice to thee
 Dreads the over-threat'ning storm,
 Fain in shelter'd path would be
 Laugh not—scorn not—tut not—keep
 Smiling fully from thy brow,
 Let in misery thou shouldst weep
 O'er the thoughts thou smil'st on now

Take *Woman's Jealousy* as another spec-
 imen:—

Talk not to me of all the frowns of fate,
 Or adverse fortune; nor offend my ears
 With tales of slavery's suffering in Algiers,
 Nor galley's chains, heavy, disconsolate.
 Speak not to me of fetter'd manac's woes,
 Nor proud one from his glory tumbld down
 Dim'd honour, friend abandon'd—broken
 crown:

These may be heavy sorrows; but who knows
 To bend his head beneath the storms of life
 With holy patience,—he the shock will bear,
 And see the thund'ring clouds disperse away.
 But give to mortal man a jealous wife—

Then misery—galleys—fettters—frowns—de-
 spair—
 Loss—shame—dishonour—folly. What are
 they?

Mr. Rose is proceeding most successfully with his translation of Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*." He seems to have caught the gentile of the Italian poet; his verse displaying all the freshness and brilliancy of an original effort. The two first volumes of the work are now before the public; and, when complete, we shall find ourselves in error if it be not universally hailed as the first translation the English language can boast.

DRAMATISTS.

Hitherto, as in the department of the Fine Arts, we have been able to clear the ground as we proceeded; consequently, we find little in this place to require our notice or that of the reader. "*The Brides of Florence, a play, in five acts, illustrative of the Manners of the Middle Ages, with Historical Notes, and Minor Poems*," by Randolph Fitz-Eustace, is, however, entitled to some consideration. The author is pleased to regard it as "an effort at the renovation of the ancient drama;" but, excepting quaintness of phraseology, and irregularity of plot, it has no claim to this distinction. Nor, in our humble opinion, is there any good taste in aiming at such a distinction. Nothing truly great was ever yet achieved by imitation. The dramatists of the Elizabethan age wrote in the spirit and feeling of the time; but the spirit and feeling of *their* time are not the spirit and feeling of *our* time. The object of the dramatists of *our* age ought to be to produce, and to leave to posterity, as faithful a picture of the taste, sentiment, and poetical conception of *their* time, as the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth produced and left of *theirs*. In other words, every author ought to write from the native impulse of his own genius. Copies and imitations, whatsoever their intrinsic merit may be, inevitably suffer by comparison with the originals.

Mr. Fitz-Eustace's play may amuse for an hour in the closet, but it could never succeed upon the stage: it has no tact, no passion, no dramatic power. The plot is ill and ineffectively arranged. Of the language, a favourable estimate may be formed from the following passage relating to love:—

"Love, Nereus like, assumeth every form
The pining beauty sighs for secret love,

Although that sigh be hight as thistle down!
The coquette pines her smores for seeming love!
The haggard lord doth rouge his rusty cheeks,
Fills up the furrows of his shrivell'd brow,
Tightens his waist—and that's for gentle love!
The swaggering soldier frets, and furies, and swears

A dictionary of oaths—and all for love!
The silken moth of fashion lightly trips,
Uttering sweet-essenced sentences, and ogles
Through his gold-mounted glass—for burning love;
The school-boy raves 'bout starry eyes, and hair

Out-ravens the raven, and of teeth
Of pearly whiteness, and of other non-sense
'Bout beating hearts, and ne'er-consuming fires,
And all this clamour is for silly love!
The poet rakes his brains, and takes thereout
Weedy conceits—for flow'rets of love's growth!
The soul-subduing minstrel tries his art,
Tuning his sighs to sweetly-breathing strains,
And lightening thus his love-be-racked heart!
Thank heav'n my heart is free, and I can look,
As from a mountain's height, on clouds below,
Clashing in direct conflict—while the sense
Of safety oft will make us laugh to scorn
Th' impotence of such hot conflicting pow'rs.

"*The Stern Resolve, a Tragedy in five Acts*," by Charles Masterton, is an exceedingly feeble attempt. The author is utterly unacquainted with the nature and power of dramatic blank verse. Mr. Masterton affects great indignation against the barriers which, as he intimates, "under the existing circumstances of the theatrical management," are opposed to play-wrights. We believe the system to be very bad; but, if managers were never to reject a better play than the one before us, we should not be amongst the multitude who impugn their good faith or want of judgment.

A selection of plays from the old English dramatists, only the first number of which, "*The Second Maiden's Tragedy*," has yet fallen in our way, is now publishing. This, it appears, is one of three plays not before printed, which, having escaped an unlucky conflagration of manuscripts by Warburton's cook, were deposited with the Lansdowne collection. The plot is recommended by its simplicity; but it is very inartificial in its construction. A usurper pays unsuccessful court to a lady, whose affections are devoted to the rightful sovereign. Apprehensive of personal violence, the maiden

commits suicide. The rivals meet at her tomb, and the usurper is slain. The character of a virtuous woman is thus honoured in the eulogy which is pronounced upon the deceased lady :—

Come, thou delicious treasure of mankind,
To him that knows what virtuous woman is,
And can discreetly love her ! The whole world
Yields not a jewel like her ; ransack rocks,
And caves beneath the deep O thou fair
spring

Of honest and religious desires,
Fountain of weeping honour, I will kiss thee
After Death's marble lip ! Thou'rt cold enough
To lie entomb'd, now, by thy father's side,
Without offence in kindred ; there I'll place
thee

With one I lov'd the dearest next to thee.
Help me to mourn, all who love chastity.

NOVELISTS.

Here, again, our fair readers will give us credit for having kept pace with the press, by indicating nearly every production of worth in this class, which has appeared within the last six months. Two or three, however, we have briefly to mention.

"*Scotch Novel Reading, by a Cockney,*" (a novel, in three volumes) is a laudable attempt to expose the quackery, and to ridicule the absurdity of our northern book-makers. The author, it must be confessed, is not competent to wield the club of Hercules ; yet, to a numerous class of readers, his work will exhibit a fund of light and airy amusement. Its plot is extremely simple, turning chiefly upon the desire of two old gentlemen to effect a union between their children, Alice and Robert, who are mutually averse to each other. Alice, in direct opposition to the taste of her father and intended husband, has imbibed a mania for Scotch novel reading, for which every other pursuit is neglected. She affects the Scotch dialect and dress, and although, in every other respect, as faultless and beautiful as a heroine is expected to be, is thus exposed to the ridicule and laughter of all her friends and acquaintance. Her romantic attachment to every thing appertaining to Scotland is, however, somewhat cooled by an introduction to Lady Macbane, the wife of a Scotch Baronet ; and, on her father's presenting to her a hideously ugly wounded Highland offi-

cer as her future husband, she, in disgust, throws aside the works of her favourite author, and contents herself with plain English.—In the mean time Robert, a professed enemy to all romance, is devoting his days and nights in search of the original of a beautiful picture with which he has fallen desperately in love. This picture eventually proves to be that of Alice ; and Robert having rescued the young lady from the flames of a destructive fire, a mutual affection is conceived, and the father's darling project is realized.

"*Scenes in the Moræa, or a Sketch of the Life of Demetrius Argyri,*" is not a catching title for mere novel readers ; though, in point of fact, it is a work of fiction. However, without being remarkably well written, it is by no means deficient in interest or amusement. Demetrius, the hero, is of course a *nom de guerre* ; but his adventures are not the less agreeable on that account. Having spent some of his earlier years in England and Germany, he has formed a lofty estimate of constitutional liberty ; and, connecting himself with the insurgent Mainotes, in the struggles now going forward, his military skill and courage are displayed with great effect. Nor is a love story wanted to give a zest to the horrors of war. Demetrius is attached to a Greek damsel, who is carried off and concealed by a rival. His anxious researches, however, are compensated by his discovering the lady, and obtaining her for his wife.—Many of the incidents are affecting.

"*Charlton, or Scenes in the North of Ireland,*" by John Gamble, Esq., is another title which, were it not for the super addition of the words "*a Tale,*" has nothing very *novelish* about it. From its preface we learn, that this is the first of a series of tales in which are to be depicted the customs and feelings of our Irish brethren, more especially as they have been developed in the last few years. The north of Ireland constitutes the scene in which Charlton, the nominal hero of the piece, exhibits ; time, the period in which the Croppies, or United Irishmen, were opposed by the Orangists in their sanguinary efforts to establish a republic. Charlton is not worthy of the space he occupies ; nor are the incidents of that deep and thrilling stamp that might be expected. Some of the

scenes, however, are sketched with great humour, and much originality of character is displayed. The truth of the following sentiment, from the confession of one of the rebels, will be recognised by many a reader:—

It is one thing, citizen Charlton, to scorn death over a hot tumbler, and a plate of toasted cheese, or a scoloped oyster, according to the season, before one; and it is another—I know it by experience—to see a sabre glittering over your head, expecting every moment to have it as clean taken off as ever St. Dennis's

If a well constructed fable, variety of incident, beautiful and strongly contrasted characters, boldness and vigour of description, with excellent writing, can ensure success to a novelist, the author of "*Past Events*" may congratulate himself upon his efforts. As this work, however, is, excepting its names of places and persons, purely imaginative, it is somewhat of a misnomer to call it "*an historical novel.*" The scene is laid in Spain and in Sicily, in the eighteenth century; the characters are chiefly Spanish; and the sketches here exhibited of Spanish and Sicilian manners and scenery are in fine keeping. The heroine of the story is a young, lovely, and accomplished girl, of unknown birth, but educated and presented to the world as the niece of a wealthy and benevolent Spanish Grandee. Numerous are the aspirants to her hand, but her affections are fixed upon the nephew and heir of her benefactor. Her adventures and her sufferings, originating in the obscurity of her birth, are very highly wrought. Ultimately however, she proves to be in reality the niece of the Grandee, and the daughter of one of the first families in Naples; and, as is usual in all such cases, her difficulties having been overcome, she is united to the man of her heart.

ESSAYISTS.

Miss Mitford's charming volume—"Our Village, &c.," mentioned at page 206—may as well be classed under this head as any other. It was our intention, in returning to it, to analyze the several papers of which it is composed, about four and twenty in number, to make a variety of profound critical remarks, &c., for which, we are

quite certain, neither Miss Mitford nor our fair readers, would at all thank us. However, we have been delighted ourselves in the perusal, and it is our wish to impart delight to others. If space permitted, we could willingly transcribe half the volume, instead of which, unluckily, we have not room for even the shortest sketch that it contains. The portrait of "Cousin Mary"—dear "Cousin Mary"—is as refreshing and as exhilarating to the sight, as a brilliant landscape of Italy, fresh and redolent with all the sweets and with all the beauties of nature. Our readers shall just have a peep at her here; but if they are desirous of seeing her in full, as we are sure they will be, they must consult the original painting.

Cousin Mary "was about eighteen, not beautiful, perhaps, but lovely, certainly, to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries, dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light." She was the youngest daughter of a deceased officer—her education had been neglected—she knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing—nor a note of music, though she used to warble like a bird sweet snatches of old songs as she skipped up and down the house—she had neither French nor Italian; "but then her English was racy, unhacknied, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give." She drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In addition to all this, Cousin Mary "was a sad romp, as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow!" But we are sadly injuring the sketch—Miss Mitford shall give the remainder unutilized:—

I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Nauid. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I

ever saw her, was driving a donkey cart up a hill, one sunny, windy day in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in a golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curriole, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for that purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and disarming; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turf, breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock, into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects;—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependance, and display, (for her sister was a match-making lady, a manœuvrer) for about a

twelvemonth. She then left her house, and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich Baronet's family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her apparently—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window, and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutorage had at least done her no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her, the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—"So you are really a governess?"—"Yes!"—"And you continue in the same family?"—"Yes!"—"And you like your post?"—"Oh yes! yes!"—"But my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?"—"Why, they wanted a governess, so I went."—"But what could induce them to keep you?" The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put, set her a laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man in the prime of life, showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children. "Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. "We kept her to teach her ourselves," said the young lady. "We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother. "We keep her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me. "She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation." And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife, and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children shew to the sweet Cousin Mary.

Jouy's "*Hermite en Italie, ou Observa-*

tions des Mœurs et les Usages des Italiens au Commencement du XIX. Siècle," contains some pretty light sketches, and some amusing anecdotes; but, upon the whole, it is by no means calculated to increase the celebrity of its author.

"*Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., by the Author of The Sketch Book, with a Biographical Notice*," is a republication of eight letters which appeared in a New York paper, from the pen of Mr. Irvine (then a mere boy), as far back as the year 1802. They are all, and more than all, that could be expected from a youth; but they cannot heighten his adult fame. They consist chiefly of strictures, serious and burlesque, on the New York Theatre.

"*The Reveries of a Recluse; or, Sketches of Characters, Parties, Events, Writings, Opinions, &c.*" are distinguished by the liberality of their author, and the justness of many of his views. Clear sound sense is the characteristic of the work. By the highly excited appetite, perhaps, it may not be deemed sufficiently *piquant*.

"*Glances from the Moon, or Lurubrations gathered from the Miscellany of One unknown*," constitute another production of the same class, but more varied in its range, more diversified in its manner, and indicating more originality of thinking in its author. One specimen we will give; and we select it with the more pleasure, as it conveys the severest practical censure upon that once popular, though worse than worthless book, Dr. Gregory's *Legacy to his Daughters*. As far as its circulation extends, it will prove, we trust, an antidote to his poison:—

Nor is it from novel reading only, that the art of dissimulation is infused into the mind. It may too frequently be learned—from accidental lapses of the writer's attention, let us suppose—in works, which are upon the whole, truly commendable, and therefore qualified to increase the pernicious operation of whatever they may introduce, meet for reprehension.

I will, on this passing occasion, confine my remark to a single instance in illustration of its propriety and correctness, it shall be Dr. Gregory's *Legacy to his Daughters*; a work, intended as a didactic on the regulation of moral conduct, the science of pneumatology, and the economy of life. In this, the author has intimated, that a tenderly attached wife

ought not to let her husband know the full extent of her regard and love for him.*

With all instant acknowledgment of the worth and talents of Dr. Gregory, I will yet appeal to and confide in the report of a respectable number of moral reasoners, when I submit, that the maxim is at once *dangerous* and *ill-founded*.

It may be plaid, I think, amidst the most curious and subtle results of spurious and artificial sentiment; of a wrong and mischievous manœuvre; too crooked, and too entangled for warrenry by good sense; and appearing to savour less of wit than madness; at all events, less of soundness than hollowness.

What ingenuity might urge in defence of the maxim may be easily anticipated, and, as I am well satisfied, easily refuted.

The subject, argue we ever so long, will at last resolve itself into this simple inquiry; whether is generous, undisguised confidence, or sly, cautious circumspection, and that, too, in the closest of all moral connexions possible, to be recommended and adopted.

Such is the real and obvious character of the point at issue.

Here the subject and the question might be left, for resolution, to the speculative and the curious; but I will just subjoin, that the arguments in favour of *concealment*, would, if brought forward, all be found to seek for their support, and to ground their very existence, in a principle of artifice, and a necessity for the practice and the continuance of delusion. Whence such principle? Whence such necessity? Inauspicious indeed must be the connexion, very weak and uncomparted the cement of those hearts, which, on either side, requires, for its duration, a continual supply from the contributions of art, and a perpetuity of watch.

Again—the feelings by which the wife is instinctively directed to manifest her heart to the partner of that heart, do all approve themselves of amiable and sterling character: their antagonists, as we have seen, evince themselves to be entirely the reverse of these. On one side, we are invited to the contemplation of nature, simplicity, and truth; of a heart without guile; of a spirit without suspicion; of thought and action grounded in innocence; on the other, we are disgusted and forbidden by such objectionable traits of character, as might require space fully to expose; but which may be collected into a brief summary, *viz.* the errors and obliquities of a mind not suffi-

* Dr. G. has done worse than this: he has inculcated positive hypocrisy.—Ed.

ciently wise and dignified to throw away and execrate cunning.

Unhappily circumstanced indeed must be that love, and that regard, which it is imprudent and unsafe to acknowledge to a husband: and, what becomes a serious and an alarming recollection, let the married female, who tenderly loves the husband of her choice, let her weigh well to what the burden of her feelings might amount, if he should suddenly sink into the grave, and she, under the pressure and poignancy of grief, be left in sad remembrance that the object of her best affections had never known how dearly she had loved him.

In a mind of keen sensibility, nothing could avert madness from such remembrance, except a lively hope and faith of a future re-union in the world of spirits.

Amongst the interesting contents of this volume, we find—"Remarks on Sleep;"—"Reflections on Double Sorrow, and Self-Comministration;"—a curious paper "On the Language of Birds;"—an "Essay on the Consciousness of the Vegetable Kingdom," &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All the world has read Dr. Kitchiner's *Cook's Oracle*, and all the world is wiser and better for having read it; and that it may become still wiser and better, all the world ought to read "*The Economy of the Eyes*," with "*Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight*," by the same kind-hearted, urbane, and jocose writer. This is not only a very entertaining, but a highly useful and important volume. Dr. Kitchiner's strictures on spectacles, on reading glasses, on opera glasses, on quizzing glasses, as they are vulgarly called, are all valuable. There are one or two points, however, on which the worthy Doctor, we are sure, will excuse us for differing from him, and for directing the attention of our fair readers to them, young, as well as old. He advises well—

When you go to an Optician's to choose spectacles, the first thing to attend to, is to look at a book with each alternately, and carefully ascertain if you see equally well, with both eyes, with the same glass, at exactly the same distance.

This, we must take leave to say, will scarcely ever happen. People, Dr. H. observes,

Suppose that spectacles are such unequivocal evidence of age and infirmity, that they desire to dispense with exhibiting them as long as possible, therefore they purchase 'sweeping glass,' and habitually put it up to one and the same eye, leaving the other involuntarily to wander;—after a few years, the sight of the idle eye becomes of a different focus to that which has been employed with the glass—and is often irreparably impaired. When persons who have long patronized one eye, and slighted the other, take to spectacles, they will (generally) require glasses of a different focus for each eye. The eye least used soon becomes weak, and in the course of a little time almost useless. This fact is so little known, that I have frequently heard persons, who, up to the age of forty have worked their right eye, and finding it begin to fail, say, they must begin to teach their left eye to see; however, as I told them, they found on trial, that the eye which had been idle was much more impaired than that which had been active.

The same error pervades this passage. Dr. Kitchiner does not seem to be aware, that nature has intended our two eyes each for a distinct and separate purpose; one for seeing, contemplating, and examining distant, and the other for near objects; each, however, materially assisting the other in its respective pursuit. In all individuals, we believe, it will be found that each eye has a distinct focus. In the great majority of instances, perhaps fifteen or eighteen out of twenty, the right eye is constructed for distant objects, and the left eye for those which are near. Let any person, closing the left eye, fix the right for a few moments on a distant object; and then repeat the experiment, by closing the right eye, and fixing the left upon the same object. It will immediately be found, that the object is better defined—that the vision is more distinct—in one case, than in the other. A similar experiment may be tried in examining small and near objects, letters in a book, for instance. Thus it will be ascertained which of the two eyes is designed for distant, and which for near objects; though each, as we have already observed, materially assist the others.

From this it is evident that each eye has a different focus; and that, consequently, in the choice of spectacles, care should be taken to adapt a glass to each. Dr. Kitchiner justly prefers the use of two glasses

to that of one. "Spectacles," he says, "are always preferable, because both eyes, by being kept in action, are kept in health—vision is brighter and easier, and the labour of each eye is considerably lessened." However, when only *one* glass is used, *both* eyes should be kept open. A lens, whether concave or convex, may be considered to have three *foci*, according as it may happen to be employed; one, if looked through only by the right eye; another, if looked through only by the left eye; and a third, if looked through by both eyes at once. Thus it is clear, that, in the choice of a *single* glass, care should be taken that it be adapted to the use of *both* eyes at the same time.

But we will relieve the seriousness of this disquisition by one of the Doctor's amusing anecdotes:—

That ingenious optician, the late Mr. Jesse Ramsden, informed me, that he had oft-times more trouble to make obstinate and ignorant persons understand that the art of optics could not be of any service to them, than he had to find glasses for correcting the most eccentric aberrations from good vision; and that he found the only plan of completely convincing such troublesome customers, was, after he thought that they had sufficiently amused themselves with trying a variety of glasses, and had tried them, to give them a pair of spectacles glassed with plain glass, when they would cry out with rapture, "Aye, these will do, I can see charmingly in these—why, why didn't you give me these at first!!!"

Mr. R. told me that he was once strangely puzzled by a clever old gentlewoman of seventy-nine years of age, for whom he was requested to make a pair of spectacles. She had applied in vain to several eminent opticians, and no glass could be found that improved her sight.

With all that ambition to overcome difficulties which was the ruling passion of Jesse Ramsden, he waited upon the lady, with several pairs of convex and of concave spectacles, making quite sure that, however others had failed, he should succeed, and enjoy one of those triumphs which constituted the zest of his existence; but after patiently trying every one of them, she said with a sigh, "No, not one of these will do, I can see better with my naked eye! Well! what an unfortunate creature I am, at my age, not to be able to see to read in spectacles!!!"

Jesse consoled the good old lady as well as he could, by observing, that many at her

advanced age could hardly see at all; and that, although she could not see to read—"Here she interrupted him with sufficient vehemence, and, to his extreme astonishment, exclaimed, "Sir, you are strangely mistaken, Sir! I did not tell you that I could not see to read, Sir! I can see to read, Sir, as well as ever I could, I only complained that I could not see to read in spectacles! *I can see to read very well without!!!* but my acquaintance say how charmingly they can see with glasses, and surely it is very hard that I cannot enjoy the same advantage."

The following is equally good:—

In the city of Leyden, in Holland, a young woman lost her sight from a cataract; the operation of couching was successfully performed upon her eyes, and she recovered the use of them; but it appeared that the visual organ (as is usual in such cases) was not completely restored to its primitive condition. Some very singular and unaccountable anomalies in her vision presented themselves, which not a little puzzled the curious in Physiology and Optics.

It was ascertained that her eye was able to define a certain class of very minute objects with abundant accuracy, such as the eye of a needle, for example, which she could thread as well as ever; but on presenting her with a book, it was evident that she could not distinguish a single letter, but complained that she could see nothing but a heap of odd marks.

These facts, no less strange than true, naturally excited an intense interest among the Medical Professors and Students; every one was anxious to distinguish himself by affording a satisfactory elucidation of these inexplicable phenomena.

A hundred theories were framed—every one more ingenious than the other. The Professors Von Kraebraner and Puzledorf favoured their pupils with most excellent lectures on the subject, with which they were greatly edified. However, none of the disputants succeeded in establishing a theory which met with universal approbation. Many of the vulgar still chose to think that all the said theories might be liable to the old objection (however satisfactory and plausible they might appear), viz.—"That they were not true."

Matters were in this state, when a mischievous rogue of an Irish student, who took a singular delight in ridiculing every thing learned or philosophical, contrived to insinuate himself into the confidence of a younger brother of the patient's, by a present of an extra-portion of double-gilt gingerbread, which so entirely won the youngster's heart, that he confessed (though with some difficulty) that, to the best

of his belief, his sister "Sarah had never learned to read," but, unwilling to acknowledge her ignorance, had made him and all the family—promise not to tell.

To the frequenters of theatres, the author's remarks on opera glasses will be found particularly valuable.

A single glass (observes the Doctor) set in a smart ring, is often used by trinket fanciers merely for fashion's sake, by folks who have not the least defect in their sight, and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of such irritation. this pernicious plaything will most assuredly, in a very few years, bring on an imperfect vision in one or both eyes.

If such a glass be used at all, it ought to be accurately adapted to the sight, both eyes being kept open.

Green, or any coloured glasses, veil objects with a gloomy obscurity, and can never be recommended, except to those who have to travel over a white sand, or are much exposed to any bright glare, which cannot be otherwise moderated.

Some more nice than wise folks, among other ridiculous refinements, have recommended *Green Glasses*, or *Crape*, instead of green glass—under the pretence, that while it moderates the light, that it still admits the air, and is, therefore, cooler to the eyes.

All colour'd Glasses increase the labour of the eyes, and soon bring them into such an irritable state as unfits them for the ordinary purposes of life:—there is scarcely an external or internal sense, but may be brought by extreme indulgence to such a degree of morbid delicacy and acuteness, as to render those organs which nature intended as sources of gratification—the frequent sources of disappointment and pain.

One more brief extract, specially devoted to the ladies, and we have done:—

THE CIRCUMPECTOR, or "Diagonal Eye-glass," is a convenient assistant to a Portrait Painter, who wishes to catch a likeness unobserved, and which is perhaps the only way of obtaining the true natural expression of a countenance—and is also an invaluable oracle for the fair lady to refer to, to adjust the irresistible artillery of her eyes and smiles.

Another very useful book, but of a different class, is "A Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Quotations, which occur in Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England; and also in the Notes of the Editions by Christian, Arch-

bold, and Williams," by J. W. Jones, Esq. In this work, all the original quotations and phrases in Blackstone, from foreign and comparatively obsolete languages, are given, with translations, in the order of occurrence; and the references are so adjusted, that the respective volumes and pages may be turned to with the utmost ease. The book is calculated to facilitate the study of Blackstone's valuable digest; and, to all but the crude scholar, and the professional student, it will be found a most desirable acquisition.

A good ghost story is a very delightful thing, and happily, we can indicate to our fair readers a volume in which they may be thus gratified to their heart's content. A highly curious, and not less interesting than curious, work has made its appearance, under the title of "*Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions; or, an Attempt to trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes*," by Samuel Hibbert, M.D. F.R.S.E. We cannot stop to analyze the volume, but we strongly recommend it to perusal. It is at once instructive and entertaining; and it abounds in well selected illustrative anecdotes. The good sense of Dr. Hibbert is advantageously displayed by the manner in which he adduces, and comments upon, a certain well authenticated ghost story, as related in Beaumont's *World of Spirits*.

It is dated (says the Doctor) in the year 1662, and it relates to an apparition seen by the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, immediately preceding her death. No reasonable doubt can be placed on the authenticity of the narrative, as it is drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester, from the recital of the young lady's father.

"Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in childhood; and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and she was by her very well educated, till she was marriageable, and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in a very extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, she, thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and she asked, 'why she left a candle burning in her chamber?' The maid said she 'left none, and there was none but what she had brought with her at that time.' Then she said it was the fire: but that,

her maid told her, was quite out, and she believed it was only a dream; whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep. But about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock of that day she should be with her. Hereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed went into her closet, and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father, brought it to her aunt, the Lady Evêrard, told her what had happened, and declared that as soon as she was dead it might be sent to him. The lady thought she was suddenly mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding, the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly. And when the young woman had patiently let them do all they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sang so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was then there, admired at it. And near the stroke of twelve she rose, and ate herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold, as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles, at his house in Warwickshire; but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried; but when he came, he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter.

This is one of the most interesting ghost-stories on record. Yet, when strictly examined, the manner in which a leading circumstance in the case is reported, affects but too much the supernatural air imparted to other of its incidents. For whatever might have been averred by a physician of the *olden time*, with regard to the young lady's sound state of health during the period she saw her mother's ghost, it may be asked,—If any practitioner at the present day would have been proud of such an opinion, especially when death followed so promptly after the spectral impression?

' There's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red,
Which autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.'

Probably, the languishing female herself might have unintentionally contributed to the more strict verification of the ghost's prediction. It was an extraordinary exertion which her tender frame underwent, near the expected hour of its dissolution, in order that she might retire from all her scenes of earthly enjoyment with the dignity of a resigned Christian. And what subject can be conceived more worthy the masterly skill of the painter, than to depict a young and lovely saint, cheered with the bright prospect of futurity before her, and, ere the quivering flame of life, which for the moment was kindled up into a glow of holy ardour, had expired for ever, sweeping the strings of her guitar with her trembling fingers, and melodiously accompanying the notes with her voice in a hymn of praise to her heavenly Maker! Entranced with such a sight, the philosopher himself would dismiss for the time his usual cold and cavilling scepticism, and giving way to the superstitious impressions of less deliberating by-standers, partake with them in the most grateful of religious solaces, which the spectacle must have irresistibly inspired.

Regarding the continuation which the ghost-mission is, in the same narrative, supposed to have received from the completion of a foreboded death,—all that can be said of it is, that the coincidence was a *fortunate one*, for without it, the story would probably never have met with a recorder, and we should have lost one of the sweetest anecdotes that private life has ever afforded. But, upon the other hand, a majority of popular ghost-stories might be adduced, wherein apparitions have either visited our world, without any ostensible purpose and errand whatever, or, in the circumstances of their mission, have exhibited all the inconsistency of conduct so well exposed in the quotation which I have given from Grose, respecting departed spirits. "Seldom as it may happen," says Nicolai, in the *Mémoires* which he read to the Royal Society of Berlin, on the appearance of spectres occasioned by disease, "that persons believe they see human forms, yet examples of the case are not wanting. A respectable member of this academy, distinguished by his merit in the science of botany, whose truth and credibility are unexceptionable, once saw, in this very room in which we are now assembled, the phantasm of the late president Maupertius; but it appears that this ghost was seen by a philoso-

pher, and consequently, no attempt was made to connect it with superstitious speculations." The uncertainty, however, of ghostly predictions, is not unaptly illustrated in the Table-Talk of Johnson. "An acquaintance," remarks Boswell, "on whose veracity I can depend, told me, that walking home one evening at Kilmarnock, he heard himself called from a wood, by the voice of a brother who had gone to America, and the next packet brought an account of that brother's death. Macbean asserted, that this inexplicable calling was a thing very well known. Dr. Johnson said, that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly call *Sam*. She was then at Litchfield, but *nothing ensued*." This casual admission, which, in the course of conversation, transpired from a man *himself* strongly tainted with superstition, precludes any further remarks on the alleged nature and errands of ghosts, which would now, indeed, be highly superfluous. "A lady once asked me," says Mr. Coleridge, "if I believed in ghosts and apparitions? I answered with truth and simplicity, *No madam! I have seen far too many myself*."

To Cuvier we have been long indebted for many discoveries in zoological science. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we find one of his treatises—" *Le Règne Animal* "—taken and appropriated as the groundwork of a larger and more useful publication in this country. We allude to " *The Animal Kingdom, arranged in conformity with its Organization; by the Baron Cuvier, &c., with additional descriptions and other original matter*," by E. Griffith, F. L. S., the first part of which, illustrated by some well executed designs by Mr. T. Landseer, &c., is now before us. The work is of too scientific a nature to require an extended notice here; but, to the student of zoology it will be found of great worth.

After Dr. Drake's elaborate and valuable compilation—*Shakespeare and his Times*—we did not expect for some years to encounter any thing further upon the subject. Shakespeare, however, our divine Shakespeare, constitutes a theme as exhaustless as his own mighty and ever-varying genius. We have just met with (in two volumes) " *The Life of Shakespeare; Inquiries into the Originality of his Dramatic Plots and Characters, and Essays on the*

Ancient Theatres and Theatrical Usages," by Augustine Skottowe. Of the *loyalty* to be found in the biographical portion of this work little can be said; but the enquiries are some of them very ingenious and satisfactory. Mr. Skottowe's remarks upon fairies are at least amusing.

Of the diminutiveness of these interesting spirits Shakespeare presents a pleasing idea, by his representation of them in danger of being overwhelmed by the bursting of a honey-bag newly gathered from the bee; as seeking refuge from peril in the beds of acorn cups; and as, in comparison with the cowslip, short in stature. But he has left it to the imagination to paint that unfading and unalterable beauty of form and feature for which they were celebrated, and to clothe them in the tasteful apparel which they arranged and wore with matchless delicacy and grace. The long yellow ringlets that waved over their shoulders, were restrained from concealing the delicacy of their complexions, or the beauty of their brows, by combs of gold. A mantle of green cloth, inlaid with wild flowers, reached to their middle; green pantaloons, buttoned with tags of silk, and sandals of silver, formed their under-dress. On their shoulders hung quivers stowed with pernicious arrows; and bows tipped with gold, ready bent for warfare, were slung by their sides. Thus accoutred, they set forward on their perambulations, mounted on milk-white steeds, so exquisitely light of foot, that they left not the print of their hoofs on land newly ploughed, nor even dashed the dew from the cup of a hare bell.

If we mistake not, nearly sixty years elapsed between the publication of the first volume and the last of Stewart's *Athens*. The two first volumes of what are termed the Paston Papers—" *Original Letters, written during the Reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., and Henry VII., by various Persons of Rank and Consequence, containing many Curious Anecdotes, &c. &c.*," by the late Sir John Fenn, &c.,—were published in the year 1787, and the fifth and last volume was not published till the commencement of the present year. These are two remarkable instances of delay. Many curious pictures present themselves in the course of the work, of persons, times, and manners long gone by; but, as we regard them, those pictures are not of a nature to advance in our estimation the

of feeling, the love of liberty, or the of independence evinced by our ancestors. One specimen shall suffice, and it is one of the least offensive that we can select. It is part of a letter from John Paston to his mother, and relates to a negotiation of marriage for the writer's brother.

Also, mother, I heard, while I was in London, where was a goodly young woman to marry, which was daughter to one Seff, a mercer, and she shall have £200 in money to her marriage, and 20 marks (£13. 6s. 8d.) by year of land after the decease of a step-mother of

hers, which is upon fifty years of age; and, ere I departed out of London, I spoke with some of the maid's friends, and have gotten their good-will to have her married to my brother Edmund, notwithstanding, those friends of the maid's that I communed with, advised me to get the good-will of one Sturmyn, which is in Master Pykenham's danger [*debt*] so much that he is glad to please him; and so I moved this matter to Master Pykenham, and incontinent [*immediately*] he sent for Sturmyn, and desired his good-will for my brother Edmund, and he granted his good-will, so that he could get the good-will of the remnant, &c.

A SUMMARY OF FASHIONS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

We hasten to fulfil our allotted half-yearly task, happy in innumerable assurances that our efforts in this department are honoured with universal approbation.

After a December unsalubriously mild, the month of JANUARY 1824 presented a more freezing aspect, and fur of every kind, which our countrywomen seemed desirous to patronize the moment that winter shewed his dark visage, became the order of the day. From the costly Zibeline to the Norway rat, broad fur ornamented the border of the pelisse, whether of velvet, cloth, satin, or *gros de Naples*; and the pelerine, enlarged to the size of a mantle, fell in valuable skins over the well-turned shoulders of our British fair. Muffs of sable, ermine, and Siberian fox kept the hands warm, and, at the same time, shielded the chest from the cold. The weather, however, was not sufficiently gelid to warrant the adoption of the German pelisse, called the *Witzchoura*; but it suited the fur mania, being lined throughout with fur. The cheap skin of the horribly prolific Norway rat dresses well, and therefore served for lining as well as any other. Pelisses, however, of this kind, did not wrap like those of Germany, but formed a charming association of French and English make; with a bonnet of the same colour as the pelisse, crowned with an ostrich feather, and a rich lace veil, hanging in drapery over the left shoulder, more for show than use: this dress was fit only for the carriage, though sometimes it was worn *en promenade*.—(Vide an elegant walking dress for January 1824, page 29.)

The home costume this month was remarkably tasteful: it consisted of a tunic robe of *gros de Naples*, made high, and with all the ornamental embellishments of Brandenburgs down each side of the bust, without their crossings. This alteration was judicious and graceful; the cross lacings of the Brandenburgs having given a formality to, while they completely destroyed the beauty of the bust. A hat cornette, of coloured gauze, ornamented with full blown roses, was the favourite afternoon head-dress, when that afternoon was devoted to the fireside at home.—(Vide an engraving, entitled "Morning Dress," page 29.)

The frost did not last long. January, as it proceeded, was marked with days of peculiar mildness: hence the colds which brought on severe maladies, and sometimes sent the thoughtless victims to an untimely grave. Our ladies had made themselves so tender by loading themselves with fur, the oppressive heat of which they knew not how to endure in the damp, warm days which succeeded, that the sudden transition from a close pelisse to a loose cachemire shawl, carelessly thrown over the shoulders, had a sensible effect on their delicate frames. More prudent were they who still retained their light cloth pelisses, not lined, but only slightly trimmed with fur; and, instead of the fur mantle, had only the gossamer tippet of swansdown. Those, too, who followed the then very prevalent fashion of the Venetian cloak, felt not the transition from that to the velvet or satin species so sensibly, and preserved their health.

This month was remarkable for bringing into general favour the black velvet bonnet, adorned with flowers of many different colours. Never was there an article of fashion so universally admired, or that continued so long in favour. Some ladies introduced bonnets of heavy materials, almost meeting under the chin; suitable only to a few faces, their reign was but short; the beautiful shape that had appeared in the summer was revived; and almost every lady looked well, for the size and form were becoming to every countenance. The dresses were made with a beautiful bouffant drapery, crossing over the bust; a *corsage* generally termed *à la Sévigné*; seldom of the same material as the dress, being of gauze, cut and folded in bias. The Anglo-Greek body also prevailed; but that *corsage* required the wearer to possess a fine bust; while the Sévigné body supplied defects by imparting a pleasing fullness. The waists were of a becoming and moderate length, and the various trimmings on the borders of dresses were all light, elegant, and tasteful. The sleeves were short, and slashed in the Spanish fashion, but the slashes were filled in with *tulle*, puckered very full. When dresses were of white satin, the bodies were chiefly ornamented with a profusion of fine lace let in. Pelisse robes of silk, with peticots of rich Moravian work, were much worn as home dresses by matrons of distinction. Black lace dresses over white satin were much admired for the theatre and evening parties; as were black velvet dresses, with very short sleeves, trimmed with white lace, and ornamented with pearls. The tresses of the young were beautifully arranged, but if our gardens were stript by the hard hand of winter, our females resolved that their heads should display all the treasures of summer: the flowers they wore were in too great profusion; they literally carried a garland on the summit of the head. Sweetest emblems of youth and spring, there are no ornaments more becoming to a female than flowers; but when the quantity is immoderate, their beautiful simplicity is totally destroyed. When feathers were worn they were of the most rare and exquisite kind; real marabouts, birds of Paradise, and the most valuable of the ostrich. White satin dress

hats, and small caps profusely trimmed with flowers, constituted the head-dresses most in favour. The jewellery was superb, but the fingers were too much encompassed by rings. Not a taper finger was free; and always up to the first joint, in thick clusters, one over the other, they obscured and destroyed the beauty of a well-made hand.

The Parisian ladies vied with those of other European courts this month, in splendour of dress. Black velvet cloaks, rendered gay by being lined with tartan silks of lively colours, formed the favourite envelope for out-door costume. The pelisses had full and costly trimmings, and the richest Brandenburgs ornamented the speasers worn by the young. Bonnets of the bright yellow of the field buttercup reminded the admiring crowds of Spring, and the frequent mildness of the season made them almost forget it was yet winter: but velvet and *plûche de soie* were yet the favourite materials, and they, especially the former, are of wintry texture. Dresses of gauze, with very short sleeves, were most in favour for evening dress, poplins and satins for the dinner party; the latter generally accompanied by clear white muslin sleeves, made very full, but the fullness was confined by narrow straps of rich embroidery, and valuable bracelets encircled the wrists. The turbans were of white gauze, their shape beautiful and becoming. They were mingled with rose colour, which had a good effect, as a turban all dead white is seldom becoming. Dress hats were prettily trimmed with blond, but they were spoilt by having strings floating loose, which always give the idea of *deshabille* on a warm day. Feathers, *en grande costume*, were universally worn: at balls young persons ornamented their hair only with beads or flowers, and *baudeaux* were very general, laid across the forehead. Black velvet *toques*, with light grey marabout feathers, and ears of silver corn, formed a charming head-dress for a matron; especially if the lady happened to be in slight mourning: in short, the French ladies displayed this month taste as well as splendour in their costume; but they did not dress their hair well; they wore such thick clusters of curls, that in order to render them at all distinct, they were obliged to be supported by

innumerable little combs; there was, indeed, at this time a rage for those *useful*, though not very *ornamental*, articles for the hair: a superstructure was raised on the summit of the head of tortoise-shell combs, ranged in rows, one above the other, until they appeared like a gallery; and by giving an artificial form to the head, they defeated every cursory observation in craniology. We did not much admire the large single feather that was often worn with hats, in Paris, this month: its dimensions were so immense, that it not only covered the front of the hat and a great part of the crown, but fell over the shoulder, and also shaded a portion of the neck behind. The winter mantles were fastened by elegant gold chains and brooches, and the rings worn on the fingers were all emblematical. A serpent signified prudence, and a gordian knot surmounted the wedding ring: sentiment, as usual, was the order of the day.

FEBRUARY was not quite the mild month it is in general; chilling airs, sleet, mingled with rain, and boisterous winds, made us fancy that March had lent his rigid weapons to foretell his own appearance. The bright Indian red still looked most comfortably glowing, and though seldom of a thicker texture than the British Cachemire, yet, with the addition of a warm shawl or a fur tippet, with the hands kept warm in a comfortable muff, such a dress constituted a very desirable carriage costume. (*Vote an engraving of this tasteful dress, entitled "Carriage Dress," page 73.*)

Fancy seemed utterly exhausted in the trimming of dresses; and novelties, howsoever absurd and incongruous, were eagerly sought for. Ornaments at the borders of dresses represented the keys of wine-cellar or the sprawling leaves of the coarse sea-weed, known in the island of Jersey by the name of rack; any thing that whim could invent, so that it was but new. Dear ladies, "there is nothing new under the sun;" but a judicious taste can furnish such modifications and improvements of the past as to give it an entire new feature. These silly ornaments, except the sea-weed, which seemed to please, we know not why, soon disappeared. The beautiful festoons of narrow flounces yet prevailed, and in evening full-dress, flowers were scattered over them; the bust was carefully and

correctly shielded, even in dress parties, a *bouffant* drapery belonging to the *costume* being slightly crossed over the tucker. A scarf of fine white lace was often seen depending from the shoulders, in elegant drapery; it was left open in front, and was worn merely for ornament. At the theatres we often witnessed rich silk scarfs of the real tartan, lined with white satin, and ornamented with tassels representing the Scotch thistle. Pelisses for walking were of fine cloth; when of dark colours, they were ornamented with braiding; when light, a very favourite way of trimming them was with crimson velvet; it had a lively effect, and was universally admired, especially for young ladies. Bonnets of black velvet, with coloured flowers, yet continued much in request: they began, it is true, to be common; but the higher classes would not be induced to part with their favourites, and still wore them. Though perhaps the lady of title might see her friend's *soubrette* with a similar head-covering, her own attendant would take care of adopting what was hal- lowed by her lady's favour. The bonnets were often lined with pink, cherry colour, blue, and other lively colours: white linings were reckoned very ungenteel; black were most stylish, though very unbecoming; so that there was always a necessity for resorting to a blond or lace cornette, to give some softness to the countenance, and to take off the dusky hue imparted to the skin by ugly black linings. Ladies advancing in life did not seem to consider that those caps under bonnets always added a few years in appearance to the most handsome face; and there are some visages which they caused to appear quite aged. The Swedish hat, which had much the air of a tasteful bonnet, was invented this month: it was bent down in front, and its trimming was very simple; the hat was of black velvet; it was very pretty, but did not take. The make of the gowns was much the same as last month: striped and plain silks were equally in favour; but dresses of pink, or of amber-coloured satin, were very much worn in evening costume. The ball dresses were chiefly of white satin, or of gauze over white satin, and when trimmed with flowers, they were laid on as light as possible; yet they were of the gayest colours, and had a very pleasing effect.

Antique cameos began this month to be much worn as ornaments on the hair; and diadems of rubies or pearls were equally in favour. Corsettes, adorned with flowers, were worn in home costume; and turbans of black velvet or black gauze with coloured spots, ornamented with plumes of amber feathers, were favourite head-dresses for the evening; but young ladies often in home dress, or at the theatre, enlarged their heads with bows of ribbon, or rosettes made of feathers, the colour of their hair; thus rendering the head disproportionately large to the figure.

The PARISIAN ladies, this month, evinced a decided taste for finery in their dress: polished steel, gold lace, foil, and other glittering ornaments, were seen embellishing their dresses in profusion. The black crape dresses, in general vogue, set off these shining ornaments, and the short, or else transparent long sleeves added whiteness to the well-rounded arm. Puffings of crape, *rouleaux* of satin, with quillings, *en dents de loup*, formed the chief trimmings round the border.

The out-door envelopes were velvet mantles, lined with satin, and trimmed with Chinchilla fur: they were enriched by a gold lace above the fur: the pelerines, often worn with them, were fastened by a clasp of gold, or of polished steel.

The hats were black, with white, or light grey Marabout feathers: and a whimsical fashion took place of satin hats of two different colours.

The ball dresses were of tulle, and were trimmed with crossings formed of satin *rouleaux*, or else with wreaths of roses, lilies, and pomegranate blossoms, embossed in satin. Little bunches of feathers, or quatre-folles, in chenille, were interspersed, and gave a beautiful appearance to this kind of trimming. Evening dresses for full costume were of gold and silver lama, on tulle, and were flounced and trimmed in the most beautiful and elegant manner: sheaves of corn, and branches of currant-bushes, with the ripe red fruit, were among the favourite ornaments on the borders of these superb dresses. The bodies of dresses had elegant drapery folded over the bust; but the sleeves were ridiculously and indelicately short; fastening a mere shoulder-strap.

The ornaments for the hair consisted of much of gold and silver, which, are not becoming near the face; and the large Spanish bows, with which, at this time, the French ladies loaded their hair, had by no means a pleasing effect. Nor did they derive any attraction from there being a mixture of bright yellow and *ponceau*, which made them appear, at a distance, as if their heads were on fire.

At the commencement of APRIL, the British ladies evinced an uncommon partiality to the colour of the amaranth, called by Milton's angel "immortal, unfading." Indeed, the English fair seem determined it shall be *unfading*, for even during the summer's approach, it has not been laid aside. It was particularly beautiful in evening costume, as the most brilliant of all candle-light colours: it is still finer, from the peculiar bloom that gleams on it, than the Indian red, or the Japanese rose, both equally in favour with the amaranth. An amaranthine dress of taffety, made at the bust in the Gallo-Greek style, with short and full sleeves, with a turban of Partolus, or golden sand gauze, ornamented with fall blown amaranths and a superb plumage of white feathers, formed an evening dress, imparting the finest idea that can be formed of Oriental splendour. (*Vide* a beautiful engraving of an Evening Dress for April at page 164.)

Mr. Urling, whose manufacture of British lace may be pronounced unrivalled, received an order from a lady of high rank for a ball dress; and he allowed us to take a *fac-simile* of it: we refer our readers to the second engraving of Fashions for April, at page 164.

London now became crowded; yet there were many of those belonging to the higher orders, who had not yet left their seats in the country. March had made his blustering appearance, attended by cold and change, so that the Spring fashions were tardy in advancing. Velvet pelisses, and a quantity of costly fur, yet claimed a pre-eminence, and the warm shawl was closely wrapped round the shivering form of the delicate female. At the end of March, however, the April fashions were prepared.

An elegant display of pelisses of levantine, or *Gros de Naples*, now cheered the admiring eye: they were trimmed down the front

very narrow *rouleaux*, forming the most beautiful figures. Venetian cloaks were, however, still preferred to pelisses; but with these, as with every other article of dress, the association of colours was *bizarre* in the extreme. An innovation, also, in the jackets of riding-dresses, was attempted, but we are happy to say it did not take. The bonnets were chiefly black, ornamented with coloured flowers, or plumes of white Marabouts; but hats of white figured *Gros de Naples* were also in much estimation.

The gowns for half-dress were of light and unobtrusive colours. So mild were some of the uncertain days in this month, that at the public promenades a shawl was sufficient out-door covering over a high dress. These appropriate dresses, in the early opening of Spring, were ornamented at the border with triple rows of narrow flounces, set on in festoons, and each flounce enriched by being headed by a satin *rouleau*, two shades darker than the dress. Black, as usual, was much worn during the season of Lent: the *corsages* were simply adorned with wrought buttons, and with jet, when the dress was black. Evening dresses of black velvet, ornamented with white lace and enriched with pearls, formed a beautiful costume for the *Concerts Spirituels*, at the Opera House, and for the dress boxes at the Oratorios. Head-dresses for the evening consisted of turbans and *toques*; the former often formed of the rainbow elastic scarf, having a magnificent Oriental appearance, the spiral Seraskier feather giving to them a truly Turkish feature. The *cornettes* were too flat and wide, and the hair, dressed in very full clusters of curls on the temples, and loaded with flowers under the *cornette*, destroyed the beauty of a well-formed head, by rendering it disagreeably broad. The dress hats worn at evening and dress dinner parties were very beautiful. They were of white satin, ornamented with blond and wild roses, or a plume of feathers tipped with some striking colour.

The Asiatic style prevailed in jewellery; a bar of gold, à l'*Indostanée*, was worn round the arm, above the wrist, on which were chased vine leaves, bunches of grapes, and tendrils: two narrow bracelets were worn on the opposite wrist.

In PARIS, either a devotedness to the

cares of the toilet, or an entire neglect of them, prevailed this month; some ladies, affecting to be great readers, stayed constantly at home, while others were out in four or five different parties in the same day.

Still devoted to the loose and airy blouse, even the pelisses and *spencers* were made in that manner. Handsome hats, however, of white satin, gave some dignity to this otherwise slovenly dress, and white hats were tastefully trimmed with *propre* coloured velvet. In the retired morning walks, the bonnets were close, and made of dark-coloured silk, bound and trimmed with ribbons of lively colours.

The coloured levantine dresses were trimmed with white lace, which had a beautiful effect, especially when the silk was of a dark colour: the borders were richly trimmed with well wadded *rouleaux*, entwined with satin ribbon, or foliage in single leaves; but black was very general, except in the ball-room. The *tulle* ball dresses were trimmed as high as to the knee, generally with coloured ribbons; when the ball was of a distinguished kind, requiring much dress, then gold or silver laces constituted the ornaments on the *tulle*. The back and shoulders were much displayed; the sleeves, in full dress, remarkably short, and the long gloves came up only half-way the length of the arm. Turbans and demi-turbans were the favourite evening head-dresses for the matronly, or a Scotch cap of blue velvet, with rose-coloured feathers over the left ear; but a fashion, by no means becoming, prevailed this month, of placing two white *agrette* feathers, so as to represent the horns or beams of light on the head of Moses, when he came down from the mount; and this was styled having the head dressed à la *Métoo*! Flowers of every kind, and placed in all directions, were the favourite, as well as most appropriate ornament on the tresses of the young.

MAY, in our changeable climate, was marked by a very unpropitious opening; cold, bleak, and rainy; velvet pelisses, and even fur, would yet partially appear, though the most charming Spring fashions were invented, and also made by order, for this generally most delightful month: these dresses, of the most brilliant summer hues,

were, however, when they did appear, confined to the earrings. These were the elegant earrings of *Gros de Naples*, the colour of the *Panna* violet, elegantly relieved by the white satin bonnet, ornamented with the wild rose, or a valuable Bird of Paradise plume.

The engraving, at page 212, for May, gives a beautiful back view of the then most fashionable Evening Costume. These dresses were of coloured *crêpe de mer*, and were trimmed with a very broad puckering next the hem, of the same material and colour as the dress. Bands of satin, bound by narrow *rouleaux*, confined the puckering; above this trimming were five distinct, and rather small tucks. The back of the *corsage* was peculiarly elegant: it was crossed over with Iberian bracers of satin edged with narrow Vandyck blond; and the *bouffant* drapery that folded over the bust, *à la Séigné*, was fastened behind with a pearl buckle. The hair was arranged in the ancient Roman style, and scattered over with full blown Provence roses.

The summer pelisses were made very plain; they were lined with white, and except the bust and mancherons, had scarcely any ornament: this generally consisted of three very narrow flutings, in bias, lying one over the other down the front of the sides, and making little more show than a double hem: the busts were ornamented in a kind of trellis work, and the mancherons with rows across, formed of antique roses: the collar broad, very decidedly pointed at the corners in front, and falling gracefully over the back and shoulders. The Leghorn bonnets that appeared this month were extremely large; they were tied down with very broad, richly figured, or striped ribbon, and this was their sole ornament. The carriage hats and bonnets were, however, not so simple; they were somewhat in the Opera form, placed on one side, and put very backward: they were of Spring colours, with feathers of the same hue. The bonnets were trimmed in every mode that fancy could suggest; they were chiefly of *Gros de Naples*, beautifully figured, and lined with pink, and with a broad blond on the lining: the shape was becoming, and they bore a mark of fashion about them; but the American promenade bonnet was of every fine variety of a charm-

ing shape, with a superb plume of *Ostrich* feathers uncured.

Never had silks been in such favour as in the two preceding months; but this month was marked by a fall in the price of that most elegant material for dresses of every kind: accordingly, our dames of rank and fashion no longer wore cheap silks for home deshabille, but gave to British chintzes and printed muslins a decided preference; they were of beautiful patterns, and their trimmings novel and tasteful. The bodies of dresses were made plain, but elegantly marking out the shape of a fine bust. For dinner parties, dresses of *Gros de Naples*, of a light colour, or richly striped, were much in request. For dress parties, white silks, in small but very full patterns of flowers, were a most superb and highly approved article among females of rank: their beauty was such that they required only a slight trimming, which was generally of blond. The ball dresses were trimmed with *bouquets* of flowers, or with beads; sometimes with both.

Turkish turbans, with pearl ornaments, were favourite head-dresses. The morning cornettes were made entirely of lace, and lined with coloured satin, and were ornamented with bows of gauze ribbon, striped to correspond with the colour of the lining. The cap for receiving dinner parties was truly elegant: it had the appearance of a small hat bent down in front, with a cornette of blond underneath: the hat part was of white satin, with a transparent caul of *tulle*, encircled by a beautiful wreath of Provence roses. The blond next the hair, which imitated the cornette, was caught up on each temple by a half blown rose.

PARIS, at this season, was as gay as possible; musical parties, balls, and public spectacles, filled up every moment of a fashionable belle's existence. The well made high dress, or the pelisse robe, graced the light forms of Gallia's daughters at the public promenades, and very fine Cachemire pelisses, of a light colour, distinguished the modish dames in the walks of the *Thuileries*. These charming out-door coverings, were beautifully embellished with embroidery, or braiding; not only across the bust, but down the sides of the skirt, in front, from the top to the bottom. Mantles, however, of satin, fastened with buttons of

steel, finely cut, were still in high favour with ladies of rank.

The summer hats of chip and rice straw now began to be universally worn; they were placed very backward, and often ornamented with ribbons of two different colours; one colour puffed over the other; a few branches of lilac or peach blossoms were the finishing ornaments. The straw hats were encircled round the crowns with wreaths of Parma violets; and a hat, very appropriately named the Fury's Hat, from its maniac-like trimmings, and fiery colours, was among the novelties of this month. All bonnets, though close in their make, were placed very backward.

The evening dresses were of *crape* or *tulle*, ornamented with *rouleaux* of rose-coloured satin ribbon: these *rouleaux* were placed in bias across the skirt. When such a dress was worn at a ball, a *bouquet* of flowers was placed between each *rouleau*. Long sleeves were fashionable, and over them were worn five bracelets. Clear muslin blouses, with tucks laid across in bias, as high as the knee, and between each tuck a row of embroidery, were in high favour for half dress.

The Mexican head-dress, and the Russian *toque*, were the newest head-dresses: the former consisted of a plain diadem of gold, with a row of white feathers standing upright, in the Peruvian style. The Russian *toque* was of pink velvet, something in the college form, but encircled next the hair by a gold *bandeau*, fastening in front by a buckle of pearls or precious gems; a superb plume of white well curled feathers floating over the right. The Indian head-dress was also very beautiful; the hair was arranged in full curls; and flowers peculiar to Asia, made of feathers, were disposed among the ringlets: this head-dress was adapted to young persons; married ladies patronized much a turban of white gauze, laid in folds, and confined by gold lace, with two plumes of Marabout feathers, bent down on each side, and spreading out, towards the front of the turban. Gold and silver lama turbans, also, with a bird of Paradise plume, were much worn in full dress.

In JUNE we still find white but very partially worn by our fair countrywomen: yet under the elegant pelisse and stylish spencer that are now so much in favour with

Britain's ruralised daughters, they are compelled to wear white dresses, and the cambric of delicate texture, in the India style, splendidly and richly ornamented, appears under the beautiful and fastidiously of *Gras de Naples*, of Parma violet, or the *terre-bleue* colour. Nothing could be more novel than the make of this pelisse, which intended for the carriage; even the seams next the front were trimmed with the united leaves of the lotus: the sleeves were full, and wound round the arm in satin *rouleaux*, which, while they obtained the fullness, gave a rich finishing to the whole. The border was whimsical enough; it was, however, novel; but it cannot be spoken of as forming any decisive feature of fashion. We refer our readers to the engraving of a carriage costume, for June, at page 260.

The ball dresses were light and appropriate; chiefly of *tulle* over pink satin, the border trimmed with broad *bouillons* of figured *tulle* confined by *rouleaux* of pink satin, with bows of ribbon, and full blown roses: on the upper *rouleau* were branches of palm. The hair, for the ball-room, was arranged rather too tight and close to the head; and no word could express the mode in which it was dressed, better than the inelegant term, *surg*. Nevertheless, on very young persons, the dress altogether looked well. (Vide an engraving of a ball dress, at page 260.)

The Spring bonnets are small, and very becoming; cornettes of blond or lace flowers are worn under them, and the bonnets themselves are generally crowned with flowers, either of a fancy kind, or from the treasures of the garden. The *Loghorns* are, some of them, ridiculously large, and flap over the forehead; we have not yet seen one female that looks well in them; but many *soddy*. The white and coloured silk bonnets, for carriages, are generally ornamented with white curled feathers; and pink linings to bonnets are very fashionable.

Silks, of every colour of the rainbow, diversify, in pleasing variety, the gay and animated scenes of the Parks and Regent's Garden. We follow the stream, and really prefer them to white dresses, especially in town. The character of the open and the evening gown, also, was the same, gay and richly ornamented. The most full

light summer colours, either in Levantine, *Gros de Naples*, or gossamer satin, add splendour and liveliness to the fascinating scene. Short sleeves, for evening dress, are very general; when long, they are of a transparent texture. Tunic robes, with demitains, are much in request; the robe generally coloured, and the petticoat part of white satin, trimmed with puckered gauze.

The head-dresses for home costume consist more of bonnettes than turbans; these bonnettes, however, are made of the choicest materials, and as they discover much of the hair on each side, on which are laid flowers, to hide from the appearance of *deshabille* which this kind of cap always has, and which its name implies. Arabian turbans, very classically rolled, adorn the heads of our matrons at evening parties, and form a beautiful and becoming coiffure; and Scotch caps of blue satin, with a plume of the same colour, are worn by fair ladies, with light hair, on whom only they look well.

In Paris, the grand *fête* of Longchamps being over, the public balls of fashion being also at an end, the members of the fashionable world are busily employed in preparing to quit the banks of the Seine for their country seats. The ladies, however, are very gay during the remainder of their stay in that city, so long regarded as the epitome of taste and fashion. Nothing is reckoned so elegant as a pink satin pelisse. We must acknowledge that there is a *splendour* about this material; but we think it more adapted to April than to the warmth of June. This pelisse, to render it more conspicuous, is trimmed with white. There are many ladies who, with more judgment, wear pelisses and spencers of *Gros de Naples*, of beautiful and appropriate summer colours.

The hats are short at the ears, and discover a great part of the profile; those of straw and Leghorn have coloured linings, and are often tied down, with a half handkerchief, *en marmite*: they are ornamented in front with flowers, all of the same colour. Clothed ribbons are much worn, and Indian flowers, though the almond-tree blossom is greatly in favour. Many hats are of white,

and some of coloured *Gros de Naples*: they are ornamented with long, flat feathers, which, passing across the crown, droop over the shoulder. The Scotch bonnets were placed very much on one side; but the large Leghorn hat, called the pilgrim's hat, was most in request as the warmth of the weather increased; and it must be acknowledged to be an excellent shade against the sun. This accounts, we suppose, for there not having been any thing new in the parasol kind.

Blouses still retain their high station in favour: they are now of clear muslin, finished with tucks, between which are flowers worked in colours. The *deshabille* for the *déjeûné* consists of ginghams, either striped or checkered: cambric dresses are but seldom seen. The sleeves, when long, are full, and confined by five or six bracelets, from the wrists to the elbow. Belts are worn instead of sashes, fastened in front with a buckle of gold or polished steel. Chinese crapes, trimmed with white blond, is a favourite article for evening dress parties.

Young people wear seldom any other ornament at this time of the year, on their hair, than a wreath of flowers; those formed of the Japanese rose are reckoned most elegant. Toques, of tartan silk or of coloured crape, surmounted by a Bird-of-Paradise plume, are the most approved head-dresses for married ladies, for the evening; the golden coloured tail is spread over the crown. Head-dresses *à la Polonoise*, have nothing but their novelty to recommend them, for they are very unbecoming: they consist of Glanvina pins fixed on the hair, and standing out, all round, at their full length. Toques, of black velvet, have their folds fastened down with gold pins, with very large heads.

We now take leave of our indulgent patronesses, till another six months shall have, "with minutes, swiftest wing'd," attained their completion; when we shall again diligently fulfil the duty enjoined us, of presenting them with the most exact and authentic records of fashionable costume.

